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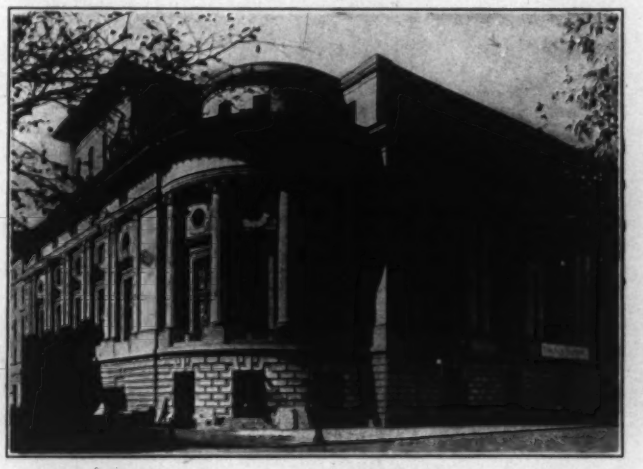

THE NEW THEATER, NEW YORK

# THE NEW DRAMA AND THE NEW THEATER

## BY WILLIAM ARCHER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN crossing the Atlantic on one of the great five-day ferry-boats, have you never felt a desire to get for a few moments outside and aloof from your floating city, to see her in proportion and perspective, and realize, as you cannot from within, at once her hugeness and her swiftness? At the root of all our errors in philosophy, in history, in criticism, lies the impossibility of being at once within a movement and outside it. Impossible it is; and yet, if we would have sanity of vision, we must make the attempt. We must try to project ourselves in thought to a standpoint from which we can see things objectively and see them whole.

This is the endeavor I am about to make with regard to the dramatic movement of our time. That there has been a marked movement during the past twenty-five years in the Anglo-American drama it is impossible to doubt. In the following pages I shall briefly trace its history: for the moment, it may be sufficient to point to the most recent phase of the movement — the number of more or less idealistic enterprises which are maturing or have lately matured on both sides of the Atlantic. Whether its promoters realized it or not, the New Theater which so proudly overlooks Central Park is only one symptom of a widespread impulse — the most conspicuous and beautiful symptom, no doubt, but not by any means unique. We hear of at least two other enterprises in New York itself in which an endeavor is to be made to cultivate art firstly for art's sake, and not firstly, secondly, and thirdly for the sake of the dollars. In Chicago, the gallant little enterprise of Mr. Donald Robertson has found generous support and is doing fine work. In London, while a great agitation for a National Theater is being actively carried on,

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MONA LIMERICK, LEADING ACTRESS OF THE MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATER

two repertory theaters are in process of incubation. In Dublin a small but justly named National Theater, privately endowed, has done excellent work for several years. In Manchester a moderately endowed repertory theater has recruited a company of admirable though hitherto almost unknown artists. A similar enterprise has had some success in Glasgow.

Wherever one turns, in short, there is evidence of earnest endeavor, more or less aided by public-spirited liberality, to place dramatic art in the English-speaking world on the footing it has long held in France and Germany, where only its lower forms are absolutely dependent on private speculation and profit-getting. This anticipatory glance at the present state of affairs may serve to indicate the general nature of the movement I propose to sketch.

### *The Drama Not Decadent*

The question may be asked: Is this idealistic impulse an attempt to rescue the drama from a state of abject and intolerable decline? or is it merely the latest manifestation of a general and decisive advance? I myself, without any shadow of hesitation, hold the latter opinion; but the former is, if not the more common view, at least the view of a not insignificant minority. We constantly hear talk of the decadence of the drama, and lamentations over its bygone glories. Let us see if we can find any reasonable grounds for this frame of mind. Let us try to discover what it really means.

It will be found, I believe, that the praisers of the past are chiefly thinking of acting, while we of the other opinion fix our attention primarily

JANET ACHURCH AS NORA IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

on plays. Those whose memories go back forty or even thirty years recall great individual performances for which they find no equivalent on the stage of to-day. Where, they ask, are we to look for the equals of Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, Lester Wallack, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, Ristori, Janauschek, Clara Morris, Mrs. John Drew? I am myself enough of a veteran to understand, though I cannot share, this feeling. The tragedians and comedians of our youth gave us pleasures which we cannot now recapture, partly because their school, their method, has died out, partly because we are now more critical and less accessible to the mere hysteria of emotional acting. One may quite believe in the greatness of Edwin Forrest, yet doubt whether he would be found endurable by the public of to-day. John McCullough certainly would not, any more than the G. V. Brookes and Barry Sullivans of the English stage. Edwin Booth, in his great moments, was an actor whom any age could not but applaud; but how unequal he was! and how often he appeared amid miserable surroundings and in plays of amazing bombast and artificiality!

The real loss is, I believe, on the side of old comedy. Here we may justly lament the extinction of a peculiar and rather delightful style of art,* which had fewer drawbacks than the corresponding school of tragedy. One may even admit that there is at present no single company at all equal to the Daly troupe at its best, with James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, John

*It will be one of the hardest tasks of the New Theater to revive this style, or something equivalent to it.

GILBERT MURRAY

B. IDEN PAYNE

SIR ARTHUR PINERO

*Photograph by Barnett*
J. T. GREIN

Drew, and the incomparable Ada Rehan. But, Shakespeare and one or two old comedies apart, how poor were the plays (for the most part adapted farces) in which this brilliant company was condemned to appear! On the whole, then, it may be granted that among the actors of to-day there is less commanding individual talent than among those of the past generation; but it must not be forgotten that it was not infrequently the very poverty of the plays that threw the acting into relief by forcing us to concentrate our attention upon it. As a rule the plays of that time were mere vehicles for acting, and otherwise either entirely negligible* or entirely exotic — or both. Nowadays it often happens that acting holds a juster subordination to literature, and must be estimated in relation to, not apart from, the work it sets forth to interpret.

In England we are, perhaps, less subject to the illusion of decline, because the bankruptcy of the old school became evident at an earlier point, and scarcely any one now survives to regret it. To all intents and purposes, the tradition of great English acting, which had maintained itself for nearly two centuries, died out with the retirement of Macready in 1851. During the subsequent ten years, Phelps, at Sadlers Wells, strove in vain to re-animate it, while Charles Kean, at the Princess', inaugurated the system, which survives to this day, of calling in the aid of spectacle to compensate for deficiencies in acting. Sir Henry Irving, no doubt, was a remarkable artist and still more remarkable man; but it is interesting to note that, in spite of all the personal devotion he excited, no one now quotes his reign at the Lyceum as an artistic ideal from which we have declined. It was too manifestly a mere eddy or backwater, brilliantly iridescent, but almost entirely cut off from the main current of theatrical life. The upshot is that we in England have not within the memory of man had any acting so great as to

* Mr. Sothern's recent performances of Lord Dundreary afford a valuable object-lesson to the pessimist. The figure of Dundreary is irresistibly funny; but imagine any reputable theater of to-day producing such an imbecile play!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

FREDERICK WHELEN

*Copyright by Rockwood*
BRANDER MATTHEWS

JAMES A. HERNE AS GRIFFITH DAVENPORT

WILLIAM GILLETTE

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

*Photograph by Ward*
PERCY MACKAYE

blind us to the fundamental fact that "the play's the thing," and not the performance. Though old playgoers like myself are perfectly conscious of the loss of certain valuable elements in Shakespearean and old comedy acting, we find such abundant compensation in the growth of a new dramatic literature, with an appropriate school of presentation, that a pessimistic attitude is impossible to us. The old babble about the decline of the drama is heard, if at all, only from people who mechanically repeat in 1909 the formulas of 1859.

## *The Reign of Scribe, and the Ibsen Revolution*

When, from the vantage-ground of the twenty-first century, historians survey the drama of the nineteenth, they will see, I think, two great names standing out from the rest, and typifying the two great tendencies of the age. The first part of the century belonged to Eugene Scribe, the last part to Henrik Ibsen. Not, of course, that Scribe was the greatest dramatist of his period, any more than Louis XIV. was the greatest man of the *siècle de Louis Quatorze*. His historical importance lies, not in the merit of his works, but in the dominance of his method on the French stage, and the dominance which, through that method, the French stage obtained over all the stages of Europe.

Scribe and his school (of whom Sardou was the last and greatest disciple) carried to high perfection the art of so manipulating a story as to keep the spectator's curiosity constantly alert, and afford him a constant series of pleasant surprises or (what is perhaps more agreeable still) of vague anticipations ingeniously fulfilled. The stories were often of the most trivial, the development of character was invariably subordinated to the elaboration of plot, and the criticism of life was entirely conventional and commonplace. But, by reason alike of their merits and their defects, the plays of this school (an enormously fertile one) were eminently exportable and adaptable. Their mechanical figures would work almost equally well in any climate and in any cos-

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

EUGENE WALTER

CLYDE FITCH

BRONSON HOWARD

A CABINET COUNCIL
THE LEADING DRAMATISTS OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S LONDON REPERTORY THEATRE:
J. M. BARRIE, JOHN GALSWORTHY, BERNARD SHAW, AND GRANVILLE BARKER

tume; while the technical devices whereby they were manoeuvered were very easily mimicked. Thus the dexterous plot-play, translated, adapted, or imitated from the French, flooded the theaters of Europe and America during the middle years of the century.

Its only competitor (apart from the classical drama of the different countries) was the rhetorical drama founded on classical models, and usually lifeless and bombastic. For the rest, the theater was regarded as a sort of international toy-shop. People ceased to look to it for any intimate study or vivid presentation of the real life of their own country and time. Virtuosity in acting, whether comic or emotional, was, as we have seen, held to be the one thing needful,

Here and there, no doubt, there were stirrings of rebellion against the machine-made play. Germany had in Friedrich Hebbel a dramatist of real originality. In England the Robertsonian comedies of the sixties brought a breath of fresh air into the theater; but Robertson died, and his imitators lapsed into puerility. In France, Dumas and Augier, without quite abandoning the methods of Scribe, applied them to a far deeper criticism of life than he had attempted. But it was not until the last quarter of the century was well advanced that a general reaction against the school of self-conscious artifice made itself felt — a general desire to let the stage mirror life in its typical and characteristic aspects, without any more sophistication or manipulation than the very nature of the theater rendered inevitable. The first impulse in this direction came, no doubt, from the French school of realism, headed by Émile Zola; but before the movement had gone far, it found an ally, and presently a leader, in a most unexpected quarter. Almost unknown outside Scandinavia in 1885, the name of Henrik Ibsen was, by 1895, the watchword of the forces of progress.

### *The Free Theaters*

One evening in October, 1887, the Parisian critics were invited to attend the inauguration of an amateur enterprise described as the Théâtre Libre, in some wretched little bandbox of a theater, unknown to most of them, in an out-of-the-way and not over-reputable quarter of the town. Jules Lemaître, in his next week's feuilleton, described their adventures in trying to discover the sequestered "Passage de l'Élysée-des-Beaux-Arts"; and he wound up his description in these words: "We had the air of good Magi in mackintoshes seeking out some lowly but glorious manger. Can it be that in this manger the decrepit and doting Drama is destined to be born again?"

Many a true word is spoken in jest. It is now a matter of historic fact that from that little hall in Montmartre went forth an impulse which, directly and indirectly, helped to remake the drama, not in France alone. André Antoine, its founder, "builded better than he knew." He produced, it is true, a good many purely naturalistic plays which made their little sensation and were forgotten. But his real achievement was the invention of a new mechanism whereby dramatic experiments of all sorts were made possible, unhampered, on the one hand, by the bureaucratic conservatism of the state-supported theaters, and free, on the other hand, from the profit-hunting obligations of theaters owned by private capitalists.

It was just this mechanism of artistic experiment that the new spirit in drama demanded. The timeliness of the invention was proved by the instant and eager fashion in which it was imitated. Paris soon swarmed with *théâtres à côté*, one of which, L'Œuvre, has been almost as conspicuous in theatrical history as the Théâtre Libre itself. In Berlin the Freie Bühne was founded in 1889; and the comparative shortness of its career was due to the completeness of its success, the leaders of the movement becoming the managers of some of the first theaters in Germany and Austria, and carrying forward their work on the regular stage. In London the Independent Theatre was founded in 1891 by Mr. J. T. Grein; and though it came a little before its time, and found but few original plays worth producing, it opened the way for other enterprises which have had far-reaching effects. All that is most original and progressive in the English drama of to-day is distinctly, however indirectly, traceable to that evening when Jules Lemaître stumbled over the muddy pavements of Montmartre, to stand, all unwitting, beside the cradle of a renovated art.

### *Ibsen and Nationalism*

On the first list of productions announced by M. Antoine, there figured only one foreign work, Tolstoy's "Puissance des Ténèbres"; but in 1890 another and still more famous play was produced at the Théâtre Libre — to wit, "Les Revenants," or "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen. The same play had been the opening production of the Berlin Freie Bühne in 1889; the same play was to be the opening production of the London Independent Theatre in 1891; the first performance of the same play in New York in January, 1894, was described by Mr. W. D. Howells as "the very greatest theatrical event he had ever known."

Ibsen himself, as a young man, had been trained in the school of Scribe, and, as his earlier

plays showed, had mastered the French arts of manipulation. Even so late a play as "Pillars of Society" (1877) might, in point of construction, have come from a French workshop. But in "A Doll's House" we find him breaking away from the artificial manner, and in "Ghosts" he has entirely abandoned it. This does not mean that he has simplified the task of construction, but that he has subtilized it. His later plays are marvelously complex tissues of emotional interplay; but he had so mastered the art which conceals art that many critics, when he first came within their ken, denounced him as a mere "bungler." The opposition which his works everywhere encountered, however, did far more good than harm. It forced people to think about the theater who had never before given it a serious thought; and though their thought might not result in enthusiasm for Ibsen, it almost inevitably resulted in discontent with the superficial and conventional work that they had hitherto accepted without a murmur.

Nor was it at all to be regretted that the localism of Ibsen's plays — their exclusive concern with the life of a small and little-known country — prevented them from attaining (except, perhaps, in Germany) a very wide and general popularity. What we wanted was not great plays from outside, but a stimulus to our own playwrights to interpret our own life to us in terms of sincere, thoughtful, and virile art. That stimulus Ibsen gave. His method was fortunately too individual and too difficult to be imitated with any success; so that he cannot rightly be said to have founded a school. What he did was to show playwrights, once for all, the magnificent potentialities of modern drama, and to set them striving, each as his own talent decreed, to realize them as fully as possible.

The first clear symptom, then, of the reaction against the methods of Scribe was a marked tendency toward nationalism in drama. Each nation desired and essayed to write its own plays instead of going to Paris for them; and this tendency was promoted by the fact that, in Paris itself, the new generation of playwrights, getting more intimately in touch with life, in great measure ceased to produce plays that lent themselves to exportation. The revival of English drama, from about 1885 onward, meant a declaration of independence from France; just as the progress of American drama, from about 1900 onward, has meant a declaration of independence from both France and England. The relation between England and the United States is such an intimate one that a pretty frequent interchange of plays will always, one hopes, be possible; but the English dramatist is no longer a privileged competitor of the American dramatist, nor does New York pay any particular attention to the hall-mark of London.

The managers and paragraph-writers who express surprise at the frequent failure of English plays in America and of American plays in England, are still living in the Scribe period. They think of drama as an international product, like cheap watches or safety razors, which ought to work equally well in any environment. But that state of things has long passed away. The merits of a play in England may become its defects in America; and the other way round. The idea sometimes put forth by disappointed impresarios that there is a prejudice in England against American plays is absolutely groundless. There is a prejudice in both countries — a just and healthy prejudice — in favor of plays that are characteristically English or American, as the case may be. It is only an exceptional play that can appeal equally to the great public of both countries; and the real wonder is, not that these exceptions are so few, but that they are so many.

### *Two Waves of Progress*

In order to throw into relief the opposing tendencies of which Scribe and Ibsen may be regarded as, so to speak, the figureheads, I have somewhat anticipated the order of events. In England there was an unmistakable move toward nationalism in the early eighties, several years before the Théâtre Libre had been founded or the influence of Ibsen had made itself felt. We have, indeed, to mark two distinct waves of progress; the first in the regular theater, associated with the names of Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, Oscar Wilde, R. C. Carton, Haddon Chambers, and others; the second springing mainly from "side-show" enterprises, such as the Independent Theatre and the various Ibsen performances, and associated during the nineties with only one English name of any note — that of George Bernard Shaw.

The first wave was in every sense antecedent to and independent of the second. Its actual beginning, perhaps, may be traced to the Gilbert and Sullivan extravaganzas which so rapidly drove French opera bouffe from the stage. But Pinero's original and delightful farces, "The Magistrate" "The Schoolmistress," etc. (dating from 1885 onward), were the first non-musical plays that quite definitely set about the reëstablishment of our national self-respect; and it is noteworthy that "The Profligate," the first play in which Pinero clearly announced his more serious ambition, was produced in 1889, several weeks before Miss Janet Achurch's performance of Nora in

"A Doll's House" introduced Ibsen to the English-speaking stage. It was two years later, in 1891,— when "Ghosts" was produced by the Independent Theatre and "Hedda Gabler" by two American actresses, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea,— that Ibsen became the one burning topic of the theatrical world. To his influence, in the sense above defined, we may no doubt partly attribute the marked advance in seriousness and strength which makes itself felt from 1893 (the year of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray") onward. But it cannot be said that the second wave of progress actually impinged upon the regular stage before the end of the century. America, indeed, felt its direct effects earlier than England did; for Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple" were popular items in Richard Mansfield's repertory long before they were regarded in England as anything more than "side-show" eccentricities.

The Boer War, which clouded the end of the old and beginning of the new century, was a serious check to what I have called the first wave of progress, the progress of the regular commercial theater. But as soon as the check was removed, the wave rushed onward. Pinero showed new strength in "Iris" and "Letty"; J. M. Barrie, who had previously given only one real foretaste of his theatrical genius (in "The Little Minister"), now produced "Quality Street" and "The Admirable Crichton," and thenceforth devoted himself mainly to drama; Hubert Henry Davies made himself known as a comedy-writer of real wit and charm; and other young men of talent — Alfred Sutro, Somerset Maugham, Anthony Wharton, Rudolph Besier, Roy Horniman, J. B. Fagan, etc.— came forward with work which was not, perhaps, of high distinction, yet showed that the dramatic instinct was healthily alive and stirring in the younger generation. The worst of their plays were better than the best of the plays of thirty years before.

### *The Stage Society*

Meanwhile the second wave had been gathering new strength in a very remarkable way. Toward the close of 1899, during the blackest days of the war, a small society was founded with the view, at first, of giving private performances, on Sunday evenings, in studios and other inconvenient places. It called itself the Stage Society, and the chief among its moving spirits was a young man named Frederick Whelen, not himself an artist, but a single-minded and energetic enthusiast for all sorts of artistic progress. The idea of Sunday performances proved highly attractive, London being full of people of vaguely intellectual tastes who welcomed any refuge from the dullness of the English Sunday. The notion of acting in studios was soon abandoned; it was found that theaters could be used, so long as no money was taken at the doors; and as the Society increased in numbers, the Sunday evening production came to be supplemented by a second performance on Monday afternoon. In its first season it gave Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and "Candida," Ibsen's "League of Youth," and plays by Maeterlinck and Hauptmann; in its second season Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," and Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives"; in its third season "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Monna Vanna," and "The Marrying of Anne Leete," by Granville Barker.

The Society has now reached its tenth season and celebrated its fiftieth production. It has been by far the most energetic and influential of the English "side-show" theaters, and deserves to rank in history with the Théâtre Libre, L'Œuvre, and the Freie Bühne. But its significance is by no means summed up in its own performances. Not without reason did my enumeration of its individual productions stop at "The Marrying of Anne Leete"; for when we have reached the name of Granville Barker we have reached the crown of the Stage Society's achievement. It gave Granville Barker his first opportunities of any importance as an actor, a producer, and an author; it brought him into intimate association with Bernard Shaw; and it led to the establishment of the Vedrenne-Barker enterprise at the Court Theatre, in which, for the first time, a serious effort was made to release the regular drama from the absolute dominance of the long-run system, and to provide, as it were, a halfway house between the short-lived "side-show" and the actor-managed theater with its capitalist syndicate behind it.

Another influence, however, contributed to the inception of the Vedrenne-Barker management. One of the side-shows of the nineties, the New Century Theatre, awoke in 1904 to spasmodic activity, and gave a series of performances of Professor Gilbert Murray's beautiful translation of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides. The tragedy was staged by Granville Barker, the business management being in the hands of J. E. Vedrenne; and it was partly their association in this very successful experiment that inspired their enterprise at the Court Theatre, where they not only revived the "Hippolytus," but produced two others of Gilbert Murray's transcripts of Euripides, "The Trojan Women" and the "Electra."

### *The Vedrenne-Barker Enterprise*

The mainstay of the Court management, beyond a doubt, was Bernard Shaw. Here his already published plays, "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," and "Man and Superman" for the first time attained real popularity; and here he added to the list of his works "John Bull's Other Island," "Major Barbara," and "The Doctor's Dilemma." Yet the Court was anything but a "one-man theater." Finding in Granville Barker a sympathetic director and a stage-manager of genius, a group of hitherto untried playwrights gathered round him and produced a little literature of able plays which were too advanced either in their thought or in their technique for the long-run theaters. Either at the Court between 1904 and 1907, or at other theaters to which the enterprise was subsequently transferred, John Galsworthy produced "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife," John Masefield "Nan," and the ill-fated St. John Hankin "The Return of the Prodigal" and "The Charity that Began at Home." But the leader of the group was unquestionably Barker himself. His early plays, "The Weather Hen" and "The Marrying of Anne Leete," had been marred by immaturities and eccentricities; but "The Voysey Inheritance," which he produced at the Court, was an extraordinarily able study of middle-class life, while "Waste" (vetoed by the Censor, but performed by the Stage Society) was a political tragedy of admirable power and originality.

Not only the merit of the plays but the excellence of the staging and the acting led the more intelligent section of the public to rally strongly to the support of the Vedrenne-Barker management. But the "short-run" system was financially unsound. It constantly involved taking a play out of the bill at the height of its success; and though it might be subsequently revived, the impetus of its immediate vogue could seldom be recovered. Under the true repertory system, which enables a play to be repeated indefinitely, at the rate of three, four, or even five performances a week, this difficulty would not have arisen; but Vedrenne and Barker had not the resources necessary to set a true repertory theater on foot. So long as they remained at the little Court Theatre, their short-run system paid its way and left something over; but the tiny stage restricted their choice of plays, and as soon as they moved to larger theaters the short-run system broke down.

### *London, Dublin, and Manchester*

They had, however, given such an impetus to theatrical life and thought that it was felt to be impossible henceforth to acquiesce tamely in the absolute supremacy of the long-run system. A powerful agitation was set on foot for the establishment of an endowed National Theater, which should at the same time serve as a Shakespeare memorial; and there is every probability that this will be an accomplished fact before the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death in 1916. In the meantime we are promised two repertory theaters for the spring of 1910, one of which, under Mr. Charles Frohman's management, with Barrie, Shaw, Barker, and Galsworthy heading the list of its dramatists, will directly continue the traditions of the Vedrenne-Barker management.

The movement, too, has been notably reinforced by the visits to London of the Irish National Theatre Company and the Horniman Repertory Company from Manchester. So far back as 1899, W. B. Yeats, Edward Martyn, and Lady Gregory started in Dublin a small "side-show" called the Irish Literary Theatre. For three seasons they were content to engage English actors to give a few performances of Irish plays; and in this way Yeats' "Countess Cathleen," George Moore's "Bending of the Bough," "Diarmuid and Grania," by Yeats and Moore, and several other plays were produced. But in 1901 or 1902 a company of Irish players (at first mainly amateurs) was organized, with the brothers Fay as its leading members, and in 1904 an English lady, Miss A. E. F. Horniman, gave the company a permanent habitation (the Abbey Theatre, Dublin) and a small annual subvention. But what was worth more than money to the enterprise was the appearance of an original genius in the late J. M. Synge, author of the eerie and heartrending "Riders to the Sea," and those unique compounds of poetry and grim humor, "The Well of the Saints" and "The Playboy of the Western World." Yeats, too, gave the stamp of fervent nationalism to the movement with his exquisite "Cathleen-ni-Houlihan," while Lady Gregory and others contributed many clever and entertaining studies of Irish character.

The Irish character was, perhaps, a little too strongly manifested in the series of quarrels and schisms that have diversified the history of the enterprise; yet it has steadily gathered strength, and its last visit to London was the most successful it has ever paid. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory are still its moving spirits; but Miss Horniman has found another sphere of activity in Manchester, where, under the management of Iden Payne, she has for two seasons run an extraordinarily successful repertory theater. Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Charles McEvoy are the dramatists who have furnished

the main part of the repertory; but Euripides (the "Hippolytus") and Sudermann ("The Vale of Content") have likewise figured in the bills, and one of the most popular productions of the company has been Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." The Manchester players visited London during the summer of the present year, and their success gave a marked stimulus to the repertory movement. It was partly due, no doubt, to the impression made by one of the leading actresses, Miss Mona Limerick, whose extraordinarily tragic personality, though as yet unseconded by much technical accomplishment, ought one day to make its mark in theatrical history.

### *The Nineteenth Century in America*

Turning, now, to America, we can trace very clearly a parallel movement, though its phases have been somewhat different. First let it be noted that even in the "dead vast and middle" of the nineteenth century, when Europe was entirely under the dominion of the machine-made French play, America was not without stirrings of that nationalism without which (according to my view) there is no salvation in drama. More or less faithful presentments of American character in more or less crude and artless dramas always maintained their popularity. Thus F. S. Chanfrau's Kit and Mose, John E. Owens' Solon Shingle, and John T. Raymond's Colonel Sellers and Ichabod Crane are still remembered by old playgoers. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, and still is, enormously attractive; and two of the most popular of Boucicault's plays, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Octoroon," were American in theme, though not in authorship. It is significant, however, that, despite his great success in the American characters of Rip Van Winkle, Salem Scudder, and Asa Trenchard, Joseph Jefferson, so far as I can discover, never appeared in an original American play. As I look down the list of his characters, I find almost all of them to be of English or Anglo-French origin. If there are any exceptions, they are in plays so obscure as to be wholly unknown to me.

During the last quarter of the century, nationalism made a certain advance. The local farces of Harrigan and Hart were artistically unpretentious but vivid and racy representations of low life in New York; and their localism was the chief attraction of the plays of Charles Hoyt. A species of hayseed play became vastly popular, in which faithful pictures of rustic life were intermingled with passages of irrelevant melodrama. Of these plays, Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" was the most famous, while James A. Herne's delightful "Shore Acres" and "Sag Harbor" were the most artistic. Several writers, of whom Bronson Howard was the chief, applied French methods to American themes, and in "Saratoga," "The Banker's Daughter," and "The Henrietta" we have American plays which might have been written by Labiche or Augier. In "Alabama" Augustus Thomas showed himself a sort of T. W. Robertson of the South; and their local color was not the least of the merits of "In Mizzoura" and "Arizona." Nor must the very important group of Civil War plays be forgotten, the most notable being Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service," and "The Heart of Maryland" by David Belasco.

Nevertheless the fact remains that down to the end of the nineteenth century the American stage was far too largely dominated by England and France. The managers showed a marked preference for plays that had already been tested abroad, and the public, far from discriminating in favor of American plays, were apt, when they gave any thought to the matter, to regard them as something homespun and inferior. Clara Morris made her name in French emotional drama, Ada Rehan in classical comedy and German farce, Mary Anderson in classical or pseudo-classical English plays. Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough found little or none of their material in America. I have before me a book named "Plays of the Present," issued in 1902 by the Dunlap Society of New York, and containing a list of recent productions on the American stage. It does not purport to be an exhaustive list, but there is no reason to doubt that it is fairly representative. On analyzing it I find that 78 English plays are chronicled, 32 French plays, 26 plays of American authorship and scene, 22 plays of American authorship but dealing with foreign (generally romantic) material, and 8 plays of German origin. Thus we have in all 118 foreign against 48 American plays; and as 22 of the American plays are non-American in theme, we may reckon, in effect, 140 "outland" plays against 26 which essayed to interpret to the American public its own life, character, and problems. This enumeration has no positive statistical value, but it probably represents pretty accurately the proportion of American to foreign work on the stage of the nineties.

### *Nationalism in the New Century*

If the Dunlap Society were now to issue a similar list of notable plays produced since the beginning of the century, the proportions would

be very different. Each year, I have little doubt, would show a marked increase of American and decrease of foreign plays, until in the later years of the period American work would attain a very considerable preponderance. This is a phenomenon of which I think the American public at large is not sufficiently aware. They are too close to the movement to be clearly conscious of it. To me, from my outside point of view, it seems one of the most encouraging phases of the general advance which we have been studying.

In the spring of 1899 I paid a visit to America for the express purpose of studying theatrical conditions. Before I started, I met in London a member of one of the great Knickerbocker families of New York, who gave me a brief view of the American stage as he saw it. "You will find," he said, "two classes of plays in our country: American plays, and plays which come to us from Europe, mainly from France. The American plays are rude, formless, unpolished things, entirely unworthy of your attention. It is to France and to French influence that we owe everything of the slightest artistic value." This he announced without a shade of bitterness or discontent, as though describing a quite natural and desirable state of things. It is true that the Knickerbocker family to which this gentleman really belonged was that of the Van Winkles. The state of things he described had passed away some ten years before. France was no longer paramount on the American stage, for England had ousted her. But certain it is that, except James A. Herne's "Griffith Davenport," and a couple of plays by Clyde Fitch, I saw no American play of any note. For the rest, I spent my time in going from theater to theater and from city to city seeing American performances of English plays,* and hearing how the wicked Syndicate was throttling the life out of American drama — whatever little life there might be in it.

Even at that time I did not take too seriously the invectives against the Syndicate. That it was unjust and tyrannous as a business organization seemed credible enough; for when did great power, directed by strong self-interest, fail to act tyrannously? Moreover, it was clearly unfortunate that the American playwright should find scant outlet for his work save through the good graces of a group of men quite exempt from national bias or literary prejudice — for whom, in fact, no values existed save such as could be measured in dollars. But there were two modifying elements in the situation that rendered it far from hopeless. The first was the influence of the "stars" — ladies and gentlemen who could and would, in a greater or less degree, force the hands of the Syndicate in the direction of better things. Talent will condescend to much for the sake of money; but there are some condescensions that it feels to be suicidal, some ambitions that it cannot afford to stamp out. The second modifying element was the character of that member of the Syndicate who chiefly concerned himself with the production of new plays. I recognized in Mr. Charles Frohman, not, indeed, a manager of great literary insight, but a true sportsman, untrammeled even by anti-national prejudice, keen for every form of experiment, and far more pleased to make money out of good work than out of bad. This being so, I felt sure that as soon as the American drama was strong enough to make itself heard, there was nothing to prevent its obtaining a fair hearing.

### *1899 and 1907—A Contrast*

Eight years passed, and in 1907 I returned to America, to find the scene entirely changed. The preponderance of power had quite decisively shifted from the foreign to the American playwright. It was as hard in 1907 to find an English play as it had been in 1899 to find an American play. Although I had in a general way foreseen the change, it had come more rapidly and completely than I had expected. I went from theater to theater, and saw nothing but plays not only by American authors, but taking firm hold of modern American life, political, social, commercial, domestic, in the East and in the West, in the heart of civilization and on its frontiers. It would be too much to say that any startlingly original genius had as yet developed. There was no American Hauptmann or Brieux, Pinero or Barrie; but there was evidence on every hand of open-eyed intelligence expressing in dramatic form, and with a great deal of dramatic instinct, its observations of men and things. In most of the plays there was still a large element of convention; but it was not the essential element; it was only part of the scaffolding which the author had not as yet the skill to dispense with.

The plays of that season which interested me most were "The Three of Us," by Rachel Crother, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody (whose "Faith Healer," by the way, seems to me a much finer piece of work), "Salome Jane," by Paul Armstrong, "The Truth," by Clyde Fitch, "The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell, "The Man of the Hour," by George Broadhurst, "The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein, and "The Chorus

* The only French plays very much in vogue were "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which Richard Mansfield was making a triumphal tour, and "Zaza," with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title part.

Lady," by James Forbes. And each subsequent season has brought to the front a new writer of distinguished talent. In 1908, I found New York flocking to "Paid in Full," in which Eugene Walter had revealed the remarkable gifts which are still more evident in "The Easiest Way." In 1909, Edward Sheldon had shown in "Salvation Nell" a brilliant and unconventional talent. The quantity of the output, in short, is yearly greater, the quality higher; and if these be not the symptoms of an irresistibly progressive tendency I cannot tell how to interpret them.

The movement I have been describing corresponds to what I have called the first wave of progress in England. But the second wave, too, is quite clearly to be traced in the theatrical history of the past twenty years. The analogy is somewhat disguised by the fact that "Independent Theatres" or "Stage Societies" have not played the same part in America that they have in England. But why was this? Mainly because there was in America no obstructive and ridiculous censorship which had to be evaded by special organization and "private performances." Thus the American side-show was not so clearly differentiated from the ordinary commercial theater as it had to be in England. None the less did it exist and none the less influentially.

### *From James Herne to Donald Robertson*

Early in the nineties, Boston saw the beginning of the movement in the production of James A. Herne's "Margaret Fleming." How far Herne was influenced by rumors of the Théâtre Libre and its tendencies I cannot say; but certainly the spirit of Antoine seemed, for the nonce, to have entered into him. He soon reverted, however, to the regular theater, where he produced in "Griffith Davenport," to my thinking, the most remarkable American play of the nineteenth century. The second wave of progress was carried forward for some time mainly by productions of Ibsen. "Ghosts," acted in 1894, at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, made a profound impression in the literary world; and many other Ibsen performances led to those heated denunciations and vindications which, however disproportionate at the moment, have always effected a clearing of the air and a gradual dissipation of prejudice.

America had an advantage over England, too, in the fact that frequent performances in foreign languages, especially in German, kept critics and the intelligent public well abreast of the European movement. Bernard Shaw, as we have seen, was at home on the American stage long before he had made any success in England; and a little group of progressive players, of whom Miss Mary Shaw may be mentioned as one of the leaders, carried some of the most advanced works of her namesake and of Ibsen into regions which might have seemed inaccessible to aught save melodrama and "vaudeville." Thus the ground was prepared for the extraordinary popularizing of Ibsen which took place when Richard Mansfield produced "Peer Gynt," Mrs. Fiske "Rosmersholm," and Madame Nazimova "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Master Builder."

Meanwhile another influence of great importance was at work. The study of contemporary drama began to take a place in the literary courses of most universities, while the students' dramatic societies devoted themselves to the production, not of topical burlesques, but of serious plays, modern as well as ancient. The work done by such men as Brander Matthews at Columbia, W. L. Phelps at Yale, and George P. Baker at Harvard is of the utmost importance. It means that the theatrical public is recruited year after year by a large number of young men and women trained to apply their intelligence to things of the theater; and the results of the movement are already very manifest. Most prominent among them may be reckoned the plays of Percy Mackaye, William Vaughn Moody, and Edward Sheldon. I am credibly assured that at some universities the form of morning greeting among undergraduates is no longer "How are you?" but "How's your second act getting on?" I remarked that interest might better be centered on the welfare of the last act, and was told that the undergraduate play seldom got so far as that. None the less are the universities manifestly destined to be a fruitful seed-plot of dramatic literature.

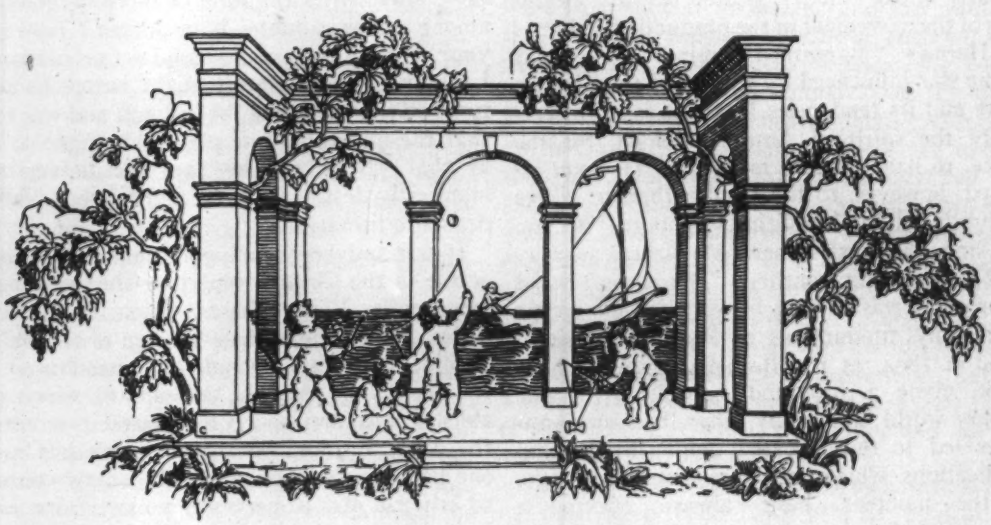
It was university influence that was mainly active in the Chicago repertory theater experiment under Victor Mapes, which, though unfortunate, was nevertheless a sign of the times. To universities, too, Donald Robertson owed, at the beginning, much of the support which enabled him to carry on in Chicago and its environs the finely inspired enterprise which has now, one hopes, taken firm root. If I may venture to criticize Mr. Robertson's policy, from very imperfect knowledge, I should say that it was rather too literary, or, in other words, that it attaches too much weight to intellectual as distinct from specifically dramatic values.

### *The New Theater*

Not the least among the indications that the time was ripe for a decisive movement in advance

was the Ames-Deland campaign at the Castle Square Theater in Boston, undertaken by two men of intelligence and culture with the deliberate purpose of acquiring the experience necessary for artistic management. It could only be a temporary training, however; for no great positive result was to be expected from the stock-company system, with its incessant and almost inhuman overwork for actors, actresses, and every one concerned. The true hope of a reform in theatrical organization, and of a blending of what I have called the first and second waves of progress, lies in the establishment of a true repertory theater, from which, while the unbroken long run is banished, the slavery of weekly changes of bill, carried out by a small company playing twice a day, is equally excluded.

It has been alleged to the disadvantage of the New Theater that it is not founded upon, or does not embody, an Idea. Whether the founders were consciously animated by an Idea, with a big I, is more than I can say; but I am quite sure their main motive is to be sought in something deeper and more trustworthy than an Idea — to wit, a widely felt instinct. They were aware, not, perhaps, in detail, but in its general effect, of the movement I have sketched in this article; and they saw that the time had come when the further development of the Anglo-American drama ought no longer to be left to mere individual enterprise. The American stage, while in some ways in advance of the English,— notably in its hospitality to foreign masterpieces,— had in some ways fallen behind. For instance, the Shakespearean tradition was in danger of extinction, and the tradition of classic comedy was almost entirely extinct. Moreover, with the rise of a school of native realism, the arts of diction and of distinction had largely fallen into neglect. There were, in brief, a multitude of ways in which a great and dignified theatrical institution, permanently established in a metropolitan center, might advance the arts both of drama and of acting. The founders determined that New York should be that center; and they have once for all snatched away from London the distinction of being the first city in the English-speaking world to vie with Continental capitals in worthily housing and magnanimously fostering the finer forms of dramatic art. I will not say that London is not a little ashamed of having let New York get so far ahead of her; but I am sure that we, in England, will watch with all possible sympathy, interest, and hope an enterprise which certainly embodies the Idea that the English language has been in the past, and may be in the future, the medium of the greatest drama in the world.



# THE ILLUMINATED CANTICLE

*(Belonging to Philip II., and now in the Escorial)*

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

I CARRY the great Singing-Book
Of the pale king's.
Over its rich staves peacocks look,
Like birds that dip into a brook;
And all its edges flow with sedges,
With rainbows, berries, jeweled wings,
Or jesting pranks, or heavenly things.

Fray Andres made it at Leon
And good Fray Julian;
They decked it till it laughed and shone
With every hue, rose-red, sea-blue,
And where Magnificat upran
They spread an angel, blessing man.

The sick king peers above my hands
But makes no sound;
He seeks and seeks in all his lands,
Yet finds no peace, to bring surcease
Of those cries from the underground
And gnawing flames that ring him round.

The kind monks in their cloister sat,
Beneath a bell-tower tall.
They painted in the juicy figs
That burst and fall,
The braided nests of grass and twigs,
And prickly-pears and lacelike tares
That make a pattern on the wall;
Fray Andres drew a purple snail
Because its shape was curved and small.

The king—he has a pinched long face,
A bloodless lip;
And his cold stare would find no grace
In children's arts or mothers' hearts;
Now he is old, his trembling grip
Has lost life's best, letting love slip.

I pity, yet I fear him, too;
When mass is done
I rock in dreams of gold and blue,
Chanting for him a grave-song grim,
Laughing to think how many a one
Will stand here, when the king has gone,
Will turn the rich leaves of the Book,
And never fear his dreadful look.

# THE TIGER CHARM

BY

## ALICE PERRIN

THE sun, the sky, the burning, dusty atmosphere, the waving sea of tall yellow grass seemed molten into one blinding blaze of pitiless heat to the aching vision of little Mrs. Wingate. In spite of blue goggles, pith sun-hat, and enormous umbrella, she felt as if she were being slowly roasted alive; for the month was May, and she and her husband were perched on the back of an elephant, traversing a large tract of jungle at the foot of the Himalayas.

Colonel Wingate was one of the keenest sportsmen in India, and every day for the past week he and his wife and their friend, Captain Bastable, had sallied forth from the camp with a line of elephants to beat through the forests of grass that reached to the animals' ears; to squelch over swamps, disturbing herds of antelope and wild pig; to pierce thick tangles of jungle, from which rose pea-fowl, black partridge, and birds of gorgeous plumage; to cross stony beds of dry rivers — ever on the watch for the tigers that had hitherto baffled all their efforts.

As each "likely" spot was drawn a blank, Netta Wingate heaved a sigh of relief; for she hated sport, was afraid of the elephants, and lived in hourly terror of seeing a tiger. She longed for the fortnight in camp to be over, and secretly hoped that the latter week of it might prove as unsuccessful as the first. Her skin was burnt to the hue of a berry; her head ached perpetually from the heat and glare; the motion of the elephant made her feel sick; and if she ventured to speak, her husband only impatiently bade her be quiet.

This afternoon, as they plowed and rocked over the hard, uneven ground, she could scarcely keep awake, dazzled as she was by the vista of scorched yellow country and the gleam of her husband's rifle-barrels in the melting sunshine. She swayed drowsily from side to side in the howdah, her head drooped, her eyelids closed. . . .

She was roused by a torrent of angry exclamations. Her umbrella had hitched itself obstinately into the collar of Colonel Wingate's coat, and he was making infuriated efforts to free himself. Jim Bastable, approaching on his elephant, caught a mixed vision of the refractory umbrella and two agitated sun-hats, the red face and fierce blue eyes of the Colonel, and the anxious, apologetic, sleepy countenance of Mrs. Wingate as she hurriedly strove to release her irate lord and master. The whole party came to an involuntary halt, the natives listening with interest as the sahib stormed at the mem-sahib and the umbrella in the same breath.

"That howdah is not big enough for two people," shouted Captain Bastable, coming to the rescue. "Let Mrs. Wingate change to mine. It's bigger, and my elephant has easier paces."

Hot, irritated, angry, Colonel Wingate commanded his wife to betake herself to Bastable's elephant, and to keep her infernal umbrella closed for the rest of the day, adding that women had no business out tiger-shooting, and why the devil had she come at all? — oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Wingate had begged to be allowed to stay in the station, and that he himself had insisted on her coming.

She well knew that argument or contradiction would only make matters worse, for he had swallowed three stiff whisky-and-sodas at luncheon in the broiling sun, and, since the severe sunstroke that had so nearly killed him two years ago, the smallest quantity of spirits was enough to change him from an exceedingly bad-tempered man into something little short of a maniac. She had heedlessly married him when she was barely nineteen, turning a deaf ear to warnings of his violence, and now, at twenty-three, her existence was one long fear. He never allowed her out of his sight; he never believed a word she said; he watched her, suspected her, bullied her unmercifully, and was insanely jealous. Unfortunately, she was one of those nervous, timid women who often rather provoke ill-treatment than otherwise.

This afternoon she marveled at being permitted to change to Captain Bastable's howdah, and with a feeling of relief scrambled off the elephant, though trembling, as she always did, lest the great beast should seize her with his trunk or lash her with his tail, which was like a jointed iron rod. Then, once safely perched up behind Captain Bastable, she settled herself with a delightful sense of security. He understood her nervousness; he did not laugh or grumble at her little involuntary cries of fear; he was not impatient when she was convinced that the elephant was running away or sinking in a quicksand, or that the howdah was slipping off. He also understood the Colonel, and had several times helped her through a trying situation; and now the sympathy in his kind eyes made her tender heart throb with gratitude.

"All right?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling, and they started again, plowing and lurching through the coarse grass, great wisps of which the elephant uprooted with his trunk and beat against his chest, to get rid of the soil before putting them in his mouth. Half an hour later, as they drew near the edge of the forest, one of the elephants suddenly stopped short, with a jerky, backward movement, and trumpeted shrilly. There was an expectant halt all along the line, and a cry from a native of "Tiger! Tiger!" Then an enormous striped beast bounded out of the grass and stood for a moment in a small open space, lashing its tail and snarling defiance. Colonel Wingate fired. The tiger, badly wounded, charged, and sprang at the head of Captain Bastable's elephant. There was a confusion of noise — savage roars from the tiger, shrieks from the excited elephants, shouts from the natives, banging of rifles. Mrs. Wingate covered her face with her hands. She heard a thud as of a heavy body falling to the ground, and then she found herself being flung from side to side of the howdah, as the elephant bolted madly toward the forest, one huge ear torn to ribbons by the tiger's claws.

She heard Captain Bastable telling her to hold on tight, and shouting desperate warnings to the mahout to keep the elephant as clear of the forest as possible. Like many nervous people, in the face of real danger she suddenly became absolutely calm, and uttered no sound as the pace increased and they tore along the forest edge, escaping overhanging boughs by a miracle. To her it seemed that the ponderous flight lasted for hours. She was bruised, shaken, giddy, and the crash that came at last was a relief rather than otherwise. A huge branch combed the howdah off the elephant's back, sweeping the mahout with it, while the still terrified animal sped on, trumpeting and crashing through the forest.

Mrs. Wingate was thrown clear off the howdah. Captain Bastable had saved himself by jumping, and only the old mahout lay doubled up and unconscious amongst the débris of shattered wood, torn leather, and broken ropes. Netta could hardly believe she was not hurt, and she and Captain Bastable stared at each other with dazed faces for some moments before they could collect their senses. Far away in the distance they could hear the elephant still running. Between them they extricated the mahout, and, seating herself on the ground, Netta took the old man's unconscious head on her lap, while Captain Bastable anxiously examined the wizened, shrunken body.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

"I can't be sure. I'm afraid he is. I wonder if I could find some water? I haven't an idea where we are, for I lost all count of time and distance. I hope Wingate is following us. Should you be afraid to stay here while I have a look round and see if we are anywhere near a village?"

"Oh, no; I sha'n't be frightened," she said steadily. Her delicate, clear-cut face looked up at him fearlessly from the tangled background of mighty trees and dense creepers; and her companion could scarcely believe that she was the same trembling, nervous little coward of an hour before.

He left her, and the stillness of the jungle was very oppressive when the sound of his footsteps died away. She was alone with a dead or dying man, on the threshold of the vast, mysterious forest, with its possible horrors of wild elephants, tigers, leopards, snakes. She tried to turn her thoughts from such things, but the scream of a peacock made her start as it rent the silence, and then the undergrowth began to rustle ominously. It was only a porcupine that came out, rattling its quills, and, on seeing her, it ran into further shelter out of sight.

It seemed to be growing darker, and she fancied the evening must be drawing on. She wondered if her husband would overtake them. If not, how were she and Jim Bastable to get back to the camp? Then she heard voices and footsteps, and presently a little party of natives came in sight, led by Jim, and bearing a string bedstead.

"I found a village not far off," he explained, "and thought we'd better take the poor old chap there. Then, if the Colonel doesn't turn up by the time we've seen him comfortably

settled, we must find our way back to the camp as best we can."

The natives chattered and exclaimed as they lifted the unconscious body on to the bedstead, and then the little procession started. Netta was so bruised and stiff she could hardly walk; but, with the help of Bastable's arm, she hobbled along until the village was gained. The headman conducted them to his house, which consisted of a mud hovel, shared by himself and his family with several relations, besides a cow and a goat with two kids. He gave Netta a wicker stool to sit on and some smoky buffalo's milk to drink. The village physician was summoned, and at last succeeded in restoring the mahout to consciousness and pouring a potion down his throat.

"I die," whispered the patient feebly.

Netta went to his side, and he recognized her.

"A—ree! mem-sahib!" he quavered. "So Allah has guarded thee. But the anger of the Colonel sahib will be great against me for permitting the elephant to run away, and it is better that I die. Where is that daughter of a pig? She was a rascal from her youth up; but to-day was the first time she ever really disobeyed my voice."

He tried to raise himself, but fell back groaning, for his injuries were internal and past hope.

"It is growing dark." He put forth his trembling hand blindly. "Where is the little white lady who so feared the sahib, and the elephants, and the jungle? Do not be afraid, mem-sahib. Those who fear should never go into the jungle. So if thou seest a tiger, be bold, be bold; call him 'uncle' and show him the tiger charm. Then will he turn away and harm thee not——" He wandered on incoherently, his fingers fumbling with something at his throat, and presently he drew out a small silver amulet attached to a piece of cord. As he held it toward Netta, it flashed in the light of the miserable native oil-lamp that some one had just brought in and placed on the floor.

"Take it, mem-sahib, and feel no fear while thou hast it, for no tiger would touch thee. It was my father's, and his father's before him, and there is that written on it which has ever protected us from the tiger's tooth. I myself shall need it no longer, for I am going, whereat my nephew will rejoice; for he has long coveted my seat. Thou shalt have the charm, mem-sahib, for thou hast stayed by an old man, and not left him to die alone in a Hindu village and a strange place. Some day in the hour of danger thy little fingers may touch the charm, and then thou wilt recall old Mahomed Bux, mahout, with gratitude."

He groped for Netta's hand, and pushed the amulet into her palm. She took it, and laid her cool fingers on the old man's burning forehead.

"Salaam, Mahomed Bux," she said softly. "Bahut, bahut, salaam." Which is the nearest Hindustani equivalent for "Thank you."

But he did not hear her. He was wandering again, and for half an hour he babbled of elephants, of tigers, of camps and jungles, until his voice became faint and died away in hoarse gasps.

Then he sighed heavily and lay still, and Jim Bastable took Mrs. Wingate out into the air and told her that the old mahout was dead. She gave way and sobbed, for she was aching all over and tired to death, and she dreaded the return to the camp.

"Oh, my dear girl, please don't cry!" said Jim distressfully. "Though really I can't wonder at it, after all you've gone through to-day; and you've been so awfully plucky, too."

Netta gulped down her tears. It was delicious to be praised for courage, when she was accustomed only to abuse for cowardice.

"How are we to get back to the camp?" she asked dolefully. "It's so late."

And, indeed, darkness had come swiftly on, and the light of the village fires was all that enabled them to see each other.

"The moon will be up presently; we must wait for that. They say the village near our camp lies about six miles off, and that there is a cart-track of sorts toward it. I told them they must let us have a bullock-cart, and we shall have to make the best of that."

They sat down side by side on a couple of large stones, and listened in silence to the lowing of the tethered cattle, the ceaseless, irritating cry of the brain-fever bird, and the subdued conversation of a group of children and village idlers, who had assembled at a respectful distance to watch them with inquisitive interest. Once a shrill trumpeting in the distance told of a herd of wild elephants out for a night's raid on the crops, and at intervals packs of jackals swept howling across the fields, while the moon rose gradually over the collection of squalid huts and flooded the vast country with a light that made the forest black and fearful.

Then a clumsy little cart, drawn by two small, frightened white bullocks, rattled into view. Jim and Netta climbed into the vehicle, and were politely escorted off the premises by the headman and the concourse of interested villagers and excited women and children.

They bumped and shook over the rough, uneven track. The bullocks raced or crawled

alternately, while the driver twisted their tails and abused them hoarsely. The moonlight grew brighter and more glorious. The air, now soft and cool, was filled with strong scents and the hum of insects released from the heat of the day.

At last they caught the gleam of white tents against the dark background of a mango grove.

"The camp," said Captain Bastable shortly.

Netta made a nervous exclamation.

"Do you think there will be a row?" he asked with some hesitation. They had never discussed Mrs. Wingate's domestic troubles together.

"Perhaps he is still out looking for us," she said evasively.

"If he had followed us at all, he must have found us. I believe he went on shooting, or came back to the camp." There was an angry impatience in his voice. "Don't be nervous," he added hastily. "Try not to mind anything he may say. Don't listen. He can't always help it, you know. I wish you could persuade him to retire; the sun out here makes him half off his head."

"I wish I could," she sighed. "But he will never do anything I ask him, and the big game shooting keeps him in India."

Jim nodded, and there was a comprehending silence between them till they reached the edge of the camp, got out of the cart, and made their way to the principal tent. There they discovered Colonel Wingate, still in his shooting-clothes, sitting by the table, on which stood an almost empty bottle of whisky. He rose as they entered, and delivered himself of a torrent of bad language. He accused the pair of going off together on purpose, declaring he would divorce his wife and kill Bastable. He stormed, raved, and threatened, giving them no opportunity to speak, until at last Jim broke in and insisted on being heard.

"For heaven's sake, be quiet," he said firmly, "or you'll have a fit. You saw the elephant run away, and apparently you made no effort to follow us and come to our help. We were swept off by a tree, and the mahout was mortally hurt. It was a perfect miracle that neither your wife nor I was killed. The mahout died in a village, and we had to get here in a bullock-cart." Then, seeing Wingate preparing for another onslaught, Bastable took him by the shoulders. "My dear chap, you're not yourself. Go to bed, and we'll talk it over to-morrow, if you still wish to."

Colonel Wingate laughed harshly. His mood had changed suddenly.

"Go to bed?" he shouted boisterously. "Why, I was just going out when you arrived. There was a kill last night only a mile off, and I'm going to get the tiger." He stared wildly at Jim, who saw that he was not responsible for his words and actions. His brain, already touched by sunstroke, had given way at last under the power of whisky. Jim's first impulse was to prevent his carrying out his intention of going after the tiger. Then he reflected that it was not safe for Netta to be alone with the man, and that, if Wingate were allowed his own way, it would at least take him out of the camp.

"Very well," said Jim quietly; "and I will come with you."

"Do," answered the Colonel pleasantly, and then, as Bastable turned for a moment, Mrs. Wingate saw her husband make a diabolical grimace at the other's unconscious back. Her heart beat rapidly with fear. Did he mean to murder Jim? She felt convinced he contemplated mischief; but the question was how to warn Captain Bastable without her husband's knowledge. The opportunity came more easily than she had expected, for presently the Colonel went outside to call for his rifle and give some orders. She flew to Bastable's side.

"Be careful," she panted. "He wants to kill you — I know he does. He's mad! Oh, don't go with him — don't go ——"

"It will be all right," he said reassuringly. "I'll look out for myself, but I can't let him go alone in this state. We shall only sit up in a tree for an hour or two, for the tiger must have come and gone long ago. Don't be frightened. Go to bed and rest."

She drew from her pocket the little polished amulet the mahout had given her.

"At any rate, take this," she said hysterically. "It may save you from a tiger, if it doesn't from my husband. I know I am silly, but do take it. There may be luck in it — you can never tell; and old Mahomed Bux said it had saved him and his father and his grandfather — and that you ought to call a tiger 'uncle' —" She broke off, half laughing, half crying, utterly unstrung.

To please her he put the little charm into his pocket, and after a hasty drink went out and joined Wingate, who insisted that they should proceed on foot and by themselves. Bastable knew it would be useless to make any opposition, and they started, their rifles in their hands; but when they had gone some distance, and the tainted air told them they were nearing their destination, Jim discovered he had no cartridges.

"Never mind," whispered the Colonel. "I have plenty, and our rifles have the same bore. We can't go back now; we've no time to lose."

Jim submitted, and he and Wingate tiptoed to the foot of a tree, the low branches and thick leaves of which afforded an excellent hiding-place, down-wind from the half-eaten carcass of the cow. They climbed carefully up, making scarcely any noise, and then Jim held out his hand to the other for some cartridges. The Colonel nodded.

"Presently," he whispered, and Jim waited, thinking it extremely unlikely that cartridges would be wanted at all.

The moonlight came feebly through the foliage of the surrounding trees into the little glade before them, in which lay the remains of the carcass, pulled under a bush to shield it from the carrion birds. A deer pattered by toward the river, casting startled glances on every side; insects beat against the faces of the two men; and a jackal ran out, his brush hanging down, looked round, and retired again with a melancholy howl. Then there arose a commotion in the branches of the neighboring trees, and a troop of monkeys fought and crashed and chattered as they leaped from bough to bough. Jim knew that this often portended the approach of a tiger, and a moment afterward a long, hoarse call from the river told him that the warning was correct. He made a silent sign for the cartridges; but Wingate took no notice: his face was hard and set, and the whites of his eyes gleamed.

A few seconds later a large tiger crept slowly out of the grass, his stomach on the ground, his huge head held low. Jim remembered the native superstition that the head of a man-eating tiger is weighed down by the souls of its victims. With a run and a spring, the creature attacked its meal, and began growling and munching contentedly, purring like a cat, and stopping every now and then to tear up the earth with its claws.

A report rang out. Wingate had fired at and hit the tiger. The great beast gave a terrific roar and sprang at the tree. Jim lifted his rifle, only to remember that it was unloaded.

"Shoot again!" he cried excitedly, as the tiger fell back and prepared for another spring. To his horror, Wingate deliberately fired the second barrel into the air, and, throwing away the rifle, grasped him by the arms. The man's teeth were bared, his face was distorted and hideous, his purpose unmistakable — he was trying to throw Bastable to the tiger. Wingate was strong with the diabolical strength of madness, and they swayed till the branches of the tree cracked ominously. Again the tiger roared and sprang, and again fell back, only to gather itself together for another effort. The two men rocked and panted, the branches cracked louder, with a dry, splitting sound, then broke off altogether, and, locked in each other's arms, they fell heavily to the ground.

Jim Bastable went undermost, and was half stunned by the shock. He heard a snarl in his ear, followed by a dreadful cry. He felt the weight of Wingate's body lifted from him with a jerk, and he scrambled blindly to his feet. As in a nightmare, he saw the tiger bounding away, carrying something that hung limply from the great jaws, just as a cat carries a dead mouse.

He seized the Colonel's rifle that lay near him; but he knew it was empty, and that the cartridges were in the Colonel's pocket. He ran after the tiger, shouting, yelling, brandishing the rifle, in the hope of frightening the brute into dropping its prey; but, after one swift glance back, it bounded into the thick jungle with the speed of a deer, and Bastable was left standing alone.

Faint and sick, he began running madly toward the camp for help, though he knew well that nothing in this world could ever help Wingate again. His forehead was bleeding profusely, either hurt in the fall or touched by the tiger's claw, and the blood trickling into his eyes nearly blinded him. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket as he ran, and something came with it that glittered in the moonlight and fell to the ground with a metallic ring.

It was the little silver amulet: the tiger charm.

# FARTHEST SOUTH

BY

## LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WE had planted the Union Jack at a point about 366 geographical miles beyond the previous "farthest south" point, but we had before us the long journey back.

We had left the winter quarters ten weeks before, vigorous and well-fed, and with plenty of good food for at any rate the earlier part of the journey; when we started to retrace our steps, we were in a weakened condition, and dependent on a scanty supply of food in widely separated depots.

There was no time to worry, however, for our salvation lay in speed. We reached our tent, which was snowed up by the blizzard, had lunch, and marched north in the afternoon, very tired, cold, and hungry. Shortly after 5 P.M. we camped, in order to get some needed rest. Happily the blizzard had not obliterated the tracks of our sledge, though the flags had been blown from the poles we had planted along our line of march when going south. The strong southerly wind, so great an obstacle to our advance toward the Pole, now proved a friend. We made a sail from the floor-cloth of a tent, and, with the assistance of this, were able to make between twenty and thirty miles daily in the days that followed.

We picked up the depot left on the snow plain, and went on with all possible speed, for we knew that there was only four days' food at the upper glacier depot, and the next depot was at the foot of the glacier, ninety miles farther on. We crossed pressure ridges and crevasses at full speed, a risk justified only by the exigencies of the situation. When we arrived at the upper glacier depot we had two days' food in hand, and it was well that we had, for the summer sun and wind had stripped the snow covering from the upper part of the glacier, leaving slippery blue ice slopes, down which we had to lower our battered sledge by means of the alpine rope.

As each day passed the surface became worse and our difficulties greater, and the sharp-edged crevasses cut our sledge so that by the time we had reached better ice it was minus half a runner on one side, the uprights were strained, and the sledge would not run straight. Near the foot of the glacier we encountered heavy snow, which not only impeded our progress, but also hid the crevasses from sight.

### *The Party Marches Without Food for Thirty-two Hours*

We were now down to about four biscuits a day each, with two pannikins of very thin "hoosh," and on the morning of January 26th we ate the last of our solid food. This was at 5 A.M., and the food consisted mainly of half-soaked maize. We marched all day long through soft snow and often into hidden crevasses, saving the sledge and each other only by great efforts, and by the morning of January 27th we were played out. We had stopped a few times to have a cup of tea, which, with salt and pepper, was all that we had left in the way of food. We stopped at 2 A.M. and started again at 9 A.M., for we knew that it would be death to stay much longer. We marched until 1 P.M. on the 27th, and got within half a mile of the depot.

Before this Adams had dropped in his harness, but had continued the march as soon as he recovered. Marshall went on to the depot and brought back some pony meat and biscuit while the tent was being pitched, and then we had the first food we had tasted for thirty-two hours, during the greater part of which time we had been marching hard.

We had a good sleep after that meal, and the next morning we picked up our depot and went through the Southern Gateway on to the Barrier, with a feeling that at last we were getting back to familiar scenes. The plateau lay behind us, and we had our feet on the road to food, shelter, and comrades.

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The Barrier greeted us with a blizzard. Food was low, and we could not afford to stop for thick weather, so directly the blizzard was over I made a course by compass toward the north. We were passing over ice seamed with crevasses and chasms, as we knew from our journey south; but now, when we could not see five yards ahead of us, our steps were so guided that we did not touch one crack, though probably we passed over many hidden in the snow.

### *The Pony Meat Goes Bad*

On the journey south we had made a mound of snow at each camping-place, in the hope that when coming back we might be assisted by them in keeping the right course. The labor was justified by the results, for on January 31st we picked up our first mound. By this time a new difficulty had arisen; something was wrong with the meat taken from one of the depots, and Wild was suffering acutely from dysentery, though he was able to march. The snow surface was terribly soft, and though we marched ten or eleven hours a day, it was only with the utmost exertion that we were able to cover one and a half statute miles per hour.

The early days of February found us struggling north under these conditions, and on reaching our depot in 82° 45′ south, Adams and Marshall also began to suffer with acute dysentery. I had been attacked previously. All our medicine being used up, we could do nothing but reduce our precious stock of biscuit and stop eating the pony meat.

My diary became very brief at this stage, and some quotations will give an idea of the conditions under which we were traveling. We left the depot on February 3d, taking the sledge that had been left there on the journey south. "Started with new sledge and 150 pounds more weight at 8.40 A.M.," I wrote. "Camped 5.30. Only five miles; awfully soft snow surface. All acute dysentery, due to meat. Trust that sleep will put us right; can go no farther to-night. Wild very bad, self weaker, others assailed also. Bad light, short food, surface worse than ever. Snow one foot deep. Got up 4.30 A.M. after going to bed 11 P.M. No more to-night. Temperature plus 5. Dull."

The rest did not restore us in the way I had hoped. On the following day (February 4th) I wrote: "Cannot write more. All down with acute dysentery; terrible day. No march possible; outlook serious. . . . Fine weather."

We managed to march again on the following day, but our life during this period was something in the nature of a nightmare. On February 7th I wrote: "Blowing hard blizzard. Kept going till 6 P.M. Adams and Marshall renewed dysentery. Dead tired, short food, very weak."

### *Blown Along by the Blizzard*

The blizzard which, under ordinary circumstances, would have rendered marching impossible, was our friend during this period. We kept moving north, with the strong wind helping us along. "All thinking and talking of food," I wrote on February 9th in my diary, and the entry was repeated on the following day. The snow mounds thrown up during the outward march were a great comfort, for we picked them up regularly, and they gave us an assurance that our sledge-meter was recording distances accurately, and that we were really getting north at a fairly rapid pace. We were down to half a pannikin of warmed meat and five biscuits a day for each man. On February 13th we reached Chinaman depot, with all our food gone. "We got Chinaman's liver, which we had to-night," I wrote in my diary on that day. "It tasted splendid. We looked round for any spare bits of meat, and while I was digging in the snow I came across some hard red stuff—Chinaman's blood frozen into a solid core. We dug it up, and found it a welcome addition to our food. It was like beef tea when boiled up. The distance to-day was twelve and a half miles, with a light wind."

At Chinaman depot we loaded up the pony meat and biscuit that was to take us another ninety miles or so before we reached depot A.

Although the temperature was very low, our food was short, and we were in a weakened condition, we managed to cover often more than twenty statute miles a day. Our daily rations at this time consisted of two pannikins of tea, one pannikin of very thin cocoa, three quarters of a pannikin of semi-cooked meat, and four biscuits. We found that if we only warmed the meat through it was more tender than if boiled, and we could not afford oil enough to stew it.

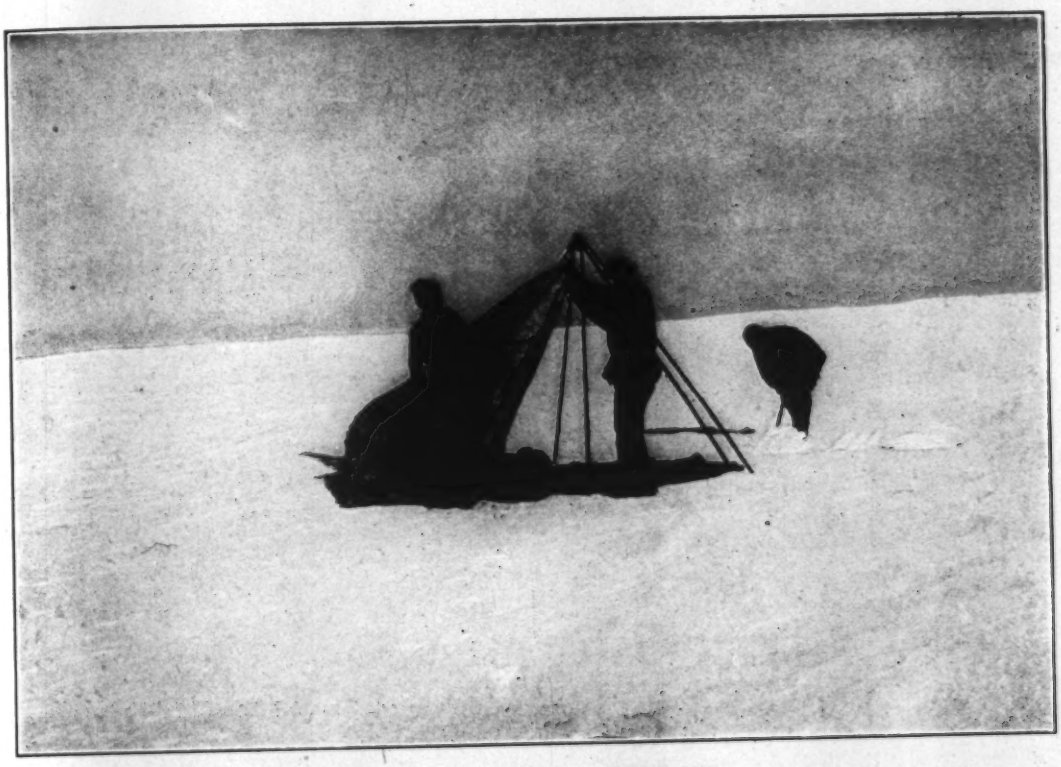
The only meat that was stewed was some that we had scraped off the bones of the pony Grisi, and this special cooking was given because the carcass had been lying for two months in the sun, and the meat was somewhat musty.

Gradually we made our way north in spite of all our troubles, and by February 20th we felt that we were really getting near "home."

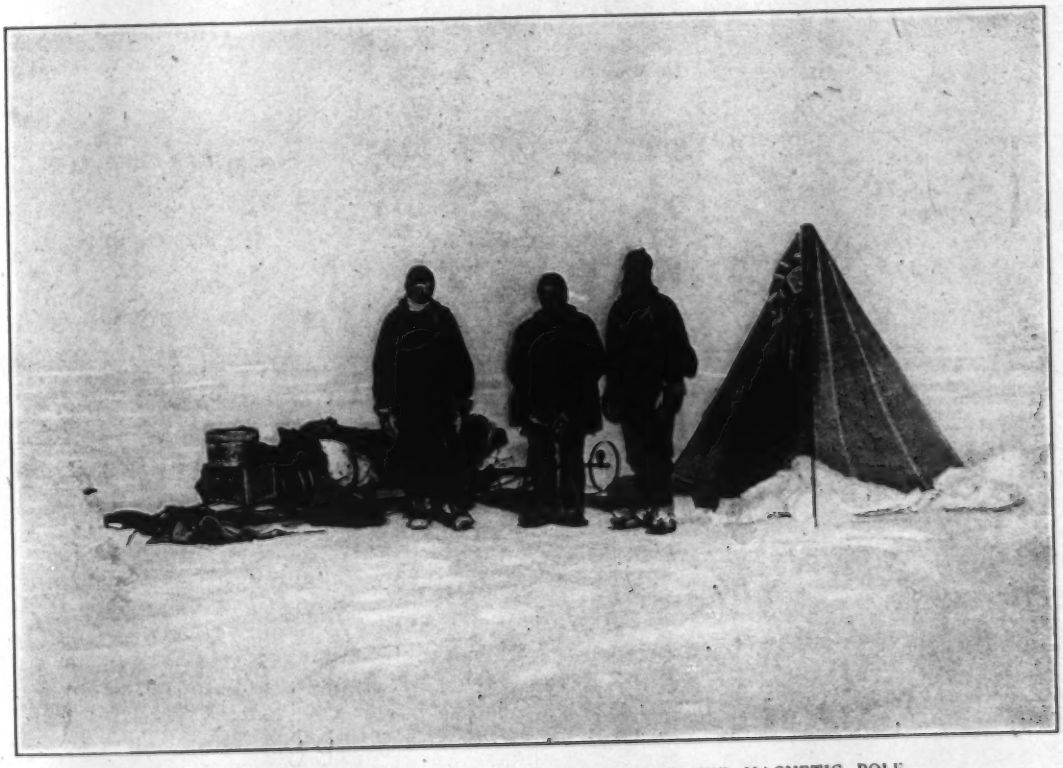
On February 21st I wrote in my diary: "We got up at 4.40 A.M., just as it commenced to blow, and the wind continued all day, a blizzard with 67 degrees of frost. We could not get warm, but we did twenty miles. In ordinary Polar work one would not think of traveling in

LIEUTENANT ADAMS, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE EXPEDITION,
WITH SOME OF THE ESKIMO PUPPIES

THE "NIMROD" LYING OFF THE ICE CLOSE TO THE WINTER QUARTERS. THE PENGUINS SHOW EVERY APPEARANCE OF INTEREST

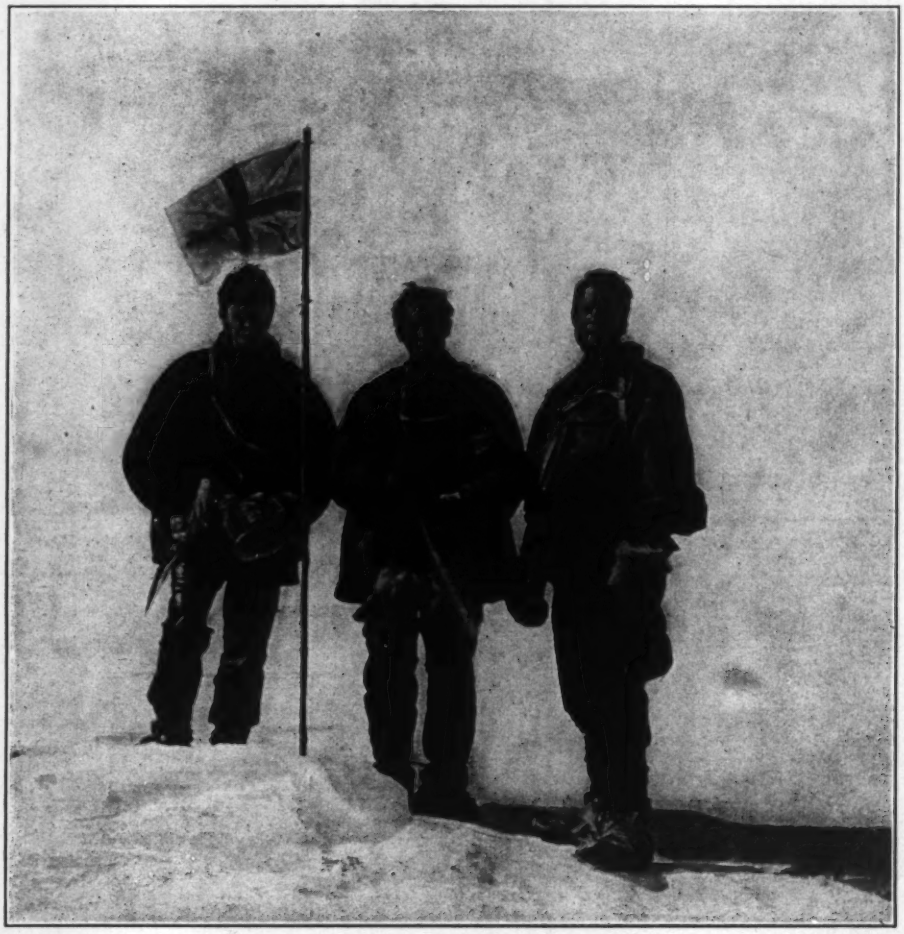


PITCHING A TENT ON THE SNOW



THE NORTHERN PARTY AT THE CAMP NEAREST THE MAGNETIC POLE

such a severe blizzard, but our need is extreme, and we must keep going. It is neck or nothing with us now. Our food lies ahead, and death stalks us from behind. This is just the time of the year when the most bad weather may be expected. The sun now departs at night, and the darkness is palpable by the time we turn in, generally about 9.30 P.M. We are so thin that our bones ache as we lie on the hard snow in our sleeping-bags, from which a great deal of the hair has gone. To-night we stewed some of the scraps of Grisi meat, and the dish tasted delicious. Too cold to write more. Thank God, we are nearing the Bluff."



THE BRITISH FLAG PLANTED ON THE SOUTH MAGNETIC POLE. PROFESSOR DAVID STANDS IN THE CENTER, WITH DOUGLAS MAWSON ON HIS LEFT AND DR. MACKAY ON HIS RIGHT. PROFESSOR DAVID TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPH BY PULLING A STRING ATTACHED TO THE CAMERA

### *We "Match" for Scraps of Food*

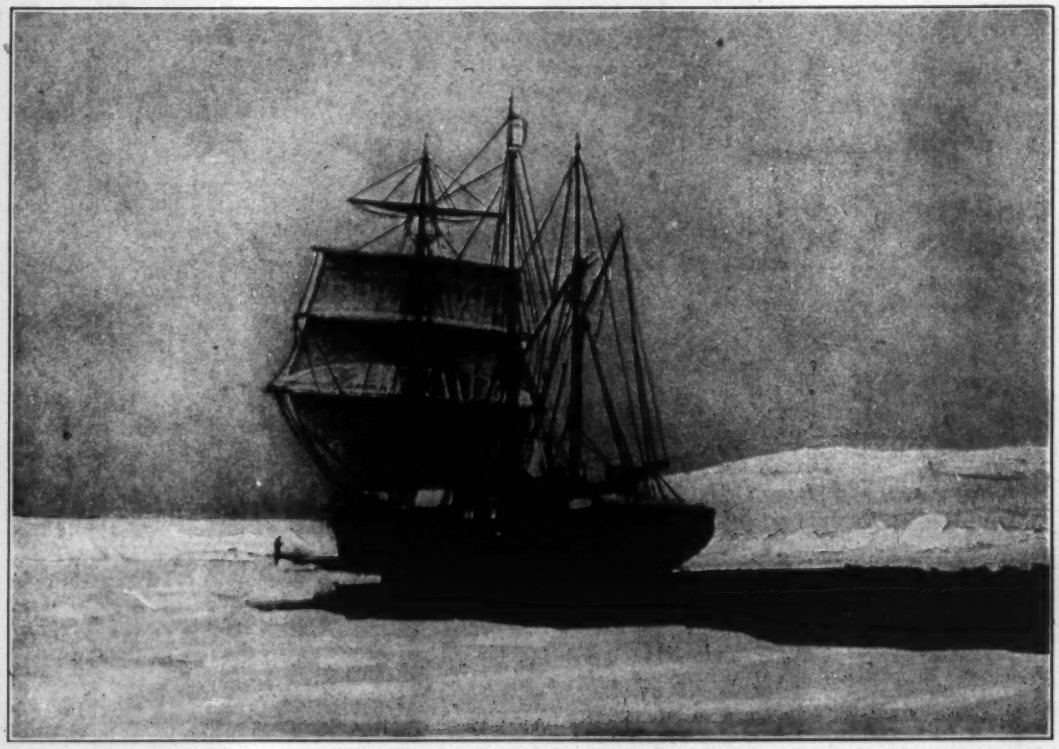
The next day was better, for I wrote:

"February 22d. A splendid day. We did twenty and a half miles, and on the strength of the distance had a good feed. About 11 A.M. we suddenly came across the tracks of a party of four men with dogs. Evidently the weather had been fine, and they had been moving at a good pace toward the south. We could tell that the weather had been fine, for they were wearing ski boots instead of finneskoe, and occasionally we saw the stump of a cigarette. The length of the steps showed that they were going fast. We are now camped on the tracks, which are fairly recent, and we will try to follow them to the Bluff, for they must have come from the depot. This assures us that the depot was laid all right. I cannot imagine who the fourth man can be, unless it was Buckley, who might be there, now that the ship is in.

"We passed their noon camp, and I am certain that the ship is in, for there were tins lying round bearing brands different from those

A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION TAKING SOME OF THE ESKIMO DOGS OUT FOR EXERCISE. THE DOGS WERE NOT USED ON THE "FARTHEST SOUTH" JOURNEY, BUT DID GOOD WORK IN CONNECTION WITH SOME OF THE OTHER SLEDGING EXPEDITIONS

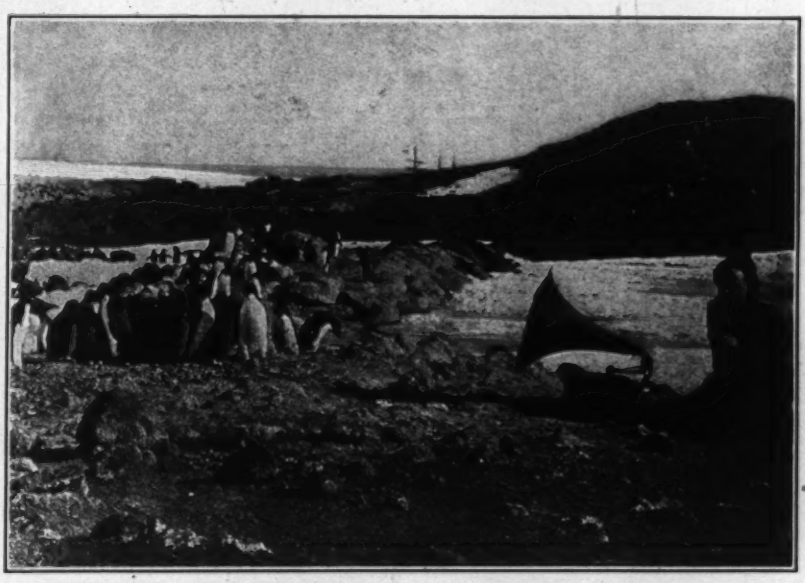
"PANCAKE ICE" JUST FORMING ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA. THIS IS THE FIRST STAGE IN THE FORMATION OF SEA-ICE



THE "NIMROD" UNDER SAIL AND STEAM, FORCING HER WAY THROUGH THE PACK-ICE TOWARD CAPE ROYDS

of the original stores. We found three little bits of chocolate and a little bit of biscuit at the camp, after carefully searching the ground for such unconsidered trifles, and we 'turned backs' for them. I was unlucky enough to get the bit of biscuit, and a curious unreasoning anger took possession of me for a moment at my bad luck. It shows how primitive we have become, and how much the question of even a morsel of food affects our judgment. We are near the end of our food, but as we have staked everything on the Bluff depot, we had a good feed tonight. If we do not pick up the depot there will be absolutely no hope for us."

MALE AND FEMALE PENGUINS AT THEIR NEST



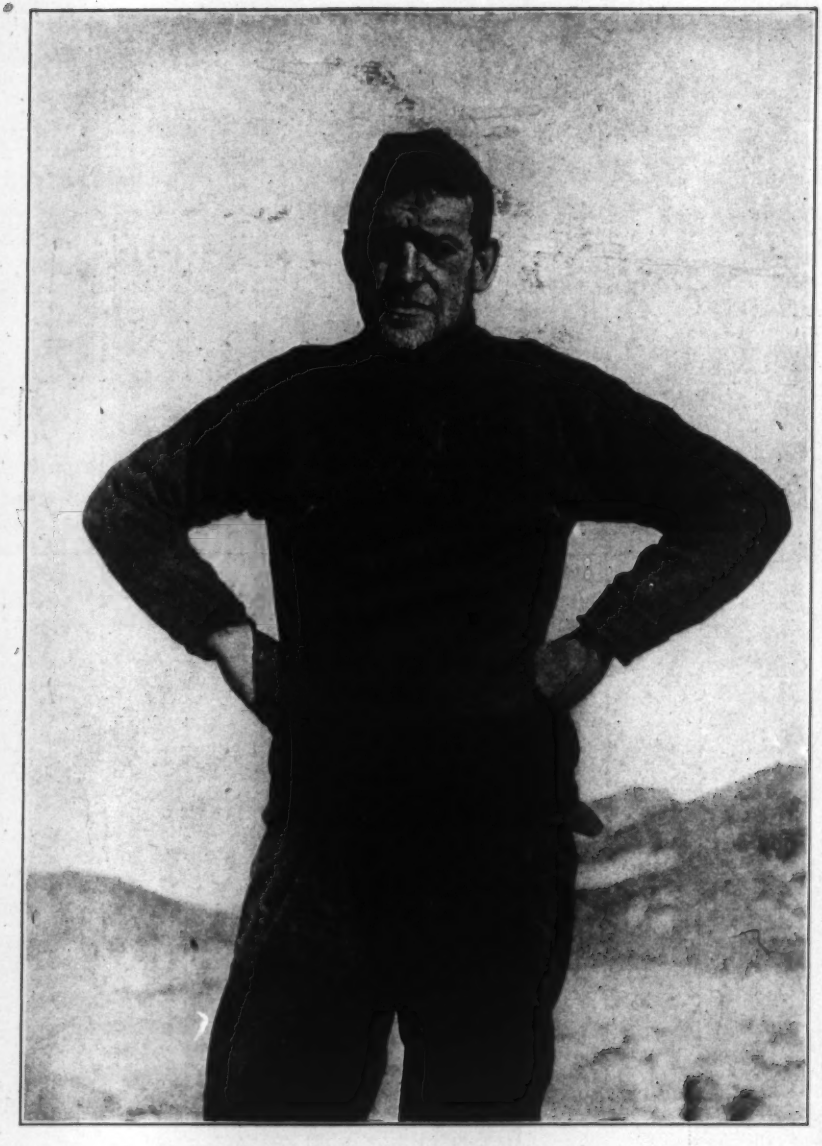
PENGUINS LISTENING TO A PHONOGRAPH

A YOUNG PENGUIN WITH THE PARENT BIRDS

### *Picked Up by the "Nimrod"*

The depot party was a party I had arranged to have sent south to a point called the Bluff, to place a supply of stores at a point 70 statute miles from our winter quarters. The depot party had left the stores in accordance with my instructions, and had then marched south for a few days in the hope of meeting us. As we were late, they followed my orders and went back to the ship. We reached the depot, and here we found plenty of food and news that the ship had arrived safely and was ready to take us back to New Zealand. Then Wild had another touch of dysentery from the Grisi meat, and shortly after Marshall became affected, and suffered so much that although he managed to march with us for twenty-four miles on February 26th, he was too bad to continue traveling in the following afternoon, though he wished to try.

I decided to leave him under the care of Adams in camp, while Wild and I made a forced march of thirty-three miles to the ship. We



LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON IN HIS WINTER RIG

reached the *Nimrod* on March 1st, and received a cheering welcome from our comrades. In the afternoon I started back with a relief party to bring the others in, and happily we found Marshall to be better. On March 4th we were all safely on board, and the ship's head was turned north.*

There was nothing but good news for me on board the *Nimrod*, and it was with a feeling of joy and thankfulness such as I could not describe that I listened to what the other members of the expedition had to tell me. The northern party, consisting of Professor David, Douglas Mawson, and Dr. Mackay, had attained the South Magnetic Pole after many adventures, and had been picked up safe and sound by the

* Lieutenant Shackleton's modesty has forbidden him to draw attention to perhaps the most striking incident of his own bravery, endurance, and brilliance as a commander, and the editor thinks that it would be of interest to his readers to append the account of one of the members of his party who was awaiting his return. "He was long overdue," he says, "and it was feared that he had met with an accident. The *Nimrod* went in search of him. The captain discovered two dots on the Barrier in the distance, and then he saw a heliograph flashing. The dots developed into Lieutenant Shackleton and Wild. Where were Marshall and Adams? A boat put off, and the explorers were taken aboard. Their shrunk shanks and lean faces told a tale of severe work and privation. Yet, after eating a lordly dish of fried bread and bacon, Lieutenant Shackleton, though he had had no sleep for twenty-four hours, immediately started back over thirty-three weary miles with the relief party to Marshall, who was ill with dysentery brought on by the diet of horse-flesh, and had been left in charge of Adams. It took a day and a half to reach them. Then all returned to the ship, exhausted, but happy in the successful termination of the great enterprise. Lieutenant Shackleton had performed the remarkable feat of sledging ninety-nine miles, with little sleep, in three days, at the end of a journey of 1,700 miles."

It is interesting to compare this with Lieutenant Shackleton's brief story.

*Nimrod*. The western party had explored new coast, and had also been picked up by the ship, every member of it well. The efforts of the expedition had borne good fruit in all directions, and our sturdy little ship was taking us back to civilization and friends without the loss or disablement of a single man. We could rest, sleep, and eat without worry or regret, and with a delicious sense of comfort and security that came as a natural reaction after months of labor.

### *The Dangerous Journey of the Northern Party*

I have been able to touch on only a few of the incidents of our southern journey, and I can only deal very briefly, in the space at my command in this article, with the work of the party that attained the Magnetic Pole and the one that made the journey west. The northern party, under Professor David, left the winter quarters on October 5th, with the object of reaching the Magnetic Pole. They picked up a depot previously laid out by the motor-car to the west, and then started away over the sea-ice along the coast. They had two fully laden sledges of provisions, their equipment and stores having a total weight of about half a ton, and they did all their own hauling.

The difficulties and dangers of this journey were great. They had first to travel for about 250 miles along the coast on the sea-ice, and the whole of the distance had to be "relayed," since the three men could not haul the whole of their load at one time. They took half their stores and equipments on for about two miles, and then came back for the rest, thus covering all the ground three times. They could not get along nearly as fast as they had expected, and, in consequence, had to reduce their rations and supplement the regular stores with penguin and seal meat, easily secured along the coast-line. They extemporized a lamp in which blubber could be used as fuel, and on this they cooked the flesh of the seals and penguins, soon becoming accustomed to this very oily diet. Meanwhile, curiously enough, they began to suffer from the heat as the summer advanced, and, although they were traveling over ice, often had to divest themselves of their outer garments.

### *Discovery of the South Magnetic Pole*

The party completed the journey along the coast and established a depot on the Drygalski Barrier Tongue, and then, with six weeks' provisions on the sledges, left the sea-ice and struck inland in the direction of the Magnetic Pole. That was on December 16th, and Professor David estimated that he would have to travel about 200 miles. Bad weather was experienced at this stage, and, although the summer was at its height, the party suffered intense inconvenience from a heavy snowfall and a succession of blizzards extending over nearly a fortnight. Like the southern party, the northern party had to climb a plateau, and they found the ice-covering to be such a maze of deep crevasses that they almost despaired of being able to get on at all.

They attempted to make their way up a great glacier, frequently falling into the hidden chasms, and being saved from disaster only by constant vigilance and a measure of the good fortune that seemed to attend our expedition in all its phases. At last they found a winding snow slope that led them past the worst crevasses, and they reached the plateau to the south of Mount Larsen, wearied but not discouraged. They went inland in the direction of their goal, following the magnetic meridian, and ascending a succession of terraces until they reached an undulating snow plain 7,000 or 8,000 feet above sea-level.

The traveling was easier then, and on January 16th they reached latitude 72° 45′ south, longitude 145°, the goal of their strenuous labors. Their observations showed that the Magnetic Pole had been attained, and Professor David hoisted the Union Jack and claimed the land in the name of His Majesty the King. The three men, tiny dots in that great field of white, gave three cheers, and then started back with all possible speed.

They could not afford to linger, for their provisions were running short, the cold at that elevation was intense, and their strength was diminishing under the strain of hard work and short rations. There was a continual icy wind from the southwest, and before they got back to the sea-ice they had been assailed by several blizzards. They were able to use a sail on their sledge, however, the wind being generally a following one, and eventually reached their depot in a state of semi-starvation on February 3d, after fighting a savage battle with bad ice and dangerous crevasses.

The rescue of this party by the *Nimrod* was an illustration of the good fortune that attended our work. The three men arrived at the glacier tongue in an exhausted condition and without food, and their further progress was barred because the sea-ice over which they had traveled on the outward march had broken up. They proceeded to kill seals and penguins, and satisfied their hunger with blubber and meat; but they had made their journey with the full knowledge that the Ross Sea would be impassable when they returned, and they were entirely dependent for their chance of safety on

being picked up by the *Nimrod*. I had instructed the captain of the *Nimrod* to search the coast for the party if it did not return to winter quarters by February 1st, but that order covered a great stretch of ragged coast-line.

The three men were feasting in their tent within a few hours of their arrival at the Barrier Tongue when they heard two shots, and rushed out to find that the *Nimrod* had put in at that particular spot and discovered their camp. Mawson fell down a crevasse in the excitement of the moment, but he was rescued with the assistance of sailors from the ship, and within an hour or two the vessel was on its way back to Cape Royds. The pack-ice was heavy all round, and the *Nimrod* had passed along the coast on the previous evening and seen nothing. The ship was on her way back to Cape Royds when keen eyes saw the little camp. The scientific results of this northern journey were very important, but they cannot be dealt with in this article.

### *Drifting to Sea on an Ice-floe*

The western party, consisting of Armytage, Priestley, and Brocklehurst, was sent out to do geological work in the western mountains. If the northern party had returned in January, an attempt was to have been made to ascend Mount Lister, the next highest mountain after Erebus, in the vicinity of McMurdo Sound. The western party did some very valuable geological work, and had a fortunate escape when an ice-floe on which the three men camped for the night of January 22d broke away. When they awoke on the morning of January 23d, they found that they were drifting north out to sea, and death seemed to stare them in the face.

All day long they waited helplessly on the drifting ice, while the killer-whales pushed their heads up over the edge of the floes and looked with greedy eyes at the derelict party. Fortunately the current set south that night, and about midnight one corner of the floe touched the land-ice for a few minutes. The men got into a place of safety with all their equipment with the greatest possible speed, and almost immediately afterward the floe went north again into the open sea. Next day the ship was seen at a distance of about eleven miles, and was signaled by means of a heliograph.

The party that laid the depot at the Bluff in preparation for our return from the south had an exciting adventure on its way back to winter quarters. They encountered much crevassed ice, and on February 18th were traveling at right angles to the run of the crevasses, roughly in the direction of Cape Crozier. They were going at a trot over a hard surface, and they crossed over a crack into which Joyce's foot went. The incident did not seem important, and it did not cause a stop, for Joyce did not fall; but the next moment the sledge, coming over a high sastrugi, bumped down on top of the crack, and with a roar the snow-bridge that had concealed a huge chasm fell in. Marston, who was running astern of the sledge, just got over, and a dog that was beside him dropped in and had to be hauled up by its harness. The party found themselves standing on the edge of a yawning gap that would easily have swallowed up sledge, men, and dogs, and on the farther edge they could see the sledge-tracks and their footprints, terminating abruptly where the bridge had fallen in. Their escape seemed to them to have been almost a miracle.

### *New Land is Sighted*

The wind was still freshening as we went north under steam and sail, and it was fortunate for us that this was so, for the ice that had formed on the sea-water in the sound was thickening rapidly, assisted by the old pack, of which a large amount lay across our course. I was anxious to pick up a depot of geological specimens on Depot Island, left there by the northern party, and with this end in view the *Nimrod* was taken on a more westerly course than would otherwise have been the case. The wind, however, was freshening to a gale, and we were passing through streams of ice, which seemed to thicken as we neared the shore. I decided it would be too risky to send a party off for the specimens, as there was no proper lee to this small island, and the consequence of even a short delay might be serious. I therefore gave instructions that the course should be altered to due north.

The following wind helped us, and on the morning of March 6th we were off Cape Adare. I wanted to push between the Balleny Islands and the mainland, and make an attempt to follow the coast-line from Cape North westward, so as to link it with Adélie Land.

No ship had ever succeeded in penetrating to the westward of Cape North, heavy pack having been encountered on the occasion of each attempt. The *Discovery* had passed through the Balleny Islands, and sailed over the spot on which the so-called Wilkes' Land was shown on the maps, but the question of the existence of this land in any latitude had been left open.

We steamed along the pack-ice, which was beginning to thicken, and although we did not manage to do all that I had hoped, we had the satisfaction of pushing our little vessel along

that coast to a point farther west than had been reached by any previous expedition. On the morning of March 8th we saw, beyond Cape North, new coast-line, extending first to the southward and then to the west for a distance of forty-five miles. We took angles and bearings, and Marston sketched the main outlines. We were too far away to take any photographs that would have been of value, but the sketches show very clearly the type of the land. Professor David was of the opinion that it was the northern edge of the Polar plateau.

### *Narrow Escape of the "Nimrod"*

We should all have been glad of an opportunity to explore the coast thoroughly, but that was out of the question. The ice was getting thicker all the time, and it was becoming imperative that we should escape to clear water without further delay. There was no chance of getting farther west at that point, and as the new ice was forming between the old pack of the previous year, we were in serious danger of being frozen in for the winter. We therefore moved north along the edge of the pack, making as much westing as possible, in the direction of the Balleny Islands. I still hoped that it might be possible to skirt them and find Wilkes' Land. It was awkward work, and at times the ship could hardly move at all. Finally, about midnight on the 9th, I saw that we must go north, and the course was set in that direction.

We were almost too late, for the ice was closing in, and before long we were held up, the ship being unable to move at all. The situation looked black, but we discovered a lane through which progress could be made, and on the afternoon of the 10th we were in fairly open water, passing through occasional lines of pack.

Our troubles were over, for we had a good voyage up to New Zealand, and on March 22d dropped anchor at the mouth of Lord's River, on the south side of Stewart Island.

It is not possible at this early date to estimate justly the actual value of the geographical and scientific work of the expedition. I can only outline some of the broad features of our observations.

We now know that the Great Southern Ice Barrier is bounded by mountains running in a southeasterly direction from 78° south to 85° south at least, and that an immense glacier leads to a plateau over 10,000 feet above sea-level, on which is situated the geographical South Pole.

Numerous inland mountains have been discovered, and specimens of rock from them show that at some period in the geological history of the earth a warm climate prevailed in these ice-bound regions.

We discovered more than forty-five miles of coast-line on the north side of the Antarctic continent.

The condition of the volcano Erebus has been observed at the summit, and interesting geological collections have been made on the mountain.

I am not qualified to speak of the geological work. There were trained geologists with the expedition, and the collections and records they have made will in the near future be examined and thoroughly investigated with a view to throwing more light on the problems suggested by the discovery of coal in the far interior.

In the domain of meteorology, continuous records have been taken of the movements of the upper currents of the atmosphere, which have a bearing upon the weather in more temperate countries. These records have still to be tabled and compared, and an immense amount of work remains to be done upon them. In the field of physical science, records have been taken of the Aurora Australis, and light will be thrown on this still obscure phenomenon.

The attainment of the Magnetic Pole and the general magnetic work will have a very real value, not only in the increase of knowledge on the side of abstract science, but also in connection with navigation.

In connection with biology, the discovery of microscopical life in the frozen lakes is extremely interesting. The scientists of the expedition demonstrated that the tiny rotifers could exist in a temperature of 100° of frost, and also emerge unscathed from the test of a temperature of 200° F. It is expected that some former connection between New Zealand and Australia and the Antarctic continent may be traced when a comparison is made between the existing forms in these countries.

The marine collections made by the expedition are large and varied. Strange as it may seem, there is a large marine fauna in the icy waters of the Antarctic. The temperature of the sea in those regions varies but little in winter and summer, and this fact is conducive to an abundant marine life.

Much remains to be done in the frozen lands from which we have returned. Following in our footsteps will come other explorers; indeed, at the present moment a French expedition is at work in the Antarctic. If each endeavor to penetrate and lay bare the secrets of nature adds even a little to the sum of human knowledge, then the efforts of those who work in this direction will not be in vain.

# SERGEANT McCARTY'S MISTAKE

BY

## P. C. MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

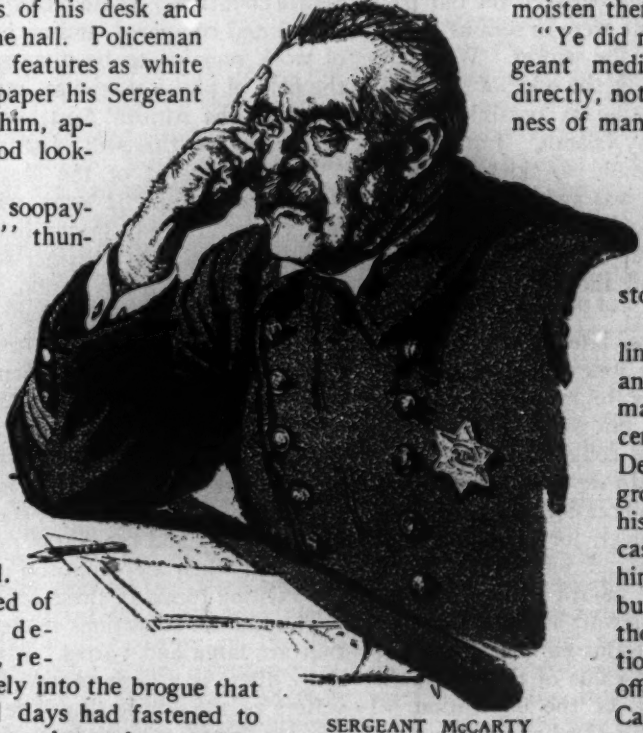
"DUGAN! . . . . Dugan! . . . . Dugan! Wher-r-re the divil are ye? *Dugan!*"

Sergeant McCarty's bull-like voice roared and echoed through the Harbor Police Station, and his flushed red face beamed like a smoky sun, as, with a sheet of paper trembling in his hand, he raged around the four corners of his desk and then out into the hall. Policeman Dugan, his own features as white as the sheet of paper his Sergeant waved before him, appeared and stood looking helpless.

"Salute your soopayrior officer," thundered the Sergeant, never overlooking a point in that strict discipline which he enforced with the enthusiasm of a martinet, though he was not one.

Dugan saluted.

"Ye're accused of sta-a-a-lin'," declared McCarty, relapsing completely into the brogue that in his aboriginal days had fastened to his mother tongue as barnacles to a ship.



SERGEANT McCARTY

The pupils of Dugan's eyes widened and contracted dizzily.

"Ye're accused of sta-alin'," repeated Sergeant McCarty, but more quietly. His wrath was unabated, but in the piercing glance he shot into the man was a look not born of anger. Unofficially McCarty liked Dugan, and each had done the other service.

"Yes, sir," husked Dugan at length.

"Did ye do ut?"

McCarty launched the question straight, and with it there entered into his eye a light that showed hard against the man who had so far betrayed his trust as to steal from those he was set to guard.

"I did not, sir," answered Dugan, getting his voice far enough out of his throat to put a suspicion of a burr on the final *r*. His lips were still so sticky dry he did not even attempt to moisten them.

"Ye did not?" queried the Sergeant meditatively, yet most directly, noting clearly the guiltiness of manner that accompanied the affirmation of innocence.

"No, sir, I did not," replied Dugan thickly but more stoutly.

"Then stop yer trim'lin' and gettin' pale, and stand up to it like a man. Prove your innocence, and Captain of Detectives Hodson will grow another ring in his horn," he added sarcastically. The wrath of him was rising again, too, but this time at the thought of the presumption of that bane of his official existence, the Captain of Detectives, in daring, without being certain of the facts, to accuse one of his men of stealing.

"But I can't prove my innocence," blurted Dugan.

McCarty's small blue eyes grew large with wonder. "They say you're guilty, but you say you're not; and they can prove you're guilty, but you can't prove you're not? Dugan! Are ye sober?" McCarty at the same moment leaned forward until his olfactories could sample the atmosphere in the immediate vicinity of Dugan's face.

"Yes," answered the policeman.

Ditto declared the Sergeant's olfactories.

"And were ye sober the other night on watch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how the—— "

"But I'm not guilty," muttered Dugan wretchedly.

"Prove it," roared McCarty, again in full-steamed impatience. "You've got to prove it, or— " The angry Sergeant paused in the very act of eruption. He was about to say, "or I'll help convict you myself." But he believed in the man, at least for the present, and, besides, McCarty was just to his men.

"Dugan," he continued quietly, his anger cooling as quickly as it had arisen, "ye're under arrest. Your trial is befoore the Commissioners at eight o'clock to-night. *I will appear for ye.*"

"Thank you, sir," breathed Dugan fervently, and went away to the guard-room and placed himself under arrest.

Sergeant McCarty returned to his desk.

"Phwat the divil! Phwat the divil! Phwat the divil!" he murmured gently under his breath, going over the papers in the case, which in the meantime had come down from the upper office. As he read, he left off purring and began to fume.

"Officer!" he called. "Send Dugan here."

The officer departed, leaving the Sergeant muttering to himself: "I'll have the story out of him, or I'll have his tongue out of his mouth."

Dugan came, his eyes popping. McCarty did not look at him.

"Stand there," he ordered in blustering tones, his heavy hands pawing among the papers before him upon which his eyes were fastened.

"These pa-apers says ye were found by two of Pinkerton's watchmen at an open window at the back of Nelson's Ship-chandlery in Stuart Street with a coil of new rope on your shoulder, and that Officer Fogarty come up and he seen ye there, too!"

After a heavy silence, a slight sibilant sound suggested that Dugan had answered yes to the query which the Sergeant had put with such deep-toned emphasis.

"And ye're accused of stalin' the rope and a wagon-load of other sailor-junk from the same store. Of *sta-a-a-lin'* it!"

The Sergeant threw a world of awful solemnity into the participle, as indicating that stealing while on duty was the most heinous offense of which an officer could be guilty. Now, too, his eyes were raised and gimleting into Dugan's soul.

"I never," denied Dugan flatly, his voice still husky with emotion of some sort.

"Were ye there?"

"Yes."

"Did ye have the rope?"

"Yes."

"What were ye doing with it?"

"I was putting it back into the store," explained Dugan.

"From where did ye get the rope?"

"I can't tell you that, Sergeant McCarty," said the policeman, not rebelliously nor obstinately, but patiently and with a far-away look in his eye.

Hot color mounted to the roots of the flaming McCarty hair, mounted until each separate hair seemed to sputter and emit a spark, as the Sergeant's eyes blazed and his hoarse voice boomed out his rage at this foolish insubordination which seemed to be making him ridiculous.

"Tell me, or I'll tear the clothes off av ye in me voilent r-rage!" he bawled, his great fingers curling menacingly as he swept his hands up and down before the person of Dugan.

Dugan shivered like a dead tree in a blast, but answered:

"Tear the flesh off av me bones, and the bones out av me frame, Sergeant, but I cannot tell you that."

There was a pathos in Dugan's tone and manner that touched the heart in the Sergeant again. He looked at his embarrassed patrolman and asked solemnly:

"Dugan — are ye a thief?"

"Sergeant McCarty, I am not a thief," was the categorical answer.

"Then tell me where ye got that rope," was the impatient query.

"Sergeant, I cannot," was the patient reply.

"Then the Commissioners 'll break ye, Dugan; and the Judge 'll send ye to the pen."

The long look came again into Dugan's eyes.

"And ye," shamed McCarty, "with an honest name and a loyal Irish wife and a fine bhoy."

Dugan was deeply moved. He started to repeat the words of the Sergeant with a sort of mournful resignation: "Yes, sir; and me with a loyal Irish wife and a fine— " But the sentence was not finished. He had a coughing spell, or perhaps only sneezed and choked up.

"Officer, take Dugan away," McCarty ordered. "Bring him befoore the Commissioners at eight o'clock. Dugan!"— addressing that gentleman in his most matter-of-fact official tone,— "I will appear-r for ye."

"Thank you, sir," breathed Dugan fervently, as before.

Then Sergeant McCarty sat alone, holding his hands and staring at the floor, at the end of

"'YE'RE ACCUSED OF STA-A-A-LIN',' DECLARED McCARTY"

which conference with himself he expressed his conclusion in the following paradoxical language:

"What! And so Dugan's a thief, is he? Well, I don't believe it; that's all."

Then he arose and stood looking out of the window.

"Send me Fogarty," he called to the officer at the door, "as soon as he comes off watch. He's due here in three minutes."

While he waited, the last words of his colloquy with Dugan rang in his ears. "And you with a loyal Irish wife and a fine bhoy." "Yes, sir; me with a loyal Irish wife and a fine— " And that was where Dugan had sneezed.

Fogarty came.

"Fogarty! What's this about Dugan stealin' rope?" plumped the Sergeant.

Fogarty was terse of speech.

"Three nights ago I come up, and the Pinks was havin' words with him, and he had the rope on his shoulder; but when I seen him, he sort of seemed to sink away and let the bale down to the ground, and sat down on it like a man that's all in."

"Dugan says he was puttin' the rope back," communicated the Sergeant.

"Yes, sir."

"There were other things missing from the store?"

"Yes, sir, a wagon-load — and two weeks before, another wagon-load."

"And did ye see or hear anything of a wagon? What time of the morning was it?"

"Two o'clock. No, sir," replied Fogarty, answering the last question first.

"And have ye any the-ory, Officer?" McCarty asked in full, round pomposity.

"I have not, sir."

"No," growled the Sergeant petulantly, "av course ye have not; and Dugan has not, and I have not, and everybody has not. It is just one more case where I have to gimlet the light into my own brain to save an officer, and my squad, and the whole Harbor Division from bein' the disgrace of the Department."

"Yes, sir," said Fogarty, relieved, and withdrawing with alacrity at the nod of dismissal.

Standing there in his office all alone, there rang through McCarty's mind again those last words of Dugan's. He sat down to think, and the words were still with him. "Yes, sir; a loyal Irish wife and a fine—" And then the light broke on McCarty.

"Begorra!" he exclaimed excitedly, smiting one palm into the other. Then he was still again. A thick finger was laid along the line of his temple. His shoulders were hunched up, his chin was thrust low and forward. He would have explained the pose by saying he was en-

gaged in deep "rayfliction." To himself he was observing:

"Is it my Celtic imagination, now? Did Dugan sneeze, or did he sob? Or is that pebble-faced kid of his at the bottom of this? Begorra, I smell a rat — that pebble-faced wharf-rat that feeds at Dugan's table and answers to the name of Dickie, and is always nosin' round the front in a boat, half the time workin' for Crowley's Tug Boats, and the other half workin' his dad for the price of a steam beer. I did not think the brat would steal, though," he added meditatively.

But the trial of Dugan was at eight, and it was now four, and there was no time for further meditation. Action was required, and action suited the McCarty temper far better than meditation.

The conclusion that his detective genius had leaped to in a twinkling was; "Dickie Dugan stole that rope and all the other sailor-junk, and his father caught him at it, and was making him put it back when the Pinkertons stumbled in, and the kid skidooed, leaving Dugan stuck with the goods on him and up in the air. Dugan is standing for the kid like a man."

That was the theory. And now, to verify it, the McCarty legs were swiftly skipping cobbles. Wrinkles came and went in the back of his sleek-fitting trousers as he rapidly made his way to the rear of the Nelson Ship-chandlery. He knew every foot of the ground, but must go over it now in the light of a new theory. Wagon? Bah! No; never a wagon, if that Dickie Dugan had to do with it. A boat. That Irish lad lived in the water. He only came on land to spout. He would go to the City Hall in a boat, that kid, and McCarty was in the Nelson back yard looking for boat-tracks.

Boat-tracks? In the heart of a city? Yes, this city. Here were blocks and blocks of made land, constructed, not on one vast plan, but piecemeal, according to the whim and purpose of more or less enterprising individual owners. Occasionally these improvements encroached upon old wharves and went far out beyond them on either side, and shiftless squatters had in early days sometimes laid the foundations of one- or two-story frame buildings on a fragment of solid wharfing, rather than go to the expense of filling in. In a few places in the lower city these hollow spots, much impinged upon and reduced to cramped, unnoticeable areas, still existed, and some forgotten streamlet or leak from a broken sewer or storm-drain, working its way to the sea, provided a means of ingress and egress by boat. McCarty had half a notion that the Nelson warehouse stood partly on ground like this. Was he right? He would soon see. If so, that would explain the clever get-away.

Oh, it was shrewd! But his theory called for great shrewdness; for it was — his theory again — a boy's job, and a boy's job is likely to be far and away cleverer than a man's, and more daring. Any thief-catcher will tell you that. The youthful brain is more fertile and imaginative, and the youthful person gets in and away with greater facility than the full-grown animal. Moreover, there is apt to be a fantastic touch to his operations, an attempt to emulate Captain Kidd or Robinson Crusoe. Yes, this theory presupposed a boy's job.

And here, now, was the Nelson place. But it stood on solid ground. The back yard was littered with boxes, with barrels, rotting sail-cloth, tarred cordage, and rubbish of every nautical sort. The Sergeant caught up the cross-bar of a broken anchor and thumped the ground about him. Earth, only earth. But he kept on over every foot of it, patiently, patiently, almost inch by inch; and finally he was rewarded. Over in the corner of the yard farthest from the window through which the goods had been taken out, was a trace of timber, timber that gave forth a hollow sound. The Sergeant sprung the anchor-iron, bar-like, under the heavy cask that lay in the corner. It trundled, creaking and groaning, to one side, and revealed a section of thick wharf flooring that had been up recently. There was a hole in the corner of it that the anchor-iron fitted so well, it was evident it had been used before as the Sergeant now used it, to pry up the heavy planking.

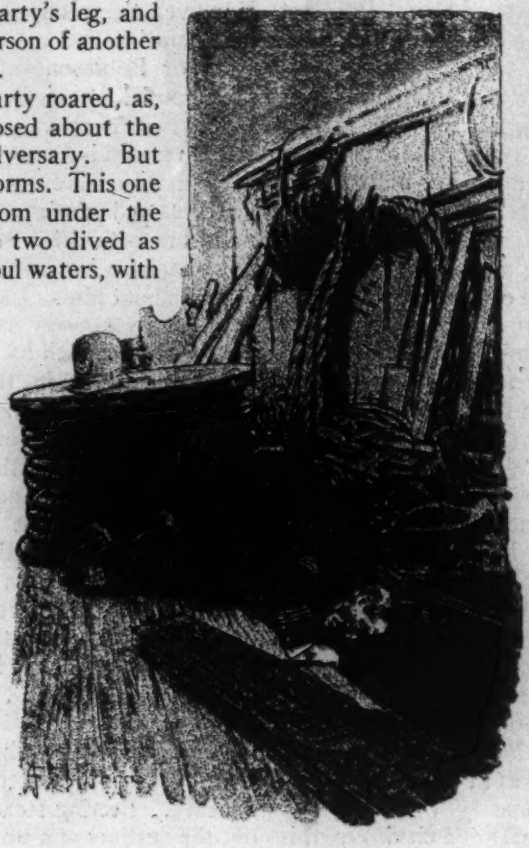
Kneeling, he thrust his face into the darkness. Brownish, soapy water, foul smelling, slopped beneath. Peering steadily, the Sergeant made out the outlines of a small pool, and on the edge of it, lying on rudely placed slabs of drift and pieces of piles, were the dim shapes of bales, bundles, and boxes of various kinds.

McCarty knew when he had seen enough. The plank slipped back into place. The heavy cask groaned and protested as it was trundled again over the spot. The thief-taking light gleamed in the Sergeant's eye. His plans were already formed. To the station for a change to his oldest uniform and a pair of rubber boots was the matter of but a few moments. To capture the boy, and to take him *without assistance*, in order the more easily to teach him a lesson without involving the family name in disgrace, as well as to save the faithful Dugan, was his purpose. In an hour it would be high tide, and this pool, if accessible by boat at all, was so only at high tide; so half an hour before the flood the Sergeant was crouching behind the shoulder of a

rotting pile, straining his eyes in the murky shadow, and listening with all eagerness to the rubbing of a boat against other piles as it slowly worked in his direction. The darkness was unrelieved. The boat crept nearer. The Sergeant crouched closer. Then progress ceased. There was silence — silence and inaction for interminable minutes. The boatman was wary, or alarmed, or — but just then he gave the craft another push forward. The gunwale grazed the calf of McCarty's leg, and the Sergeant felt the person of another in contact with his own.

"Oi have yez," McCarty roared, as, with python grip, he closed about the slighter form of his adversary. But boats are unstable platforms. This one now slipped swiftly from under the swaying forms, and the two dived as one, head first into the foul waters, with a sudden splash that woke the hollow echoes. The boat rocked restlessly, and a stream of bubbles gurgled softly on the soapy surface.

Presently the Sergeant emerged. He was dripping slime and ooze from every inch of his person. His face was a smear of the filth of this unwashed pool. Under his left arm he held, viselike, a squirming mass of wriggling legs and arms, and out of the center of it came a dismal, sputtering sound.



"HE THRUST HIS FACE INTO THE DARKNESS"

"Oi have yez, I say!" screamed McCarty exultantly, spouting like a porpoise, and at the same time gouging at his eyes with his fist. Seeing was impossible, however, and he felt his way along the edge of the treacherous pool, by the heaped-up bales of goods, until he came to the plank that yielded above his head. Thrusting the squirmer up first, he speedily followed into the fast settling dusk. A single ray of light was sufficient to show him that, in the human crab twisting all ways at once under his arm, he held — not Dickie Dugan, but Mickey McCarty — his own Michael!

Mickey was a boy who religiously eschewed books and school and the staid company of his more decorous-minded brothers, thereby greatly disappointing his mother and trying sorely his father's often threadbare temper. But, by the same token, he was dearest of sons to his parents' hearts. Sergeant McCarty loved passionately, almost foolishly, every short, stubby hair and every great, splotchy freckle on the face of the youth who, now fifteen years of age and much too small for that, roamed the streets at uncertain hours and had his cronies in questionable places.

With a start, Sergeant McCarty clapped Mickey upright on his feet and stared at him. Mickey was unabashed and mad. Moreover, he had not yet recognized the sewer-soaked creature that held him at bay.

"What'd you do that for?" he demanded, planting his sturdy legs apart.

McCarty was dumb. In a moment it had all hurtled through his soul. His boy was a thief — a common junk-thief. Dugan knew it; Dugan had caught him in the act of stealing the rope. And he wouldn't tell! He would be broke first. But he would shield the boy, and shield his old Sergeant's heart. Good old Dugan! Mary, Mother of God, be good to Dugan! And McCarty!

The Sergeant shook the stinking slime from his hair, stroked it off his mustaches, and snapped it from the ends of his fingers. But still he was silent; only his eyes, wild and starey, were set in Mickey's general direction. The operation of cleansing proceeded methodically, thoughtfully, in a sort of solemn, awed silence. And the boy, in sullen indignation, watched his captor perform these operations, conscious of a disadvantage in that what little light fell lay upon his own face, while the huge hulk of the man before him was shrouded in the shadows of the building. He gazed until even in the shadow the features began to take on a familiar look, then suddenly became recognizable. A gasp of surprise bubbled out of him. Something of awe forced itself suddenly into his own

soul. Apprehension trembled in either eye. Why was his father so very still? Why? Because he was so very angry. This was the white-hot silence that preceded the most volcanic eruptions of his wrath. The hot ashes of curses and the molten lava of personal chastisement would presently succeed.

Escape became imminently desirable. Mickey looked about him. To right and left and back, high walls; before him, the stocky, immobile figure of his father, Sergeant McCarty; between the two, black and noisome, yawned the hole from which both had emerged a few moments before. McCarty saw the furtive, fleeing eye of his son, and the ruling passion asserted itself. The young rascal was planning to escape. He would forestall him. His legs were set wide. He settled on them and bent forward, either arm couched like a double-extension hay-hook, waiting for the abrupt dash the youth was about to make, when — suddenly, standing there in the thick shadow of the old warehouse was no Michael at all — was — nothing! McCarty was alone. He thrust out his hand. The boy had been there a moment ago, preparing to fly. The Sergeant had only wiped the pestiferous dripping sea-water from his eyes, and when he opened them the boy was gone. There was only on the retina of his mind a suggestion of the passage of a shadow across the hole in the plank. Could it be? The Sergeant's eyes swept the walls about him and the alleyway behind. Yes, it must be. Michael had dropped back into subterranean regions. The Sergeant cast himself bellywise and peered within. There was the sound of a gunwale bumping against a pile, and the slap of a wave upon a keel, as though the odoriferous darkness gulped as it swallowed.

"MICKEY WAS UNABASHED AND MAD"

In the same instant a footstep sounded on the planking, and McCarty started up, almost guiltily to front the eyes of Fogarty. Fogarty was one of the youngest men in McCarty's squad, conscientious and sympathetic, and he loved his Sergeant devotedly. McCarty's heart was very full, and was it to be wondered at if, there in the dark, with his hand on Fogarty's shoulder, the Sergeant in three or four jerky sentences poured out his grief and shame?

Fogarty was overwhelmed. For a time he was silent, but, in his heart, all the time he was standing stoutly by Mickey McCarty.

"I don't believe it," he said at last, but with none too much assurance. "I can't believe it."

"What else can you make of it?" asked McCarty huskily.

Fogarty was again speechless. The circumstances were against the boy; his presence there, his sneaking conduct while waiting, and his sudden flight from his own father after capture, all told heavily against him. McCarty seemed to read Fogarty's thoughts and to feel the force of them superimposed upon his own unwavering conviction that his son was the thief Dugan had caught and was shielding at the cost of his own position. The Sergeant turned and walked with slow, heavy steps toward the alley leading to the street, saying by way of farewell:

"The Commission meets in an hour."

Fogarty laid a detaining hand on his Sergeant's arm. "Is there anything I can do for you, McCarty?" he asked, as man to man, in a voice all sympathy and helpfulness.

"Yes," burst out McCarty abruptly, with an earnestness that was vehement. "Yes! Go and watch that damned hole, and think, Fogarty, think! — think hard! and if you can find one ghost of a shred of a reason for believin' that Mickey McCarty is not the thief Dugan caught getting away with Nelson's rope, come to the

Commission and tell me! Come, if you have to break through hell to get there!"

With this, McCarty quickened his pace and strode swiftly off, determined to do his duty to the full by the faithful Dugan, even to the exposing of his own flesh and blood.

The hearing before the Commission was well along. Dugan was at the point of his dogged unwillingness to speak further to clear himself. Chairman Sullivan and his fellow commissioners, the Chief of Police and the Captain of the Harbor District, were well out of patience. Captain of Detectives Hodson alone was tranquil.

As for Sergeant McCarty, he had seethed for an hour in the milk of his own distress. He had glanced toward the door so many times that the muscles of his eyes were tired. He had strained his ears with listening for a heavy footstep outside till there was a roaring in them. Despair had settled upon him. Fogarty had not come — would not come. There was no hope there. And Dugan was about to be convicted. McCarty could contain himself no longer. He rose to speak. His habitual jauntiness was gone. Heavy pouches swelled beneath his drooping eyes. His broom-colored mustache draped in sparse, disconsolate fringe the unmistakable quiver of his lip.

"Mr. Commissioner Sullivan!" he began in his most orotund official tone.

"Sergeant McCarty!" responded the Chairman with equal formality.

"I desire," began the Sergeant promptly, "on behalf of Officer Dugan and myself, to make a statement most personal and privileged in character, and while it is being made I would ask that you request all not members of the Department to withdraw from the room."

The atmosphere was tense, electric with feeling. What was the quaver in McCarty's voice? Who had ever heard it there before? Men looked at each other in a sort of sudden sympathy, as if preparing to hear some startling disclosure that touched the honor of the Department and perhaps some individual members of it very near. The two Pinkertons, recognizing McCarty's words as referring in particular to them, tiptoed from his presence, exhibiting a fine sense of wishing to get out before being thrust out. McCarty, standing bolt upright, his fine head inclined slightly, but with his eyes downcast, was holding the stage for all that. But no hero, he. His cheek was hot with shame. His heart was sick with humiliation. His soul was sombered. He was in the gall of bitterness. Besides, he was mindful of the presence of Hodson, and it was like having his lacerated soul sprayed with red-hot brine to feel his eyes upon him with those of the others. If the man had any sense of decency, not to say delicacy, he would leave with the watchmen. But he did not.

The door closed. McCarty, ever a man of direct speech, continued:

"Mr. Commissioner! My boy, Michael McCarty, Jr., stole that rope, and the whole lot of junk from Nelson's, and Dugan caught him at it and was tryin' to make him put it back, when along come the Pinks, and the boy ducked, leavin' Dugan with the goods on him. I been a friend to Dugan in my time, and now he's tryin' to save me bhoy. It's the God's truth I'm tellin' ye."

McCarty blurted out the last words almost with a sob, and sat down.

There was silence in the Commission for the space of ten seconds, maybe. But the slow, outraged voice of Dugan, goaded into frankness of utterance, broke it.

"It's a damned lie!" he croaked hoarsely, rising. "My boy, Dickie Dugan, stole the rope. The rest is like McCarty's tellin' ye."

With a snort of contradiction, McCarty arose also, and stood staring at Dugan across the table, the two men eying each other truculently. Again the silence was intense. With burning eyes, McCarty and Dugan searched each the soul of the other.

Commissioner Sullivan was clearing his throat to speak, when a heavy hand smote upon the door so violently as to shake lock and hinges in their sockets. It was Fogarty who entered, and he grasped in either hand a somewhat frightened and much excited youngster, the two being none other than Mickey McCarty and Dickie Dugan. The sight of the Commission and a swift perception of the tense situation that existed at the moment awed Fogarty into dumbness, and the boys, with suppressed excitement, cowered behind him for a moment, till Mickey, catching sight of his father's form behind that of Dugan, whispered shrilly:

"Pop! We got 'em — the thieves that robbed Nelson's. We been layin' for 'em a week."

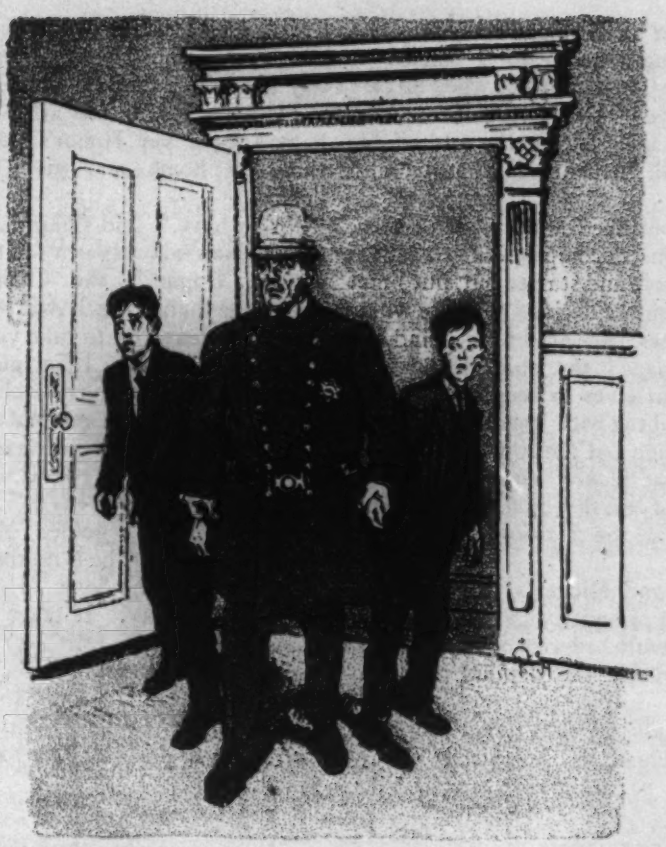
A gasp of surprise ran round the Commission, even to Captain of Detectives Hodson.

"What's this?" asked Commissioner Sullivan. "Explain your business with the Commission at this time." He was addressing Fogarty, but, as excited and eager as any one, was looking at the boys, and especially at Mickey.

Fogarty found his tongue speedily.

"Sergeant McCarty," he explained, "found a hole in the back of Nelson's yard this afternoon that went down under a piece of old wharfing to tide-water, and caught his boy Mickey in the

hole, but the boy got away. In the hole was a wagon-load of the stolen goods and what looked like an open waterway. To-night he left me to stick around down under there and see what showed up. It was so dark I couldn't see down there, and after a while I got out and went over to the front near Howard Street sewer to get a boat and try to find the way in, for I had an idea there would be a boatway in there somewhere. I couldn't find a boat at first, and had to go down to Crowley's for one. When I come back and was tryin' to work my way in, I saw three fellows edging along the front with a raft, and in a minute the police-boat was after 'em, and there was shootin', and one got away, but two men was caught and took to the Harbor Station. The raft was piled high with this loot from Nelson's. Just as it was over, I saw these two boys in a boat, blowin' around like they was the whole cheese, and I brought 'em here."



"HE GRASPED IN EACH HAND A MUCH EXCITED YOUNGSTER"

This was the longest speech Fogarty had ever made in his whole life. He looked scared when it was finished, and gasped for breath.

Mickey's eyes were dancing, however, and Commissioner Sullivan, seeing that the tangle stood in a fair way of being unraveled, beckoned Mickey over to him.

"Come here, son," he said kindly, "and sit beside me and tell us all you know about this Nelson Ship-chandlery affair." His manner was engaging. With ready tact he made Mickey forget everything but that he had a story to tell and wanted to tell it.

The freckle-faced youth slid into the chair and related his part in the adventure as familiarly, and with the same touch of frank boastfulness, as if he had been rehearsing it to a circle of his comrades.

"It's this way, Judge," he began. "Dickie Dugan there thinks his paw is one great policeman, and that whatever he says is right. Now, his dad is always tellin' him that my paw's the greatest detectif in the world, and would be Captain of Detectifs right now but for that old stiff, Hodson, what's got a pull with the Commish; and so Dickie's always stringin' me about it. 'My paw?' says I. 'Him a detectif? Shucks! I fool him every day of his life half a dozen times; and as for detectin'— well, I never tried it, but I bet I could skin him to death.' So we talks. And there's the Nelson Ship-chandlery steal. We knew they was nuts on it, so we went to work at it ourselves. We found a holler place back of Nelson's full of the junk, and a boatway out by the old Howard Street sewer; so we goes in and takes turns watchin' to see 'em take it away, when we was goin' to foller 'em and call de cop on de beat to arrest 'em. One night Dickie saw 'em at work takin' down more stuff; but his paw come along and scairt 'em off, and Dickie poked his head up and his paw seen him. Dickie recknized his paw, but he says his dad ain't on to him; but we guess now he was, though. And then it's my turn. I was in there to-night watchin' a long time, and after a while some reg'lar old rhinoceros of a devilfish winds his arm around me. Well, the boat won't hold no rhinoceros, so it's a submarine stunt for de two of us; but the thing drags me up through the hole, and when I get the stew out of me eyes and look, the devilfish is me dad, Sergeant McCarty. And I wish you could 'a' seen him!"

Mickey went off into convulsions of laughter,

in which he was not unaccompanied. Sergeant McCarty even thought he heard a snicker in the direction of the Chairman; but when he cast a quick shamed eye in that quarter, the Commissioner was savagely biting the end of his cigar, rapping with his knuckle sharply, and saying, "Go on!"

"And then," continued Mickey, "and then, me ancestor lookin' uncompromisin', I ducks back through the hole and started out, but I met Dickie comin' in, and we decided to wait a while. Pretty soon in comes three guys with a kind of a raft, and they loaded the stuff on it. We nearly drowned ourselves to keep out of sight, and then we played tag with 'em out to Howard Street, where we signaled the cop on the wharf, and the police-boat picked 'em up slick as a whistle, only one of 'em dived off, but the other two of 'em are at the Harbor Station, like Fogarty says."

Fogarty's tale and Mickey's torpedoed the gloom. The swift simplicity of Mickey's narrative bespoke truth. Everybody breathed relief, except, perhaps, the Captain of Detectives.

Commissioner Sullivan went to bat promptly.

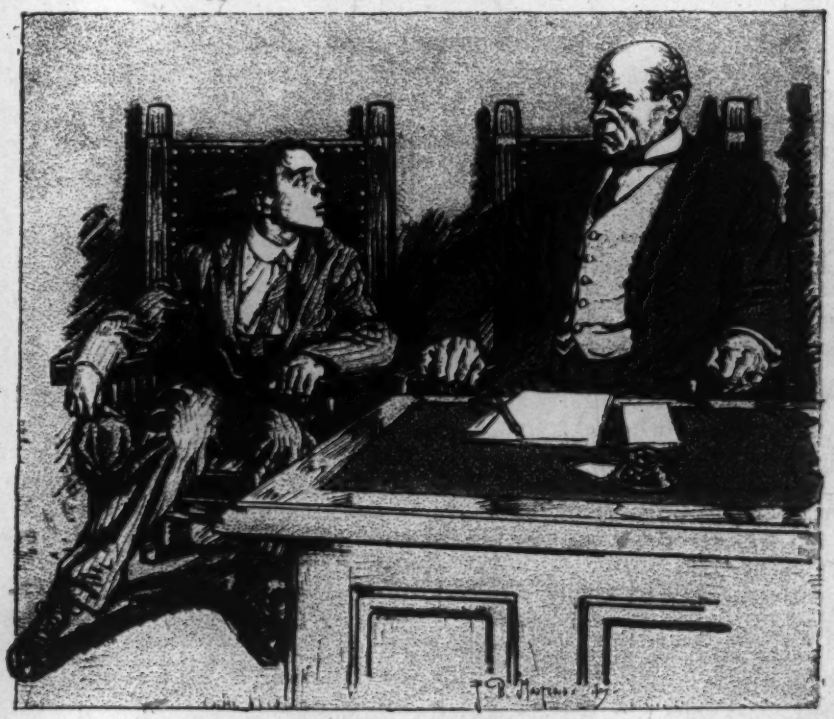
"Policeman Dugan is acquitted of the heinous charge," he declared. "Mickey McCarty, you are a credit to the Department to which you do not belong — though I hope some day you will. And Dugan —— "

"I hope," said McCarty, interrupting, "I hope I have yer Honor's permission to take this boy home and give him a splendid licking."

"You have," said Chairman Sullivan. "The Commission will adjourn for that purpose."

"Mr. Dugan," the Chairman continued, offering a hand which was wrung weakly as Dugan hastened by to take young Dickie in his arms, "Mr. Dugan, I am glad to know you. You are an officer, every inch of you, a father, and a friend. Sergeant McCarty, you are the same. And the boy you are going to lick — well, Sergeant, I am bound to say that he is a chunk of the ould sod itself."

"He is that," gulped McCarty joyously. "I'm relieved that he is no thief, glory be! And it's a clever job he done. He's one that fooled Sergeant McCarty. It takes me own flesh and blood to do that." (McCarty shot a significant glance at the Captain of Detectives.) "Yes, yes, he's a clever lad. I don't know, now, come to think, whether I ought to kiss him or lick him, nor which to do first. Perhaps I'll do both at wanst."



"'IT'S THIS WAY, JUDGE,' HE BEGAN"

# THE DAUGHTERS OF THE POOR

## A PLAIN STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW YORK CITY AS A LEADING CENTER OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE OF THE WORLD, UNDER TAMMANY HALL

### BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

*The test of civilization is the estimate of woman*— GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THERE are now three principal centers of the so-called white slave trade — that is, the recruiting and sale of young girls of the poorer classes by procurers. The first is the group of cities in Austrian and Russian Poland, headed by Lemberg; the second is Paris; and the third the city of New York. In the past ten years New York has become the leader of the world in this class of enterprise. The men engaged in it there have taken or shipped girls, largely obtained from the tenement districts of New York, to every continent on the globe; they are now doing business with Central and South America, Africa, and Asia. They are driving all competitors before them in North America. And they have established, directly or indirectly, recruiting systems in every large city of the United States.

The story of the introduction of this European business into New York, under the protection of the Tammany Hall political organization, its extension from there through the United States, and its shipments of women to the four corners of the earth, is a strange one; it would seem incredible if it were not thoroughly substantiated by the records of recent municipal exposures in half a dozen great American cities, by two independent investigations by the United States Government during the past year, and by the common knowledge of the people of the East Side tenement district of New York, whose daughters and friends' daughters have been chiefly exploited by it.

#### *Poland and the Markets of the East*

The ancient and more familiar white slave trade was the outright sale of women from Eastern Europe into the Orient through the big general depot of Constantinople. The chief recruiting-ground for this was the miserable Ghetto of Europe in the old kingdom of Poland, now held by Austria and Russia, where the Jews were herded out of the rest of Christendom by the persecutions of the Middle Ages. This section is known from Alexandria to Shanghai for its shipment of women like "Anne of Austria" in Kipling's "Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" in India:

> From Tarnau in Galicia
> To Jaun Bazar she came,
> To eat the bread of infamy
> And take the wage of shame.

The recruiting-ground for the supplies of women for this trade, East or West, is always the section inhabited by the very poor. Out of this racial slum of Europe has come for unnumbered years the Jewish *kaftan*, leading the miserable Jewish girl from European civilization into Asia. The Jewish church fought the *kaftan* with all its power. In life he was ostracized; in death, dragged to an unholy grave. But to this day he comes out of Galicia and Russian Poland, with his white face and his long beard,— the badge of his ancient faith,— and wanders across the face of the earth. Occasionally members of the fraternity come into New York: men of seventy, sometimes, with gray beards, following their trade through life to the very end. Within the year there was in New York an individual of this profession, known as "Little Bethlehem," from the scene of his former business — the Holy Land.

#### *The Kaftan in the New World*

In the last part of the last century a new field opened for this European industry. Great masses of young male laborers went westward out of Europe to do the work of establishing civilization in a new hemisphere. There were two or three men to one woman in this great shifting of population, which is still taking place. And the social relations of the whole world were affected by it. One great market for the procurer's supplies, from the time of the Middle Ages, had been the camps of armies.

In the last fifty years two continents have been filled, in city and country, with a new and similar market — the camps of male laborers.

The Jewish *kaftan*, for some reason, did not try his trade with North America. He exploited South America instead; and in Argentine Republic he found a market that rivaled the East. He could transfer women there, for a lump sum, into what are known to the New York trade as "slave houses"; or, in accordance with the more Occidental development of the business common to most Western countries, one youth could marry or pretend to marry one girl, travel abroad with her, and live with her as her manager.

So largely have these people emigrated to Argentina that there is a considerable colony of them in the suburbs of Buenos Aires. Excluded from the society of other persons of their own race and religion, they have secured burial-places of their own,— somewhat similar to that which has been established in New York,— and have even set up their own synagogue, in which they hold ghastly caricatures of religious services. The colony is strong on ceremonial forms, and Jewish holidays are strictly dedicated by the women to devotion. These people still remain in Buenos Aires. But recently — as part of an agitation extending across the civilized world — the Argentine Republic has made their business of importation difficult by new and stringent laws.

### *Paris the Second Center of the Trade*

It remained for Paris, the second center of the business in Europe, to develop the white slave trade with North America. The Parisian type of trader is so old an institution that his common name, *maquereau* (mackerel), appears in the French dictionary. His trade became to all intents and purposes a recognized calling, with a distinguishing costume of its own, consisting of black velvet trousers, a blouse, and a peculiar silk cap known as the *bijou*. These maquereaux start in the business — and most of them remain in it — as the manager of one girl of the poorer classes, whom they place to the best possible advantage. From one, the more successful advance to the business management of a number of girls. In all this theirs is exactly similar to the American type of trade which has developed in New York. The maquereaux reached the height of their prosperity in Paris during the fashionable and amusement-loving reign of Louis Napoleon in the '60's. With the simpler and more democratic feeling at the beginning of the present French Republic, public sentiment turned more against the traffic. Its operators were frequently transported to the penal colonies in New Caledonia and French Guiana. They gradually discarded their costume and slunk out of sight. And in the '70's they began to emigrate in large numbers, and now may be found across the entire globe. The chief points of export were London and New York. But so much more profit and freedom from law were obtained in the capital of the new continent that it very soon received more attention from the exporters of women than any other place in the world.

### *The Unprotected Immigrant Girl*

Up to this time prostitution had existed in the United States — as most people assume that it exists to-day — without having attracted the business management of men to securing and exploiting its supplies. So far as it had management, it was entirely a woman's business. Its supplies came, as they must always come, from poor and unfortunate families. From 1850 to the present time, the poorest and most unprotected class has been the newest European immigrants. The most exposed and unprotected girls are those in domestic service. For over half a century this class of population has been called upon to furnish the great bulk of the supplies of girls in our large cities, and this class of employment far more than any other.

In 1857 the police of New York, under the direction of Dr. W. W. Sanger, the resident physician of the institutions on Blackwell's Island, gathered statistics on carefully prepared blanks from two thousand of the six thousand prostitutes then supposed to be in New York. Of these over three fifths were born abroad, and at least three quarters were of foreign birth or parentage; one half had been servants before entering the profession. The new immigration of the time was Irish and German; it furnished the greatest number of women, simply because of their exposed position in the city slums. More than one third of the two thousand women were born in Ireland — noted throughout Europe for the chastity of its women.

### *The French Importer's Shortcomings*

The French maquereau was immediately successful in a country where the business had developed in so haphazard a way. The women he brought to this country he dressed well; he kept them abstemious from liquors, and implanted in their minds the ambition of acquiring a competence and returning to live in France. They tended from the first to replace the dishevelled and desperate creatures produced by the American slums.

But, though extremely successful in America

at first, and still prosperous in the majority of our greater cities, the French maquereau was not the type finally adapted to conduct the business in the self-governing American municipalities. He intended to return to France after securing a competency, frequented his own exclusive boarding-houses and clubs, and did not even learn the language. He failed to identify himself with any political organization. He consequently had no direct political influence, and obtained his right to break the law simply by payments of money. In this way he occupied very much the same position as the Chinese gambler in the community of lawbreakers. Both are always able to do business in a large city, but they are much more liable to extortion and blackmail than persons who are directly identified with the political machine. It was necessary for the procuring and selling of girls to become an integral part of slum politics — as the tenement-house saloon and gambling-houses had been preceding it — before it could be established on its present firm footing.

### *The Tammany Red-Light District*

About twenty-five years ago the third great flush of immigration, consisting of Austrian, Russian, and Hungarian Jews, began to come into New York. Among these immigrants were a large number of criminals, who soon found that they could develop an extremely profitable business in the sale of women in New York. The Police Department and the police courts, before which all the criminal cases of the city were first brought, were absolutely in the hands of Tammany Hall, which, in its turn, was controlled by slum politicians. A great body of minor workers among this class of politicians obtained their living in tenement-house saloons or gambling-houses, and their control of the police and police courts allowed them to disregard all provisions of the law against their business. The new exploiter of the tenement-house population among the Jews saw that this plan was good, and organized a local Tammany Hall association to apply it to the business of procuring and selling girls.

The organization which they formed was known in the Lexow investigation as the Essex Market Court gang, but named itself the Max Hochstim Association. Among various officers of this organization was Mr. Martin Engel, the Tammany Hall leader of the Eighth Assembly District in the late '90's; and with him a group of Tammany Hall politicians in control of this district and the Third Assembly District along the Bowery, just to the east.

### *Getting Supplies for New York*

This Jewish district, as it was when Mr. Martin Engel was leader, opened the eyes of the minor politician of the slums to the tremendous financial field that a new line of enterprise, the business of procuring and the traffic in women, offered him. The red-light district, operated very largely by active members of the local Tammany organization, gave to individual men interested in its development in many cases twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year. Very few of the leading workers in the tenement saloons or gambling enterprises had been able at that time to make half of that from the population around them.

The supplies of girls for use in the enterprises of the political procurers did not at first come entirely from the families of their constituents. The earlier Jewish immigration contained a great preponderance of men, and comparatively few young girls. The men in the business made trips into the industrial towns of New England and Pennsylvania, where they obtained supplies from the large number of poorly paid young mill girls, one especially ingenious New Yorker being credited with gaining their acquaintance in the garb of a priest. But, gradually, as the population grew and the number of men engaged in the business increased, the girls were taken more and more from the tenement districts of the East Side.

When this misfortune began to develop among the Jewish people of the East Side, it was a matter of astonishment, as well as horror. The Jewish race has for centuries prided itself upon the purity of its women. Families whose daughters were taken away in the beginning of the New York traffic often formally cast them off as dead; among the very orthodox, there were cases where the family went through the ancient ceremonial for the dead — slashing the lapels of their clothing and sitting out the seven days of mourning in their houses. But individual families of new immigrants, often not speaking English, naturally had little chance against a closely organized machine. The Essex Market gang, as was shown in the Lexow testimony, not only could protect their own business in women, but had the facilities to prove entirely innocent women guilty.

### *New York's First Export Trade*

The business grew so rapidly under these favoring auspices that the East Side was soon not only producing its own supplies, but was

exporting them. The first person to undertake this export trade with foreign countries, according to the verbal history of the East Side, was a man who later became a leading spirit in the Tammany organization of the district; he took one or two girls in 1889 or 1890 to compete with the Russian and Galician *kaftan* in the Buenos Aires market. This venture was not very successful, and the dealer soon returned to New York. Since that time a few hundred New York girls have been taken to Buenos Aires, but, generally speaking, it has not proved a successful market for the New York trade.

South Africa, on the contrary, proved an excellent field, as mining districts always are. In the middle of the '90's — during the lean years of Mayor Strong's administration — the stories of the fabulous wealth to be made in the South African gold and diamond fields came to the attention of the New York dealers, and they took women there by the hundred. They proved successful in competition with the dealers from the European centers in Paris and Poland, and established colonies of New Yorkers through the southern end of the continent. Large sums of money were made there, and a few considerable fortunes were acquired, which their owners brought home and put into various businesses in New York — including gambling-houses and "Raines-law" hotels. The English Government in recent years has been more stringent against the trade, and under a new law gave imprisonment and lashing to men engaged in it. One man, now occupied in a Raines-law hotel enterprise in New York, was among those imprisoned, having recently served a sentence of one year. The campaign against the business made South Africa a much less attractive field than formerly; but there are still small New York colonies in various cities there.

Once acquainted with the advantages of the foreign trade, the New York dealer immediately entered into competition with the French and Polish traders across the world. There are no boundaries to this business; its travelers go constantly to and fro upon the earth, peering into the new places, especially into spots where men congregate on the golden frontiers; and the news comes back from them to Paris and Lemberg and New York. After South Africa, the New York dealers went by hundreds into the East — to Shanghai and to Australia; they followed the Russian army through the Russo-Japanese war; they went into Alaska with the gold rush, and into Nevada; and they have camped in scores and hundreds on the banks of the new Panama Canal. However, the foreign trade was not large compared with the trade with the cities of the United States, which was to develop later. The demand was naturally not so great.

### *The Independent Benevolent Association*

In the meantime, the business grew and strengthened and developed its own institutions in its headquarters at New York. The best known of these is the Jewish society that goes under the name of the New York Independent Benevolent Association. This organization was started in 1896 by a party of dealers who were returning from attendance at the funeral of Sam Engel, a brother of Martin Engel, the Tammany leader of the red-light assembly district. In the usual post-funeral discussion of the frailty of human life, the fact was brought out that the sentiment of the Jews of the East Side against men of their profession barred them generally from societies giving death benefits, and even caused discrimination against them in the purchase of burial-places in the cemetery. A society was quickly incorporated under the laws of New York, and a burial-plot secured and inclosed in Washington Cemetery in Brooklyn. This plot contains now about forty dead, including some ten young children. Of the adults, about a third have died violent or unnatural deaths.

The Independent Benevolent Association guarded its membership carefully, but grew to contain nearly two hundred persons. As most of its people were prosperous, it was able, as a body, to exert a continual influence through political friends to prevent punishment of individual members. Matters of mutual trade interest were discussed at its gatherings, and later, when the more enterprising men in it found larger opportunities in the other cities of the country, its members would naturally inform one another of conditions of business in different sections. In New York, as various members grew to undertake larger business enterprises, the usual difference of trade interest between the retailer and the wholesaler grew up; and the leading operators formed a strictly trade association among themselves — the association whose meeting-place was discovered and broken into during business sessions by the District Attorney's force in his campaign of 1907.

### *New York's Creation — the Cadet*

In the freedom of the Van Wyck administration of the late '90's, the latest type of slum politician that New York has developed demonstrated further his peculiar value to politics, and the great rewards of politics for him.

Like the saloonkeeper before him, he had large periods of the day to devote to planning and developing political schemes; there were a great many dependents and young men connected with the business; and there grew up in the various political and social centers of the East Side so-called "hang-out joints," saloons and coffee-houses, where these men came together to discuss political and business matters. It soon became evident that these gangs were exceedingly valuable as political instruments in "repeating," or casting a great number of fraudulent votes.

## BISHOP POTTER'S LETTER TO MAYOR VAN WYCK

"The situation which confronts us in this metropolis of America is of such a nature as may well make us a by-word and hissing among the nations of the world.

"For nowhere else on earth, I verily believe (certainly not in any civilized or Christian community), does there exist such a situation as defiles and dishonors New York to-day. Vice exists in many cities, but there is at least some persistent repression of its external manifestations, and the agents of the law are not, as here, widely believed to be fattening upon the fruits of its most loathsome and unnamable forms.

"I come to you, sir, with this protest in accordance with the instructions lately laid upon me by the Convention of the Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York."

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER.

Yet, in spite of this growth of an entirely new element of political strength, Tammany Hall was defeated in the election of 1901, largely because of a revulsion of popular feeling against some phases of the white slave trade. This feeling was especially directed against the so-called cadets — a name now used across the world to designate the masses of young men engaged in this trade in and out of New York, exactly as the name of maquereau is used to designate the Paris operator. As the women secured for the business are at first scarcely more than children, the work of inducing them to adopt it was naturally undertaken most successfully by youths not much older than themselves. In this way the specialization of the business in New York produced the New York cadet — the most important figure in the business in America to-day. The Committee of Fifteen — which made a thorough and world-wide investigation bearing upon the conditions of life in New York developed by the disclosures of 1901 and 1902 — defined this new American product as follows:

"The cadet is a young man, averaging from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, who, after having served a short apprenticeship as a 'watch-boy' or 'lighthouse,' secures a staff of girls and lives upon their earnings. The victim of the cadet is usually a young girl of foreign birth, who knows little or nothing of the conditions of American life."

### *The Spread to Other American Cities*

A general feeling of resentment because the Tammany organization of the East Side had developed this new institution, and others connected with it, among the unprotected immigrants of that district, caused the destruction of the red-light district by an anti-Tammany administration, and a great lessening of the freedom of the business in New York City. In a way, however, this temporary period of reform was a means of greatly extending the business in the United States and eventually in New York. The larger operators in the business established themselves throughout the

POLISH PEASANT GIRLS AT WORK IN EUROPE

various larger cities of the country; and the cadets still secured their supplies in the old recruiting-grounds of the East Side, where they were in no particular danger. An elaborate campaign against them a little later resulted in the arrest and imprisonment of seven of these men as vagrants. They were released long before the expiration of their term, by the influence of political friends.

The new type of political industry developed in New York proved very successful in other cities of the country — so much so that it has now established itself to some extent in at least three quarters of the large cities of the United States. The first places to be developed were naturally the nearest. One of the earliest was Newark, New Jersey, within ten miles of New York.

A group of members of the Independent Benevolent Association came into that city in the early 1900's, and soon after the New York red-light district had been broken up they obtained control of practically the entire business of Newark. They secured as supplies the ignorant immigrant girls taken from the East Side of New York, and they brought with them from New York, or educated in Newark, their own staff of cadets — who not only worked vigorously as "repeaters" in local elections, but returned to form some of the most vigorous voters in the lower Tammany Hall districts of New York. But in 1907 the attempt of one member of the Benevolent Association to defraud another out of his business by the aid of local political forces led to a disruption in the body of men who were so well established in Newark. An exposé followed this disagreement, which broke up, for the time at least, the local business, with its importations of New York women, and temporarily stopped the return supply of illegal voters to New York. The testimony of the time showed that these men had worked industriously in the interests of the Tammany leaders in the downtown tenement districts of New York, from which the supply of Newark girls was largely obtained. In Newark the chief of police killed himself subsequently to the exposure.

### *The Emigration into Philadelphia*

Another group of Jewish operators transferred themselves from New York to Phila-

NEWLY LANDED IMMIGRANT GIRLS

delphia. They secured their supplies of women — largely young immigrant girls — from New York, and retained their New York cadets. The members joined the Mutual Republican Club of the Thirteenth Ward of Philadelphia, whose president was the sheriff of the county; and their cadets were extremely valuable to the political machine as "repeaters," and as managers of the growing Jewish vote in Philadelphia. These "repeaters" are incredibly efficient, some having the record of working in three States — at Philadelphia, Newark, and New York — on the same election day.

The public exposé in Philadelphia did not, of course, come through any political source in Philadelphia — there is but one political party there. It was started by the case of Pauline Goldstein, one of the Russian-Jewish immigrant girls, who was obtained in New York, and later thrown out, scantily clothed, upon the streets of Philadelphia, when sick. The matter was taken up by the Law and Order Society. Some hundred places were found being operated by the New York Jewish group, with several hundred foreign immigrant girls. The investigation showed that there was a close community of interest among this body of men, and that a small group had charge of the relations with the politicians and police. Some sixty men were given jail sentences. "Jake" Edelman, one of the leaders, was the man arrested in the case of the Goldstein girl. He "jumped his bail"; went to join the New York colony in South Africa; returned, to be arrested on the Bowery in New York; and at his trial he was represented by New York counsel, accompanied by a large group of New York friends. The prosecution of these men in Philadelphia was very largely responsible for the eighteen months of reform administration in that city in 1905 and 1906. But since then the New York operator is returning to Philadelphia, and the cadet is firmly established in the local life.

### *Chicago, San Francisco, and St. Louis*

In Chicago the New York operators secured an even stronger hold. Several hundred New York dealers came into the West Side section after the Low administration and established there an excellent reproduction of the red-light district. At its height it contained be-

A "STREET OF SIGNS" IN THE POLISH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY DISTRICT

tween seven hundred and fifty and a thousand Jewish girls from New York — largely new immigrants, who could scarcely speak the language. Local crusades have sent a great number of the New York men farther west; but the cadet is now one of the prominent features of the local slum life, and a considerable number of New York Jews still remain in positions of business and political leadership there.

A detailed statement of the spread of activities of the New York dealer and cadet through the United States since the exodus from New York after 1901 would serve as a catalogue of the municipal scandals of the past half dozen years, and would include the majority of the large cities of the country. The New York Jewish cadets were found to be present in hundreds in San Francisco at the great exposé there, and took a prominent part in the rottenness that preceded it; they were strong in Los Angeles before the disclosing of conditions in their line of business changed the administration there a year ago; and two of the most notorious dealers of New York's East Side were prominent figures in the political underworld uncovered by Folk in St. Louis. To-day they are strong in all the greater cities; they swarm at the gateway of the Alaskan frontier at Seattle; they infest the streets and restaurants of Boston; they flock for the winter to New Orleans; they fatten on the wages of the Government laborers in Panama; and they abound in the South and Southwest and in the mining regions of the West.

### *Slum Politics' New Concentration*

The growth of this new factor in American city politics was due, not alone to the advantages it offered, but to a general necessity on the part of the slum politician to concentrate his attention upon prostitution as a means of getting a living. This condition was brought about by the astonishing success of the campaign against gambling, beginning some ten years ago, both in New York and in most of the large cities of the country. Policy is almost obliterated, pool-rooms are rapidly declining, and little by little gambling at race-tracks is dwindling throughout the country. To any one remembering the condition of public sentiment and the frank and open operation of gambling in American cities fifteen years ago, this change is little less than startling.

One principal reason for the change was the awaking of the personal interest of the richer and more influential classes against gambling. Practically all of the gambling enterprises fed upon the earnings of the poor — a sure tax levied upon the people by the slum politician,

who stooped in his policy games to pick up the last and meanest penny of the child. But too many small embezzlements from their employers were made by clerks and bookkeepers to pay the race-track and pool-room gambler. The imagination and interest of the employing class became enlisted, and gambling enterprises were pursued with a vigorous attention which drove them out. The net result of all this to the slum politician was succinctly expressed by an observant old-time policeman upon the Bowery of New York about a year ago:

"Where's a district politician goin' to get a bit of money nowadays? The pool-rooms are all shut down; policy's gone. There ain't no place at all but the women."

### *Tammany's Delicate Situation*

Because of this narrowing tendency in the field of slum politics, the politicians of Tammany Hall below Fourteenth Street found themselves in an exceedingly delicate position after the exposure that defeated them in the red-light campaign. The decline of gambling was already evident, and its thousands of political employees — a mainstay in illegal voting — had been discharged; and new election machinery made difficult the wholesale voting of broken tramps and town loafers. Not only was some participation in the sale of women necessary, but the use of the gangs of young procurers and thieves, who had their beginning in the red-light days, became almost indispensable if the politicians were to secure the vote upon which their power rested, both in their party and out.

This situation was met with adroitness. The district below Fourteenth Street had now come under control of the foremost combination of slum politicians in the United States, known the country over. Martin Engel, the old Tammany Hall leader of the red-light district, was solemnly deposed; a husky young politician was made leader of the district, seriously put on a pair of kid gloves, called in the reporters, and pounded with great pomp and ceremony the persons of a few unfriended cadets. After this drama, it was announced with stern and glassy front that cadets were forever banished from the district — and one of the most useful Tammany myths ever sent gliding down the columns of the local newspapers was launched on its long way. The district retained the chief disorderly-house keepers and captains of cadets upon its list of election captains — where it keeps them yet; and the bands of cadets and thieves worked in its service as they had never worked before. But in the Third District — about the Bowery

AN EAST SIDE DANCING ACADEMY

THE INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

—they began to have their real headquarters.

It is, of course, the belief — fostered by the great ignorance and indifference of the more influential classes as to the conditions of the alien poor in a city like New York — that the cadet died out largely with the red light. On the contrary, he has largely multiplied — as every close observer of the conditions of the East Side knows. The whole country has been opened up for the supplies of New York procurers since the red-light days; the development of the lonely woman of the street and tenement has increased the field for these young cadets greatly; and not only the lower but now the upper East Side of New York City is full of them. The woman they live upon, and her daily necessity of political protection, brings them into public life, and makes them the most accessible of political workers. They have a hostage to fortune always on the street.

### *The East Side Working-Girl and Her Exploiters*

It is interesting to see how the picking up of girls for the trade in and outside of New York is carried on by these youths on the East Side of New York, which has now grown, under this development, to be the chief recruiting-ground for the so-called white slave trade in the United States, and probably in the world. It can be exploited, of course, because in it lies the newest body of immigrants and the greatest supply of unprotected young girls in the city. These now happen to be Jews — as, a quarter and a half century ago, they happened to be German and Irish.

The odds in life are from birth strongly against the young Jewish-American girl. The chief ambition of the new Jewish family in America is to educate its sons. To do this the girls must go to work at the earliest possible date, and from the population of 350,000 Jews east of the Bowery tens of thousands of young girls go out into the shops. There is no more striking sight in the city than the mass of women that flood east through the narrow streets in a winter's twilight, returning to their homes in the East Side tenements. The exploitation of young women as money-earning machines has reached a development on the East Side of New York probably not equaled anywhere else in the world.

It is not an entirely healthy development. Thousands of women have sacrificed themselves uselessly to give the boys of the family an

education. And in the population of young males raised in this atmosphere of the sacrifice of the woman to the man, there have sprung up all sorts of specialization in the petty swindling of women of their wages. One class of men, for instance, go about dressed like the hero in a cook's romance, swindling unattractive and elderly working-women out of their earnings by promising marriage, and borrowing money to start a shop. The acute horror among the Jews of the state of being an old maid makes swindling of Jewish women under promise of marriage especially easy.

### *The People Who Dance*

But the largest and most profitable field for exploitation of the girls of the East Side is in procuring them for the white slave traffic. This line of swindling is in itself specialized. Formerly its chief recruiting-grounds were the public amusement-parks of the tenement districts; now for several years they have been the dance-halls, and the work has been specialized very largely according to the character of the halls.

The amusement of the poor girl of New York — especially the very poor girl — is dancing. On Saturdays and Sundays the whole East Side dances after nightfall, and every night in the week there are tens of thousands of dancers within the limits of the city of New York. The reason for all this is simple: dancing is the one real amusement within the working-girl's means. For five cents the moving-picture show, the only competitor, gives half an hour's diversion and sends its audience to the street again; for five cents the cheaper "dancing academies" of the East Side give a whole evening's pleasure. For the domestic servant and the poorer shop-girl of the East Side there is practically no option, if she is to have any enjoyment of her youth; and not being able to dance is a generally acknowledged source of mortification.

### *Working the "Castle Garden" Halls*

There are three main classes of dance-halls, roughly speaking, which are the main recruiting-places. In two of them are secured the more ignorant, recent immigrants, who appear in the houses kept by the larger operators of the Independent Benevolent Association. The halls of the first class are known by the East Side boys by the name of "Castle Gardens." To these places, plastered across their front with the weird Oriental hieroglyphics of Yiddish posters, the new Jewish immigrant girl — having found a job — is led by her sister domestics or shop-mates to take her first steps in the intricacies of American life. She cannot yet talk the language, but rigid social custom demands that she be able to dance. She arrives, pays her

A "TOUGH" DANCE IN TAMMANY HALL

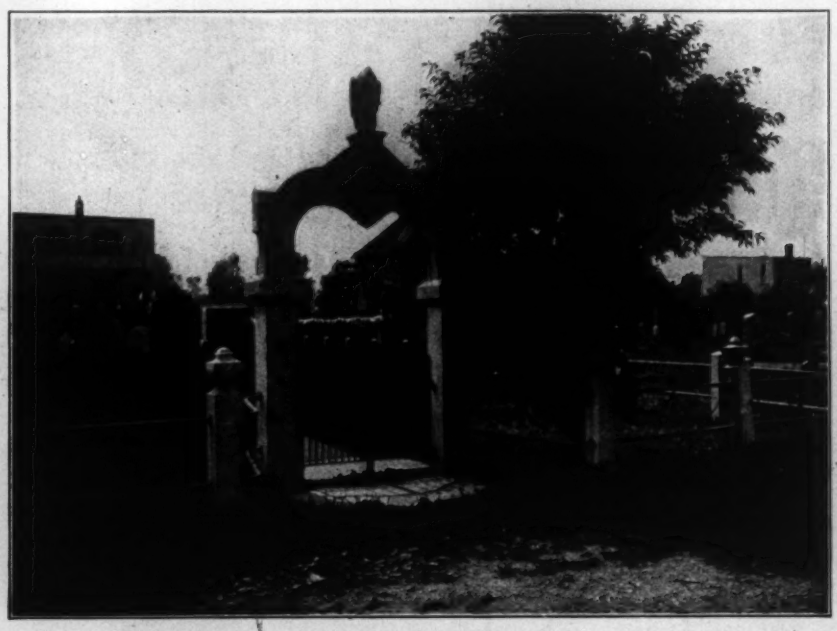
nickel piece, and sits — a big, dazed, awkward child — upon one of the wooden benches along the wall. A strident two-piece orchestra blasts big, soul-satisfying pieces of noise out of the surrounding atmosphere, and finally a delightful young Jewish-American man, with plastered hair, a pasty face, and most finished and ingratiating manners, desires to teach her to dance. Her education in American life has begun.

The common expression for this process among the young dance-hall specialists of the East Side is "to kop out a new one." Night after night the cheap orchestra sounds from the bare hall, the new herds of girls arrive, and the gangs of loafing boys look them over. The master of the "dancing academy" does not teach dancing to these five-cent customers; he cannot, at the price; he simply lets his customers loose upon the floor to teach themselves. Some of the boys are "spielers," — youths with a talent for dancing,— who are admitted free to teach the girls, and are given the proceeds of an occasional dance. The others pay a ten-cent fee. The whole thing, catering to a class exceedingly poor, is on a most inexpensive scale. Even the five-cent drink of beer is too costly to be handled at a profit. The height of luxurious indulgence is the treat at the one- and two-cent soda-stands on the sidewalk below the dance-hall. Contrary to the common belief, intoxicating liquor plays but a small part in securing girls from this particular type of place. These lonely and poverty-stricken girls, ignorant and dazed by the strange conditions of an unknown country, are very easily secured by promise of marriage, or even partnership.

### *The Polish Saloon Dance-Halls*

A class very similar to this, but of different nationality and religion, is furnished by a second kind of dance-hall on the East Side. Just north of Houston Street are the long streets of signs where the Polish and Slovak servant-girls sit in stiff rows in the dingy employment agencies, waiting to be picked up as domestic servants. The odds against these unfortunate, bland-faced farm-girls are greater than those against the Galician Jews. They arrive here more like tagged baggage than human beings, are crowded in barracks of boarding-houses, eight and ten in a room at night, and in the morning the runner for the employment agency takes them, with all their belongings in a cheap valise, to sit and wait again for mistresses. Every hand seems to be against such simple and easily exploited creatures, even in some of the "homes" for them.

Just below this section of the Poles and Slavs lies the great body of the Jews, and in the borderland several Hebrews with good political connections have established saloons with dance-halls behind them. For the past five or six years the Jewish cadets have found these particularly profitable resorts. These girls are so easily secured that in many cases the men who obtain control of them do not even speak their language.



THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION'S CEMETERY IN BROOKLYN

### *Tammany Hall and the "Grand Civic Ball"*

For a third of a century, at least, the young slum politician in Tammany has danced and picnicked his way into political power. The chief figures in New York slum politics followed this method. And thus arose the "grand civic ball" of the Bowery district—of which, perhaps, since its completion, the present Tammany Hall Building in Fourteenth Street has been the center. But the recent political gangs that have formed the chief strength of the slum districts of Tammany Hall have had a much closer connection with dance-halls than any political bodies before them, because their membership is so largely composed of cadets. Practically all the big gangs that have figured in slum politics in recent years started about cheap dance-halls. Paul Kelly's began in the halls about the lower Bowery; Eastman's grew strong about new Irving Hall in the Russian-Jewish district below Delancey Street; and Kid Twist's about a dance-hall for the Galician Jews in the far East Side.

These gangs of political cadets naturally gravitate toward Tammany Hall for their larger affairs, when they are strong enough to do so. In this way Tammany Hall itself, among the many "tough" dance-halls in the city, has come to be the leading headquarters for disreputable dances. It is this class of dances that plays a most prominent part in finally procuring the American-bred girl for the cadet.

### *The Cadet's Contribution*

The American-bred Jewish girl does not attend the "Castle Garden" dancing academies for "greenhorns." Generally she is able to take dancing lessons, and her dancing is done at weddings or balls. A large number of these balls are given by the rising young political desperadoes, who form for the East Side girls local heroes, exactly as the football captains do for the girls in a college town. The cadets, who make up these men's followers, become acquainted with the girls upon the street at noon hour or at closing time, when the young toughs hang about the curbings, watching the procession of shop-girls on the walks. Nothing is more natural than the invitation to the ball; and nothing is more degrading than the association, at these balls, with the cadets and their "flashy girls."

There is liquor at these dances, which plays its part in their influence; but the tale of drugging is almost invariably a hackneyed lie—the common currency of women of the lower world, swallowed with chronic avidity by the sympathetic charitable worker. The course of a girl frequenting these East Side balls is one of increasing sophistication and degradation. At its end she is taken over by the cadet by the offer of a purely commercial partnership. Only one practical objection to the life remains to her—the fear of arrest and imprisonment.

"That's all right; you won't get sent away," says the cadet. "I can take care of that."

His indispensable service in the partnership is the political protection without which the business could not exist. How well he performs his work in New York was demonstrated by the recent testimony, before the Page commission of the legislature, of the immunity of women of this kind from serious punishment by the local courts.

These three classes of girls form the principal sources of the supply that is secured in New York. The ignorant "greenhorns" are taken over more by the larger operators into the houses. The American-bred girl is the alert and enterprising creature who is going through the cities of the United States with her manager, establishing herself in the streets and cafés. The cadet in the past was almost always Jewish; now the young Italians have taken up the business in great numbers. There are a number of "dancing academies" in the Jewish section near the Bowery, where the Italian cadet secures immigrant girls. He attends and conducts balls of his own, which are attended by both Christian and Jewish girls, and he has developed an important field for Slavic and Polish girls in the saloon dance-halls of the employment agency district just north of "Little Italy" in Harlem.

### *The Group of Italian Importers*

There is a smaller special business in the lower part of New York, which brings in and sends out of the city a number of girls, and which corresponds more closely in its methods to the old white slave trade of the Orient. For a number of years a small group of Italians, who have been very active in the cause of the Tammany Hall organization of the Third Assembly District, has procured Italian girls for the Italian trade in America. The girls in the Italian population of New York are guarded as carefully by their mothers as any class of girls in America, and for this reason are not picked up in any considerable number in the ordinary way by the New York cadet. It has been necessary to secure them from Italy. The plan that is, perhaps, most frequently worked, is to get them through various "wise" members of

the great mass of young Italian laborers who return to Italy every year for the winter. These youths induce young peasant girls to accompany them back to America under promise of marriage. When they arrive here, they are satisfied to give up the girls to the dealers in New York upon payment of their passage money and a small bonus.

In the survey of the conditions of the procuring business in the United States during the recent Government investigations, no more melancholy feature was discovered than that of the little Italian peasant girls, taken from various dens, where they lay, shivering and afraid, under the lighted candles and crucifixes in their bedrooms. Fear is more efficacious with this class than any other, because of the notorious tendency of the low-class Italian to violence and murder. These girls are closely confined, see only their managers and Italian laborers, do not talk English, and naturally do not know how to escape. At last, of course, they become desperate and hardened by the business. The American trade in them centers in the Bowery Assembly District in New York. From there they are sent in small numbers to various cities where the Italian laborer is found in considerable numbers, including Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago and Boston.

### *Half the Country's Supply from New York?*

This is a rough outline of the system of procuring and sending girls out of New York City under the safeguard of political protection. Detectives of the Federal Government, who have made within the past year a special investigation of this business in all of the large cities in this country, estimate that about one half of all the women now in the business throughout the United States started their career in this country in New York. This estimate includes, of course, the women imported into that city, as well as those taken from the population. This estimate may be large, but there can be little doubt, since recent developments, of New York's growth to leadership as the chief center of the white slave trade in the world.

The Galician and Russian *kaftan* of Lemberg and Warsaw has had one chief market almost destroyed by the recent drastic laws in Argentine Republic, which leave his present field of operation much narrowed. The same loss of trade by legal attack has come now upon the French trader in his greatest single market, the United States. During the past year two independent Federal investigations — one by the regular Government immigration service and one by a special commission appointed by Congress — have been conducted. Their attention has centered chiefly on the activities of the French trade. This branch of the white slave trade in America has been thoroughly frightened by the Government's activity, and the number of maquereaux in this country has greatly decreased for this reason.

### *New Yorkers Benefit by Supreme Court Decisions*

The movement that is driving the French importer out of America has proved ineffectual against the operator from New York who secures immigrant girls after they have landed. In the campaign of the Federal authorities of Chicago, Joseph Keller and Louis Ullman, the former a member of the New York Independent Benevolent Association, were each sentenced to one and a half years of imprisonment for harboring two Jewish immigrant girls they had brought to Chicago from the East Side of New York. They appealed to the United States Supreme Court, and this held that while directly importing girls could be punished by Federal law, the provision punishing men for merely harboring girls taken after they arrive here was not constitutional; and that the exploiting of such girls must be punished by the State law, if at all.

Thus, while the business out of Poland and Paris has been severely curtailed in the past few years, there has so far been no practical setback for the trader from New York. He has to-day several thousands of girls, secured from the population of New York, established in various sections of the earth. And month after month the ranks of these women must be filled or extended out of the East Side population. This is a matter of desperate seriousness to the population that is being drawn upon for this supply, and a staring advertisement of New York's disgrace across the world; but for the United States at large it is less serious than another phase of the development of the business out of New York — the extension of its political cadet system throughout the cities of the United States.

### *Spread of the New York System*

During the past six or seven years the police of most large American cities outside of New York have noticed a strange development which they have never been able to explain entirely to themselves. The business enterprises for marketing girls have passed almost entirely from the hands of women into those of men. In every case these men have the most intimate connections with the political machines of the slums, and everywhere there has developed a system of local cadets.

The date of this new development of the white slave trade outside of New York corresponds almost uniformly with the time when the traders and cadets from the New York red-light district introduced New York methods into the other cities of the country in 1901 and 1902. Hundreds of New York dealers and cadets are still at work in these other cities. But much more important are the local youths, whom these missionaries of the devil brought by the sight of their sleek prosperity into their trade. Everywhere the boy of the slums has learned that a girl is an asset which, once acquired by him, will give him more money than he can ever earn, and a life of absolute ease. In Chicago, for example, prosecutions in 1908 conducted by Assistant State's Attorney Clifford G. Roe caused to be fined or sent to prison one hundred and fifty of these cadets, nearly all local boys, who had procured local working-girls from the dance-halls and cheap pleasure resorts in and around Chicago.

### *The Double Influence of the New System*

There is little doubt that from now on the larger part of the procuring and marketing of women for the United States will be carried on by the system of political procurers developed in New York. The operation of this system has a double influence upon our large cities. On the one side, it has great political importance, for the reason that more and more, with the growing concentration of the slum politician upon this field, the procurer and marketer of women tends to hold the balance of power in city elections. This is true not alone in New York; analyzers of recent political contests in Philadelphia and Chicago have been convinced that the registration and casting of fraudulent votes from disorderly places in those cities may easily determine the result in a close city election, for false votes by the thousand are cast from these resorts.

Certainly this is not an over-scrupulous class to hold the balance of political power in a community. But it is the other influence of the development that counts most — its highly efficient system for procuring its supplies. The average life of women in this trade is not over five years, and supplies must be constantly replenished. There is something appalling in the fact that year after year the demands of American cities reach up through thousands to the tens of thousands for new young girls. The supply has come in the past and must come in the future from the girls morally broken by the cruel social pressure of poverty and lack of training. The odds have been enough against these girls in the past. Now everywhere through the great cities of the country the sharp eyes of the wise cadet are watching, hunting her out at her amusements and places of work. And back of him the most adroit minds of the politicians of the slums are standing to protect and extend with him their mutual interests.

The trade of procuring and selling girls in America — taken from the weak hands of women and placed in control of acute and greedy men — has organized and specialized after its kind exactly as all other business has done. The cadet does his procuring, not as an agent for any larger interest, but knowing that a woman can always be sold profitably either on the streets or in houses in American cities. The larger operators conduct their houses and get their supplies from the cadet — take him, in fact, into a sort of partnership, by which every week he collects the girl's wages as her agent. The ward politician keeps the disorderly saloon — a most natural political development, because it serves both as a "hang-out" for the gangs of cadets and thieves, and a market for women. And, back of this, the politician higher up takes his share in other ways. No business pays such toll to the slum politicians as this does. The First Ward ball of "Hincky Dink" Kenna and "Bath House John" Coughlin, the kings of slum politics in Chicago; the Larry Mulligan ball in New York; the dances of the Kelly and East Side and Five Points New York gangs, all draw their chief revenue, directly or indirectly, from this source. From low to high, the whole strong organization gorges and fattens on the gross feeding from this particular thing.

It is the poor and ignorant girl who is captured — the same class that has always furnished the "white slaves" of the world. Interesting figures made by the police concerning the newcomers into the South Side Levee district of Chicago tell the same story as the statistics of New York in 1857. All but twelve or fifteen per cent are of foreign birth or parentage. About one third were of the domestic servant class before they entered the life of prostitution.

### *The National Center of the Procurer*

Meanwhile, New York, the first in the development of this European trade in America, remains its center, and its procuring interests are the strongest and most carefully organized of all. The young cadet has his beginning, as well as the woman he secures. These boys learn in the primary schools of the farther East Side, from the semi-political gangs in the dance-halls; step by step, as they grow in the profession, they graduate into the Third

Assembly District, the chief "hang-out" place of the procurer in the world. In all the East Side districts of Tammany Hall these youths have representatives who look out for their interests; but here two thirds of the active workers are or have been interested in markets of prostitution.

Around the district's eastern edge in lower Second Avenue hang the mass of the Jewish cadets, who are members of the strong East Side political gangs. Many of them are determined thieves as well. Farther along is a mixture of the more leisurely class, who devote all their attention to their work as managers of women. Among them are scores — and through the near-by East Side hundreds — of youths who have women at work throughout this country, especially in the West and Southwest, or abroad, but who prefer to remain, themselves, in the companionship and comfort of the national headquarters of their trade. Correspondence on the condition of the white slave trade comes here from all over the world. On the lower Bowery and in Chatham Square are the Italian cadets.

There are scores of "hang-outs" for cadets in the Third District, and in all the notorious saloons the waiters are managers of women, and receive their jobs on the recommendation of politicians. Special lawyers defend the cadets when they are caught, and all have their direct access to the political machine, largely through the political owners of their special "hang-outs." Altogether, it is a colony of procurers not equaled throughout the world in its powers of defense and offense.

### *The New York and Paris Apache*

This class of political criminal has had a distinct tendency toward greater and greater license. The type of youth first known as cadet was a slinking, cowardly person, who was physically formidable only to the more timid foreign immigrants. Now, and especially since the young Italian has taken up this profession in New York, the gangs of these men have constantly grown uglier and bolder. A curious similarity is shown between these gangs as they have developed in New York, and the Apaches, the bands of city savages in Paris, whose violent crimes were responsible for the recent re-introduction of capital punishment in France. A statement by M. Bay, head of the Research Brigade in that city, concerning the outbreak of crime there in 1902, shows how identical the gangs of New York are with those that have formed in the capital of France, about the same business that is their mainstay here.

"Paris," he said, "is empty; the women upon whom the great mass of these hooligans prey are unable to obtain money. Result — the scoundrels, none of whom are capable of doing an hour's honest work, fall back on the knife, the revolver, or the burglar's jimmy. All of these articles can be purchased cheaply. Another reason for the street fights which take place with revolvers is jealousy. A woman leaves her 'protector' and takes up with another man; the two men at once become sworn enemies, and a regular vendetta is started between them. They gather their friends and in pitched battles try to kill each other."

The highway assaults, murders, and street fights that New York has suffered from in the last five years have come from an exactly similar class of organization. For two years past the operations of these gangs have been curtailed by the activity against them of the Police Department, under the administration of General Bingham. Gradually his campaign led to the higher and more important enterprises which they made headquarters for themselves and their women. It extended first through the centers about the Bowery, Second Avenue, and Chatham Square, and finally to the associated summer headquarters at Coney Island. Then, suddenly, General Bingham was removed by Mayor McClellan.

The various interests dependent upon the procuring and sale of women considered this event their first victory. But now all eyes of these people are concentrated on the main issue this fall. Will or will not Tammany be elected? The whole future of their career in New York hangs upon the issue of this event. And they are preparing to work for the Democratic party with every means in their power.

### *The Rebates of the Slum Politician*

The exploitation of a popular government by the slum politician is a curious thing, always. I sat some time ago with a veteran politician, for many years one of the leading election district captains of the Tammany Bowery organization, conversing sociably in the parlor of his profitable Raines-law hotel.

"The people love Tammany Hall," said my host. "We use 'em right. When a widow's in trouble, we see she has her hod of coal; when the orphans want a pair of shoes, we give it to them."

It was truly and earnestly said. As he spoke, the other half of the political financing was shown. The procession of the daughters of the East Side filed by the open door upstairs with their strange men. It was the slum leader's common transaction. Having wholesaled the

bodies of the daughters at good profit, he rebates the widow's hod of coal.

The so-called "human quality" is the threadbare defense of slum politics. But all its charitable transactions have been amply financed. From the earliest time it has been the same old system of rebates to the poor. First, the rebate of the tenement saloon at the death of the drunken laborer; then, the rebate from the raking-up of the last miserable pennies of the clerk and laborer and scrubwoman, by the pool-rooms and policy; and now, smiling its same old hearty smile, it extends to the widow and orphan its rebates from the bodies of the daughters of the poor.

It is a source of perennial wonder how much longer the poorer classes will be cajoled and threatened and swindled into taking them.

The issues of the coming campaign for the control of New York City have been framed in charges to enlist all classes of the people against Tammany Hall. For the rich, the great tax rate for wasted and misappropriated money; for the citizen of average means, the inadequate schools, dirty highways, burglaries, and violence upon the public streets. There is a perennial issue for the people of the tenement districts. Shall New York City continue to be the recruiting-ground for the collection for market of young women by politically organized procurers? The only practical way to stop it will be by the defeat of Tammany Hall.

**For further notes on the conditions that have arisen in New York under the Tammany Hall administration, see page 117.**

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# LONDON ROSES

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

"ROWSES, rowses! Penny a bunch!" they tell you—
Slattern girls in Trafalgar, eager to sell you.
Roses, roses, red in the Kensington sun,
Holland Road, High Street, Bayswater, see you and smell you—
Roses of London town, red till the summer is done.

Roses, roses, locust and lilac, perfuming
West End, East End, wondrously budding and blooming
Out of the black earth, rubbed in a million hands,
Foot-trod, sweat-sour over and under, entombing
Highways of darkness, gutted with iron bands.

"Rowses, rowses! Penny a bunch!" they tell you,
Ruddy blooms of corruption, see you and smell you,
Born of stale earth, fallowed with squalor and tears—
North shire, south shire, none are like these, I tell you,
Roses of London, perfumed with a thousand years.

*From "April Twilights"*

# THE ORGANIZED CRIMINALS OF NEW YORK

BY

GENERAL THEODORE A. BINGHAM

EX-COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF NEW YORK

FOR three and a half years, from January, 1906, to July, 1909, I was Commissioner of Police of New York City. During the first half of that time my chief constructive work was devoted to securing a system by which I could compel the body of men under me — against its old custom and obvious self-interest — really to enforce the law. In the second half I carried on an aggressive campaign against the criminal centers of the city. I was opposed by a strong and organized body which fought every step of the way. At the end of that time I was suddenly removed from office. As the average decent citizen has no idea of the power of the organized criminals of New York, it may be worth while for me to give a plain, concise story of my campaign against them and their fight against me, to show how great their power is.

In the last of the year 1905 I was asked by Mayor McClellan — with whom I had become acquainted when he was a congressman in Washington — to become Commissioner of Police of New York City. I believed it was a man's work, and accepted it. I did so, however, on one definite condition — that I was to be allowed a free hand in my department, without interference by politicians. The Mayor promised this explicitly.

### *The Politician — the Policeman's Logical Political "Boss"*

I had scarcely moved into the office on Mulberry Street when political leaders began to call upon me, for the most part to secure a continual shifting of the police for plausible but mysterious ends of their own. I remember meeting Mr. Patrick H. McCarren on one occasion. He explained to me that the politician was not a bad man, and never wanted laws broken.

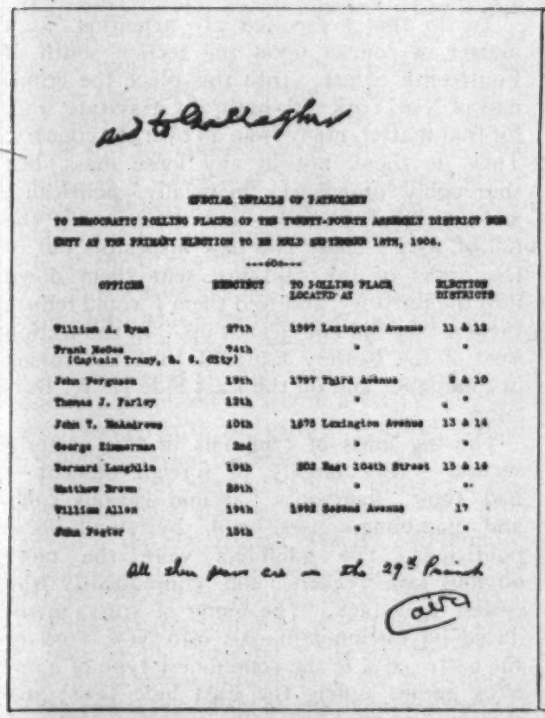
"All we want," he said, "is, when some poor Dutchman keeps his saloon open after hours, to see that he don't get the worst of it."

I didn't grant transfers for these people; why should I have done so? And very soon they let me alone and dealt with Mayor McClellan. In one way this was very advantageous to me. I was left alone to develop my police force.

I found immediately that among the officers of the force there were very few I could trust to carry out my orders in good faith. The reason was very simple. I was head of the department for an indeterminate period, which might end at any time. Back of me was the Mayor, who chose me, and whose office would also end at an early date. Back of him was the permanent political machine, which elected him. As the policeman is in office for life, he very logically looked past both the Mayor and me and made his alliances and took his orders from the only permanent influence concerned — the politician. I could not at that time even choose the leading officers of the department whom I wanted to carry out my orders. I was in command of a body of men who, by the logic of their position, were forced to take their final orders from some one else. That condition of affairs exists to-day, and will exist so long as the Police Commissioner of New York has no permanence in office.

### *The "Sullivan Men"*

The higher officers of the force — the inspectors and captains — and a great proportion of the men under them belonged to secret political clans, named after the Tammany Hall leaders to whom their interests had become attached. The largest of these clans was the "Sullivan men"; the second largest, perhaps, the "McCarren men." It is unnecessary for me to describe the Sullivans, who rule the Tammany Hall districts south of Fourteenth Street. The political forces that elect them



and to Gallagher

SPECIAL DETAILS OF PATROLMEN

TO DEMOCRATIC POLLING PLACES OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT FOR ENTY AT THE PRIMARY ELECTION TO BE HELD SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1906.

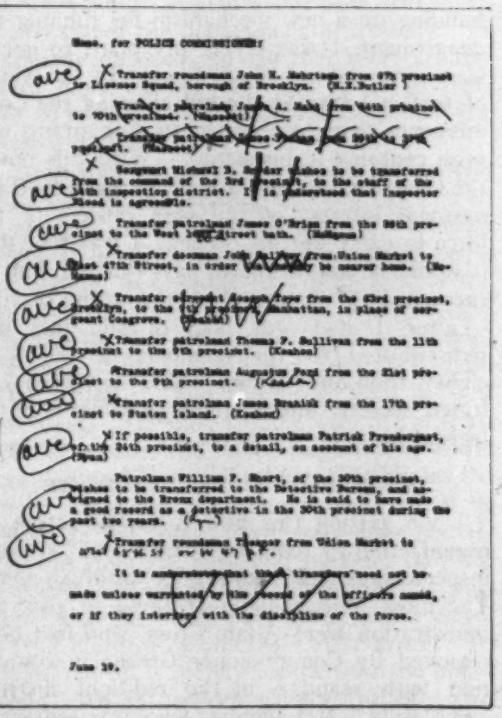
---oOo---

| OFFICER | DISTRICT | TO POLLING PLACE LOCATED AT | ELECTION DISTRICTS |
|---|---|---|---|
| William A. Ryan | 27th | 1597 Lexington Avenue | 11 & 12 |
| Frank McGee (Captain Tracy, S. S. City) | 74th | " | " |
| John Ferguson | 19th | 1797 Third Avenue | 8 & 10 |
| Thomas J. Farley | 12th | " | " |
| John T. McAndrews | 10th | 1675 Lexington Avenue | 13 & 14 |
| George Zimmerman | 2nd | " | " |
| Bernard Laughlin | 19th | 202 East 104th Street | 15 & 16 |
| Matthew Brown | 28th | " | " |
| William Allen | 19th | 1992 Second Avenue | 17 |
| John Foster | 15th | " | " |

All these years are in the 29th Precinct

ave

FACSIMILE OF MAYOR McCLELLAN'S ASSIGNMENT OF PATROLMEN FOR THE PRIMARIES OF 1906



Memo. for POLICE COMMISSIONER:

ave X Transfer roundsman John H. Mehrtens from 67th precinct to License Squad, borough of Brooklyn. (H.E.Butler)

Transfer patrolman James A. Mahl from 44th precinct to 70th precinct. (Hassett)

Transfer patrolman James Fahan from 29th to 37th precinct. (Hassett)

ave X Sergeant Michael B. Snyder wishes to be transferred from the command of the 3rd precinct, to the staff of the 14th inspection district. It is understood that Inspector Flood is agreeable.

ave Transfer patrolman James O'Brien from the 28th precinct to the West 100th Street bath. (McManus)

ave X Transfer doorman John Sullivan from Union Market to East 47th Street, in order that he may be nearer home. (McManus)

ave X Transfer sergeant Joseph Toye from the 63rd precinct, Brooklyn, to the 7th precinct, Manhattan, in place of sergeant Cosgrove. (Keahon)

ave X Transfer patrolman Thomas F. Sullivan from the 11th precinct to the 9th precinct. (Keahon)

ave Transfer patrolman Augustus Ford from the 21st precinct to the 9th precinct. (Keahon)

ave X Transfer patrolman James Branick from the 17th precinct to Staten Island. (Keahon)

ave X If possible, transfer patrolman Patrick Prendergast, of the 24th precinct, to a detail, on account of his age. (Ryan)

Patrolman William F. Short, of the 30th precinct, wishes to be transferred to the Detective Bureau, and assigned to the Bronx department. He is said to have made a good record as a detective in the 30th precinct during the past two years. (Ryan)

ave X Transfer roundsman Thomas from Union Market to West 63rd St or W 47th St.

It is understood that these transfers need not be made unless warranted by the record of the officers named, or if they interfere with the discipline of the force.

June 19.

MAYOR McCLELLAN'S ORDER TO TRANSFER PATROLMEN, SIGNED WITH HIS INITIALS, AND SHOWING THE NAMES OF THE DISTRICT LEADERS FAVORED BY TRANSFERS

are drawn from the criminal centers that radiate out from the Bowery, which forms the backbone of their main assembly district. They have their main headquarters there; while uptown their chief gathering-place used to be at the old Metropole, a hotel on the edge of the Tenderloin district, kept by some brothers named Considine, who came to New York a few years ago from Detroit, where they had conducted a similar enterprise, and who immediately became strong in Tammany Hall politics.

### *The Spies at Headquarters*

I was not only unable at first to be sure that my plans and orders were carried out by the officers of my force, but I could not even develop my plans without their leaking out. My headquarters apparently were full of spies. News traveled out of my office with incredible speed. Every avenue was under surveillance, especially the telephone. I remember that in 1907 I changed the entire telephone force at the Brooklyn headquarters. I had scarcely done so when my deputy, Arthur O'Keefe, was called upon by Patrick H. McCarren, the Democratic leader of Brooklyn, with a list of names of men in the department whom he wanted put in entire charge of the exchanges.

In my attempts to change these conditions, Mayor McClellan gave me no help and showed no interest. His discussions of the affairs of my department were confined entirely to recommendations for the transfer or promotion of policemen. At my insistence, he wrote at the head of these a stereotyped formula, stating that the changes were to be made only if they did not interfere with the conduct of the department; and he signed his initials. Upon these requests — sometimes in his office and sometimes in mine — were written the names of the Tammany Hall leaders for whom the favor was done. All this was frankly political. Still more so were his orders in September, 1906, for the transfers of picked patrolmen to guard special polling-places at the Democratic primaries, in which he was fighting to secure a dominating machine of his own in Tammany Hall, with the support (it was supposed) of the Sullivans. He ordered the detail of not less than one hundred specially named men to polling-places on that day. For what legitimate purpose this was done, I did not and do not now understand.

However, my work was to develop a working police force. Besides creating a system of records where practically none existed, renovating the antiquated electrical system, and

building up a new mechanism for running the department, I was laying my plans to get at least some control of my force. In the winter of 1906–7 I framed the bill allowing the Commissioner to reduce inspectors to captains and raise captains to inspectors. With this power the Commissioner could hope to make it to the personal interest of the high officers of the force to carry out his orders. I was told that it would be impossible to pass this bill, but we succeeded in passing it in the spring of 1907 — after I had got hold of and had had redistributed to the members of the force eighty thousand dollars which had been collected secretly among them to defeat it in the legislature.

### *Removing "Strong" Inspectors*

Upon getting this bill, I started active reorganization by reducing in rank four "strong" inspectors, generally known as "Sullivan men." The most objectionable of these to good administration were Adam Cross, who had been removed by Commissioner Greene in connection with scandals in the red-light district, and "Billy" McLaughlin, who was sentenced to Sing Sing after the Lexow investigation. Cross had been restored to the force by legal process, having far abler counsel than the Corporation Counsel could oppose to him; and McLaughlin had been freed from his sentence by a higher court. Both were prosperous and lived delicately and well. McLaughlin was particularly nice and punctilious in his manner. He always wore striped shirts, with his monogram daintily embroidered upon them, and affected an individual perfume.

Both of these men were very "strong" politically. I remember that District Attorney Jerome stated publicly that I never could get McLaughlin, that he was too strong. I finally, however, got them both off the force. But I had a fight to do so with McLaughlin. How severe it was may be indicated by the fact that a supreme court judge, E. E. McCall, brought complaints against me and my deputies to Mayor McClellan, for our treatment of his case, although he finally sent in McLaughlin's resignation from the department.

### *South of Fourteenth Street*

It was nearly two years, over half of my term, before I felt that I had, not a force of inspectors and captains who would carry out my orders in good faith, but a fraction of them large enough to deal with any part of the city. As soon as I had this, I started at once upon an aggressive campaign against the criminals of the city.

To do this I directed my attention, as a matter of course, upon the section south of Fourteenth Street. Into this place the criminals of New York City naturally gravitate, and, for that matter, many from all over the country. They lie there, not in any loose mass, but thoroughly organized, financially, politically, and legally, for offense and defense. In the fall of 1907 I chose two new inspectors out of the ranks of the captains, sent them down into the territory, and told them I would reduce them if they did not clean it up. In the section west of the Bowery I placed John H. Russell in command; and on the East Side H. W. Burfeind.

The big mass of criminals in this easterly section — very largely of foreign descent — had their "hang-outs" around various cafés and gambling-houses, run by small local politicians. The gamblers were the most obvious law-breakers, and consequently the easiest to attack. The game of stuss, introduced by foreign criminals into New York in the early '90's, is the commonest type of gambling games among the East Side Jews; and stuss-houses were the daily gathering-places of gangs of "cadets" and thieves. These places my men raided wherever possible. There were also two notorious gambling-houses, one on Seventh Street and one on Second Avenue, owned by a leading member of the Hesper Club, a strong Sullivan organization. These places refused admittance to the police, were barricaded, and we finally obtained evidence only by chopping into them with axes — first through a series of three steel doors, and later through ceilings.

### *A Counter-Attack*

The criminal organization south of Fourteenth Street answered this first attack of mine by the counter-attack that is their stereotyped move to fight off the police force — that is, by suits for oppression against my officers. In this lower section of New York, the practice of law is as distinct from any ordinary practice as the customs of the criminal class are from those of ordinary society. It is formed for one chief purpose — the defense of the criminal. The principal factors in this practice are not legal at all. They consist in destroying or manufacturing evidence and postponing cases until they can be brought before a politically favorable judge. A tribe of criminal lawyers exactly suited for this practice has developed out of the slums. They might be divided into two classes, according to their use, as "fixers" or "bellowers" — the use of the first being silently to pervert justice, and that of the

other to cover this up by bawling a few inches away from the judge's nose a diatribe concerning the rights of man and the oppression of the poor — the stock cry of the professional criminal class and the politicians who defend them.

The suit for oppression, as handled by these people, is a dangerous weapon against police officers. When I first took office, the Corporation Counsel would furnish to defend the police side of these cases an amiable young college boy, unaccustomed to the strange political region into which he was plunged, who would be smothered by the flood of noise and invective of the opposing counsel in court. The police generally preferred to secure a lawyer of their own, familiar with the game. And this meant a serious expense to them.

To meet this method of legal warfare, I employed lawyers who understood it; the legal bureau in the department, which I had founded as part of its new machinery, was always at the officer's disposal for fighting these "fake" suits. And the usual attempt to offer a mutual compromise by the dropping of the suit for oppression in exchange for dropping the prosecution of the persons involved by the police was refused and the cases were fought out to the end. The usual line of the district's defense in the courts fell to the ground.

### *The Fight in the State Senate*

The seat of our fight was then transferred to the State Senate. In attacking the headquarters of the criminals of the city, the police were naturally pitted against a dangerous class of men, a great proportion of whom were armed. Revolvers are a matter of common equipment among these people south of Fourteenth Street. In the last legislative session of 1909, after these raids, Senator Timothy D. Sullivan presented a bill in the State Senate making it a felony to carry pocket clubs or "blackjacks." This would have taken these weapons from my plain-clothes men — the detective force, without which the policing of a city becomes a farce — and left them without their most valuable and necessary means of defense. The bill passed the Legislature, but was vetoed by the Governor.

### *A Bill which would Prevent Photographing Criminals*

There was a similar fight in the last Assembly which cost us some anxiety before it was defeated. In modernizing the records of the department, we systematized and extended greatly the gallery of photographs and measurements of criminals. In doing this, we made a further change, by which these records were not made public, as before, but were kept solely for the use of the department in its work. It is scarcely necessary to say that there are few things more essential for the police in their fight to suppress the criminal classes than the "rogues' gallery."

There were continual outbreaks of protest against this photographing of criminals, caused by arrested persons who did not feel that their portraits should be made. After one of these, a splendidly worded bill was introduced in the State Senate, which forbade the taking of any portraits by the police until after conviction. The sponsor for this bill was Senator William Caffrey, elected from the lower West Side of New York. The only trouble with it was that, if it had passed, the Police Department would have had no pictures of criminals at all, for the simple reason that all criminals pass out of the custody of the police, not merely upon conviction, but from the very first moment they are arraigned. If the bill had been what it purported to be, it would have given us the power to take pictures of criminals after arrest. As it was framed, it merely meant that the police should have no "rogues' gallery" at all. This bill was prevented from passage only by a determined fight against it.

Meanwhile we kept up our campaign against the resorts of criminals below Fourteenth Street. The more we studied the situation, the more all paths led back again to the dives; and the more evident became the silliness of the old plea of the police, that these resorts should be kept in existence as centers where the authorities might go and lay their hands upon criminals when needed. Instead of that, they constituted organized strongholds against the police — one of the chief assets of the criminal class in New York. Inspector Burfeind on the East Side had not cleared up his district. I reduced him to captain again, and put Inspector Russell there. He organized a squad of some thirty-five plain-clothes men, and began clearing it out, as he had previously done on the west side of the Bowery.

### *The Counsel for the Defense*

We now were paying particular attention to the disorderly hotel and saloon enterprises, and we found, as in the gambling-houses, a great number of minor Tammany workers engaged in running these markets of prostitution. We met here the same concerted opposition that we had had from the "hang-outs" of the gangs in gambling-houses. A regular corps of political lawyers was employed, which grew in political importance as the value of the enterprise increased. For instance, in the case of

the Goldsmith disorderly hotel on Third Avenue, — one of several enterprises of Matthew Goldsmith,— he was represented in court by Henry J. Goldsmith, who has been the law partner of Alderman T. P. Sullivan, the present Tammany leader of the Third Assembly District. In the defense of the two most notorious and open markets for prostitutes in the city — Wulfers' in Fourteenth Street, kept by Larry Hart, an election captain of the Third Assembly District, and the German Village on Fortieth Street, kept by an ex-convict, Archie Hadden — the attorney for the defense was George H. Engel, formerly also a member of the law firm of the leader of the Third District, and now special counsel for Thomas Foley, Tammany leader of the Second District and sheriff of New York County. After our men had raided the vilest enterprise in the city, a market for unnatural crime kept by an Italian named Humbert Fugazy in Bleecker Street,— one of the election captains of "Dan" Finn, the city magistrate, — William Caffrey, the State Senator, appeared as Fugazy's counsel in one of the customary suits of oppression that followed our raids on this type of place.

This will give some idea of the energy of the defense aroused by the various raids that we made on these disorderly houses and gathering-places for criminals, male and female. We were only partly successful in earlier legal proceedings against them, partly because New York courts demand such absolute proof against places of this kind,— even though, like Wulfers' and the German Village, they are public institutions as well known as the large theaters of the city,— and partly because the law was so framed at that time that it was possible to prosecute these cases only through the criminal courts, and in the court of special sessions it was practically impossible to get any more serious punishment than a fine, too small to be bothered about or even to be considered a license fee for the business. The liquor license could be taken away by the excise department, but could be immediately after taken out in another man's name; and the place could continue at the old stand. The only practical way of interfering with them was by a continual pounding by the police, and by suits of the State excise department for their bonds, for non-compliance with the law. We made progress in this way, but there was still much to be done toward breaking up these criminal headquarters.

### *The Vested Interests of Chatham Square*

About the lower Bowery and Chatham Square there was one group of dives which had become historical institutions of the city. They had been run so long without molestation that they were practically considered as vested interests of the section. Many of them were natural headquarters for special lines of thieves, and it was a common saying in police circles that in one of them — which served the purposes of a bank for the "yegg-men"— there was ten thousand dollars reward any evening in its back room if its visitors could be recognized. They were, of course, "hang-outs" for prostitutes and cadets as well, the Italian cadet being very strong in this section. Last winter we discovered that we could — under a State law passed in the spring of 1908 — prosecute these places as disorderly resorts, not in the criminal courts, where they could use their familiar tactics, but in the civil courts, and take away the privilege of selling liquors in the same building for an entire year.

### *A Surprise for the Criminal Lawyer*

We were able in this way to start an entirely new legal game on the lawyer indigenous to the territory below Fourteenth Street. Formerly, so much of the State's case appeared in the magistrates' courts that before it had reached its final trial in the Special Sessions Court the evidence factories had turned out a complete defense. Now, as the defense knew nothing of the State's case, not even the dates when its evidence was secured, it labored blindly in a new field.

The first test case was against "Paddy" Mullins' place at 6 Mott Street, a most notorious resort for thieves and vicious women. Postponement after postponement was secured by the defense, and in the final trial witnesses were advanced by squads, including everything from charity workers to political office-holders. But Mullins was convicted. From that time on panic reigned in the district. My Deputy Commissioner, Arthur H. Woods, sent special squads of policemen through the district gathering testimony, and one place after another was closed up under a law that prevented their reopening for a year.

A loud protest went up through the entire district. At first it was threatened that we would be thrown out immediately by the district leaders. Then, later, when we went forward with our campaign, the sentiment turned strongly against the politicians for their impotence. A visitor who had called on one of my deputies to beg for mercy was asked why he did not see the Sullivans. "The Sullivans!" he snorted. "They can't get the time of day from this department."

In the winter and spring of 1909 we cleaned

up these headquarters of criminals and political gangs in lower New York as they had never been cleaned up before. I then took Inspector Russell and sent him to take charge of Brooklyn, which sadly needed it. At the opening of the spring we began to consider the question of making Coney Island more decent. To this great holiday-ground of the people as many as two hundred thousand pleasure-seekers come daily. I had no intention of enforcing any blue laws there. I merely wanted to put out of existence the vile resorts that were established in certain parts of the place. Deputy Commissioner Woods and Inspector Russell began to secure evidence and bring cases against these "dives," exactly as we had against those in Chatham Square. They were very successful, and though many of their cases are now being dragged through the courts, eventually most of these places will be convicted.

The howl for vengeance that had been raised through the Bowery and Chatham Square continued, and increased in volume. The same cry now came from Coney Island — intensified by the fact that many of the interests and employees about Chatham Square had auxiliary enterprises in Coney Island. For several months the air was full of threats that they would "get" me. Gradually these threats settled down to confident prophecies.

On the first of July Mayor McClellan removed me. I had expected it for some little time. The published cause for my removal was very clearly a mere pretext. My own belief is that it was due to political or other pressure. What Mayor McClellan will receive for doing this I do not know. Possibly he will be nominated congressman from one of the districts below Fourteenth Street or for Governor next year.

# HYLAS

## BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

DEAR to the sailor-kings,
Bronze-bearded, steadfast-hearted,
Oars' dash, when galley swings
Black through the gray waves parted.
But they said: "Make the cove
Where breathes a moonless grove,
And larks hang glad
O'er pebbly pools and sweet;
He sickens with the heat,
Our little lad."

So they call, the gold-browed kings,
"Hylas, Hylas, Hylas!" clear;
And Alcides' great voice rings —
For he loved the brown child dear.

He left the blue profound
To follow winding valleys;
He lost the surf's faint sound
In aspen-shivering alleys.
Beside the freshes cold
He found white fingers hold
His brown hand hot;
He heard an elfin song;
The dark kings waited long,
But he came not.

Yet they call him from the shore,
"Hylas, Hylas, Hylas!" thrice;
But Alcides sails no more,
Remembering the drowned child's eyes.

*From "The Way of Perfect Love"*

# THE CRACKAJACK STORY

BY

## HAROLD KELLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

BILLY DORING, the little city editor of the *Evening Planet*, sat in his habitual attitude, poised on the edge of his enormous swivel-chair at the head of the shabby oak table dignified by the name of "The Desk." His face wore its habitual Mona Lisa smile, with eyes that peered about with an expression of whimsical curiosity. First his glance rested for an instant on the tall, cadaverous copy-reader on his right, who was perusing a morning newspaper and munching a strip torn from the margin; then it flitted to the huge hulk of a copy-reader on his left, who was savagely ripping through some manuscript and puffing furiously at a black-bulldog pipe; and finally his eyes wandered across the table to the shriveled gray person opposite who was tremulously comparing some racing charts.

The little city editor held up his lighted cigar in front of him and eyed it quizzically.

"We *might* have more copy," he suggested timidly, apparently addressing the cigar. "I wish they'd start the round of battle, murder, and sudden death earlier these summer mornings. It might help our first edition, you know. In about two minutes there's going to be a roar for more copy. If Merrihew was a real sport he'd jump off the top of the Singer Tower on a morning like this and give us a good story instead of sitting about wasting his talent on rewrite dope. He'd make a beautiful splash on Broadway, and afterward the office would be quieter."

The big copy-reader whose name was Merrihew slammed some loose pages savagely down upon a steel hook on the table. "Rush this upstairs, boy," he snarled in an incredibly harsh voice. And then, raising a loose-jowled, bulldog face, he barked at the city editor in pleasanter tones: "Oh, tell it to Brill. I'm a family man. Brill could do it, now, and save money. He's going to bet on the ponies again this afternoon."

Brill, the shriveled man, looked up for an instant, with an air of patient inquiry, at the sound of his name, and again bent obliviously over his racing charts.

From among the forms and hand typesetters in the dusky interior of the room a voice could be heard complaining petulantly. It was the make-up man, whose responsibilities for filling up the skeleton pages weighed heavily upon him that dull morning. Soon he shuffled forward with a peevish scowl. "Cop-ee!" he wailed. "We gotter have more cop-ee. Why, the paper's three columns shy."

He glanced with a sort of sullen appeal at the little city editor, who took no notice of him, and at Douglas, the assistant managing editor, a shapeless mass of curiously stuffed clothing sprawled over a desk in the corner of the room, glaring at some proofs and gulping mouthfuls of tea from a can.

Douglas raised a face red and shiny like a ripe pippin, showing a pair of glittering black eyes which struck an odd note of vigor in his inert construction. A volley of guttural oaths rumbled from his lips.

"Where in blazes is the con-damn-founded copy this morning?" he roared at the universe in general.

He awoke a volley of discordant cries. "Cop-ee! Cop-ee! Get Mr. Hudnut's cop-ee!" shrieked the cadaverous copy-reader in jerky falsetto. Two gentlemen in shirt sleeves at a remote desk — they were the sporting editors — echoed this with yelps of "Copy!" and a lean reporter bayed horribly from his seat, while a sliding door leading to the editorial writers' room was suddenly slammed open and a dapper man appeared in the aperture and shouted in a ringing tenor: "Copay! Copay! Heah, boy, copay!" Ragged copy-boys made a sudden clatter of activity.

The little city editor sat quietly peering about at the various vociferants and smiling his vague smile. He was whistling Chopin's Funeral March under his breath now, a trick he had, and presently he strolled over toward

Douglas' desk near the window. For a few minutes he gazed out, whistling, into the little park through which a cosmopolitan crowd raced to and fro. He watched the fountain playing in the center of it, and his eye lingered over two large plots of vari-colored flowers. Then he turned to the observation of Douglas' back, bent almost to deformity from stooping over his eternal proofs.

"I'm afraid you're getting a trifle round-shouldered, Doug," he suggested in his mild voice.

There was no answer save the sound of the ogre's pencil ripping through the proof-sheets.

"It would be nice, now," continued the little city editor after a short pause, "if you could have your desk out in the park. I'm sure you'd enjoy the fresh air, and the comparative quiet and peace. If I were to select a place, I should say just this side the nigh flower-bed. You would cut a pretty figure there, and here in the office we should enjoy such tranquillity."

Douglas gave an inarticulate grunt.

"I'm afraid you don't appreciate flowers," continued the little city editor in a tone of mild reproof. "You're like me — wouldn't know the names of more than one or two of 'em out there. Nowadays children learn all about 'em in the public school. My kid, Lucy, is on terms of intimacy with more flowers than I ever heard of. There's a good story in that."

Douglas turned his head.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "We're against this school administration. And the business office wants us to make a big roar against teachin' fads and frills in the public schools. Start a man on that flower business to-day. You'll find other things. Run something fresh every day. Roast 'em hard. A big roar. A con-damn-founded big roar. *Proofs!*"

The last word burst from his lips like the shriek of a shrapnel shell. A minute later he was swearing with great heartiness as the copy-boys, trailing limp proof-sheets, swarmed about him.

"Ever go to Sunday school?" asked Doring, smiling down at him. "Teach you not to swear there. Lucy went off to-day with her mother on a Sunday-school picnic on the steamboat *Abraham Lincoln*. There'll be another good story in that some day, when that old mess of rusty iron and rotten wood and stale putty falls apart or blows up and drowns a couple of thousand women and children." And he murmured, as an after-thought, "But I don't want to cover that story to-day."

"Con-damn-found it," sputtered the assistant managing editor, "we gotter have some copy *now*, Doring."

Doring smiled gently at the back of his superior's head. "There's a little tenement fire coming in from Headquarters," he said. "I'll get Brill to pad it to a column spread. And I've got a man out on that queer stock-washing yarn in the *Times*. We may squeeze a story out of that."

The city editor's telephone rang. "There's your copy," he said, and walked over to his table.

Douglas turned to watch the little man. He never could wholly understand Doring, but he had for the fellow an abiding respect. Sometimes Douglas had a vague idea that the city editor was making game of him, but he did not resent this very much. It was simply part of the puzzle of Billy Doring, the man who never got excited. His mysterious serenity was a constant source of wonder to Douglas. When the great news organism was struggling in the birth pangs of an edition, when telegraph instruments clattered, typewriters clacked, and the great presses groaned and roared, when editors and reporters and copy-boys and typesetters and pressmen were rushing about cursing and raging over the accouchement, like mad midwives in Bedlam, Billy Doring always sat quietly perched on his chair, peering about with his Mona Lisa smile, a figure of significant calm.

"Doring is a queer one," was invariably Douglas' conclusion, "but he delivers the goods."

Of this "delivery of the goods" there was no doubt. Than Billy Doring's there was no keener scent for news on Park Row. And the aggregation of all too sophisticated young men that formed his staff accorded him an affectionate admiration, against all the precedents of the game, which prescribe for the reporter a certain contempt for the man who parcels out the assignments.

Always in the front of Douglas' mind were the most conspicuous of Billy Doring's scoops — how he solved the mystery of the "Girl's Head in a Suit Case" story, his work in the aldermanic boodle case, his campaign that drove a Tammany czar out of the country, his remarkable story of the "Seven Hundred Brothels" that resulted in the deposition of two police inspectors and seven captains and the cleaning up of the East Side.

Back in the days when Billy had been a reporter, the warning of the city editor of a rival paper who was despatching a squad of men to cover the great Baltimore fire had become a classic on the Row.

"Don't worry about other reporters," he said. "But if you see a little man loafing on

the outskirts of the crowd, with a smile, and a cigar in his face, look out for him. That's Billy Doring of the *Evening Planet*, and he's dangerous."

It was a common report in the office that Billy had no other interest in the world except the big news machine that he served. This was borne out by the fact that early reporters on the "gas-house" trick, stumbling into the office in the gray dawn, frequently found the little city editor there before them, and particularly by the experience of a man who dropped in once at midnight to recover some notes he had left behind for a current assignment, and was astonished to find a single electric lamp in that black, silent place glaring down upon Billy Doring perched on the edge of his chair, smoking his cigar and peering about with his curious smile.

But Douglas knew that there was another side to Doring's life. He knew that on three days of the year the little city editor was sure to be absent from the office, and one of these days was his wedding anniversary and the others were the birthdays of his wife, Anna, and little Lucy; and he was aware that in the drawer in Billy's table, amidst the litter of pencil stubs and clippings and old proofs, lay the photograph of a pretty, fair-haired woman with a little child. . . .

Meanwhile the little city editor was announcing to his copy-readers: "We're going to run some roars for a week or two. Fads and frills in the public schools is the thing. There's Merrihew, probably the best roarer this side of the Zoo. I suppose he might take a willing reporter and wake the echoes."

He took up his telephone receiver. "This is the city desk," he murmured in his tone of gentle inquiry.

And then, after a few intent seconds, he dropped his cigar on the floor and drew in his breath sharply. "Please repeat that bulletin," he said curtly. The cadaverous copy-reader looked up with an air of astonishment. It was seldom indeed that any one had to repeat a thing to Billy Doring, and seldom that he gave orders in that tone.

Before Doring set the receiver down his right hand tapped the copy-reader's elbow.

"Headquarters reports steamboat *Abraham Lincoln* afire off Spuyten Duyvil, with women and children jumping into the water," he said in his usual soft voice. "It's a Sunday-school excursion, probably fifteen hundred aboard. Third Lutheran Church of Yorkville, Peter Henderson, pastor. You might pad it up for the first edition."

His eyes were wandering speculatively over the reporters' desks, while he continued his suggestions. "Merrihew can start the Harlem and Yonkers men out and call up the steamboat people. Brill, you might see what you can scrape up along the Hudson water-front by 'phone."

The cadaverous copy-reader convulsively grabbed a pile of copy-paper, and the other two were already rushing to the telephone-booths, while Billy Doring stepped over to the reporters' desks. Four men sat there. One, a flaxen-haired "cub," was reading a copy of Schopenhauer's "Art of Controversy," two were unobtrusively matching pennies, and the fourth was tapping off on the typewriter a rehash of some story from a morning paper. Doring, smiling down at the fourth man, gently pulled the half-written sheet from the typewriter and tore it into several pieces. The four stared at him.

"Up at Spuyten Duyvil there's an excursion boat burning up filled with women and children," he said. "You might all go up. It sounds like a good story. Telephone."

He paused while the men seized their hats and crammed some copy-paper into their pockets. The man with the book stuck it under his arm, but Billy gently extricated it. "I'll borrow this for the day to read between editions," he said. Then, to the man who had been writing, he added: "Take charge, Adkins. You'll probably have to hire cabs and messengers and launches and tugs and things. You really ought to be half way there now, you know."

The quartet, Adkins leading, made for the stairway on the run.

"Doring takes it coolly," said the young man who had been reading, when the four were seated, panting, in a subway train.

"He's always like that," replied Adkins, who was a veteran. "I remember one night when I was new on the paper — Doring was only acting city editor then — he called me up at my home about nine o'clock and drawled out in a matter-of-fact tone that President McKinley had been shot at Buffalo and if I had no engagements I might put on my hat and go up there. 'The train leaves in half an hour,' he added. That's Billy Doring."

Up in the city room, the little city editor stood musing for a minute over the volume in his hand.

"Copy! Copy! Copy!" suddenly screamed the sporting editor, a few yards away. Billy's eyes fastened on a chapter entitled "On Noise" in the book in his hand, and he read a few sentences to himself, smiling.

Then he marked the place with his pencil and handed it over to the sporting editor.

"Read some of that; it may compose your mind," he suggested.

On his way back to his table he stepped over to Douglas' desk. "We can swim in copy now," he said. "There's a big excursion boat afire."

"Good! Rush it! Rush it!" cried the assistant managing editor with appreciative vehemence.

The lean fingers of the cadaverous copy-reader were performing a St. Vitus' dance on the copy-paper. They jerked out at incredible speed a scrawl of perpendicular hieroglyphics which only Doring and the linotype magicians were able to read. As he wrote he chewed up voraciously, in the manner of an Italian eating spaghetti, strip after strip of copy-paper. Already, as Doring came up, six written pages lay scattered beside him. Doring smiled over these, marked a few cabalistic directions on them, murmured a word of approval, and at a nod sent a copy-boy flying away with them.

He seized the wrist of the make-up man, who was again shuffling morosely by.

"Lots of copy coming," he said. "Crowded excursion boat afire."

"I'm blamed glad to hear it!" said the other. "We can take all you give us."

He shuffled over to a chute through which the copy was sent upstairs to the linotypes.

"Rush that excursion-boat stuff ahead of everything!" he bawled.

The nervous banging of the linotypes upstairs became a more insistent note, and a clatter of telegraph instruments began.

Doring took out a coin and tapped with it gently on the table. A boy darted to him.

"Get me four cigars, and if they're not very big and very black I'll have you melted up for type," said Doring, with his pleasant smile.

The telephone rang with a confirmatory bulletin from Police Headquarters, and Doring turned the receiver over to the cadaverous copy-reader as Brill rushed up, flushed and excited.

"She's been run aground all ablaze from stem to stern," he cried. "The water's full of women and children. Crackajack story!"

"You might tell it quietly to Hoyt," said Doring, nodding at the cadaverous copy-reader, who was jamming down the telephone receiver.

The bell jingled again.

"I've got that stock-washing story. It's a ——" began a voice.

"Don't worry about it. Just run up to Spuyten Duyvil. There's an excursion boat afire. Big story. Good-by," said Doring.

Meanwhile he was glancing at each page of Hoyt's hieroglyphics as fast as it was written, and speeding it on its way to the linotypes. Without interrupting this supervision, he now wrote out, swiftly and without a single erasure, in his round, school-boy hand, an elaborate four-column caption for the story, and then rose to answer a bass bellow of "Doring!" from Douglas.

"What boat is that, Doring?" said Douglas sharply, as the city editor came up.

"The *Abraham Lincoln*," said Doring.

Douglas grunted sharply, and for a minute the two men looked into each other's eyes.

"You — your wife ——" Douglas ended in an inarticulate splutter; his vocal processes were not tuned to sympathy.

"I couldn't do anything up there — and we have to get out the paper," said Billy Doring quietly. "No use mentioning it about the office — any little thing sends the men up in the air on a day like this." A sudden nasal clamor from the streets came through the open window. "The yellows are out with it," he said, and then the insistent telephone called him again.

Douglas stared for a minute at Doring's retreating back. "Tea, boy, tea!" he bellowed. "Get me a can of strong black tea, quick!"

He began walking restlessly about the office, growling to himself, and kicking savagely at chairs and stools and crumpled newspapers in his path.

Pretty soon the story began to trickle in over the telephone from many sources. It came in drops, as it were, not as a logical, consecutive narrative, but as a series of inadequate, incoherent thimblefuls thrown carelessly at a news desk that raged with a thirst for gallon draughts. Over this tantalizing lack of the essential tale for the first edition the men lost their nerves and their tempers, and gradually a pandemonium of shrieks and howls and recriminations awoke in the office, so that a timid young chap who approached up the narrow stairs to invoke the mysterious editorial functions to proclaim his approaching nuptials, stood for a minute staring wide, and then precipitately fled.

From time to time the managing editor took part in and stimulated the uproar. He was a delicate-looking little man with a great bare dome of forehead, who lurked in a little glass sanctum in the corner of the room, from which he occasionally darted with a spider-like agility. On these sorties he emitted a series of sharp, biting inquiries which rasped the raw nerves of the staff like a file. Invariably he awoke the bass boom of Douglas' voice, the snarls of Merrihew, the quavering treble of Hoyt, and Brill's shrill tenor, in an emulative chorus.

Through these trying earlier stages of the day Billy Doring alone was the figure of silent efficiency, steadying all hands to their work, loosing the tension here and there with a whimsical suggestion backed by his quaint smile. . . .

And then the real work of the day began. The trickling story swelled to a torrential flood. The telephone wires were like great conduits voiding it into the office as into a reservoir. It inundated the place, threatened to drown them all in the fierce inrush of its mere bulk. And then Billy Doring, puffing a bit more briskly at one of those large black cigars, composed his forces to wrestle with the weltering problem.

It was a pitiful tale. The boat had been packed with sixteen hundred women and children. Some one had smelled smoke, and then flames were licking along the decks, and next the whole craft was a raging furnace. The captain was old and irresolute; the crew, after ineffectual efforts to stem the blaze with rotten hose that burst in their hands, leaped overboard in panic at the rush of the flames. Some passengers on the upper deck managed to get over a life-raft, which sank like a stone. There was a struggle for the life-preservers, the decayed canvas covering of which tore apart like paper, and then a scramble to get overboard. It was all so absurd and so costly in human life! The estimates of the number burned to death or drowned rose with each successive bulletin.

This was the tale that poured in from a dozen sources, distorted with contradictions and impossibilities and the errors and omissions of haste and confusion. Billy Doring kept a hand on each separate strand of the tale, weaving the whole into the fabric of a strong, coherent, dramatic narrative told in terse, sharp English without the gush of fine writing. He filled the gaps. He touched up Brill's bare copy with the word that meant color and light; he toned down Merrihew's lurid verbosity with well-timed strokes of his blue pencil; he simplified, with a word of substitution, Hoyt's incoherencies. He cut here, inserted something there, altered and molded and improved with the unerring artistic enthusiasm. And in the midst of this he would pause to soothe one of Douglas' terrible outbreaks or to satisfy the managing editor's restless queries, and gradually, under his quiet influence, a semblance of order came out of chaos, and the office, save for occasional spasms of panic, settled down to work like a well-oiled machine.

It was early in the afternoon that the cub reporter with an appetite for Schopenhauer called up with the first identifications of the dead.

"You might give them to me," said Doring.

There were two or three names beginning with the letters A, B, and C, and then the reporter said:

"Mrs. William Doring.

"Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

"How was the woman identified?" asked Billy quietly.

"Letters in a little red morocco satchel she carried," said the reporter. "I hope it's no relation of yours, Mr. Doring?"

"That's all right," said Doring's even voice. "Give the rest of the names to Mr. Brill."

He knew that red morocco satchel.

He saw Brill run to the telephone-booths, and then, mechanically, he wrote in the copy his wife's name, and below it: "Lucy Doring, 10 years old." After a minute, he erased this and substituted, "Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

A waiting boy reached out for the page, and as he did so he felt a hot drop fall upon the back of his hand. He looked up at Doring, and then his under jaw fell, and he stood, the paper held loosely in his hand, staring; for tears were trickling down the city editor's face.

"Go on, sonny," said the city editor huskily. He drew his sleeve hastily across his eyes. But his voice was clear again when, an instant later, he gave orders to run the list of names in heavy type in a block.

As he did so, the managing editor darted out of his den, flourishing a paper with a glaring caption.

"How is it we only get 500 dead and the *Journal* gets 700? Why can't we get as many as the other papers?" he cried, delivering at the city desk a volley of sharp, incisive oaths.

Doring smiled at him a little wanly. "Our latest estimate is 800, Mr. McDougall," he said. "We see their 700 and raise them a hundred."

The managing editor shook his paper furiously, and fled back to his den, where he sat gnawing a stub of pencil, a picture of rage and despair.

But Doring had turned immediately to a copy of his latest edition, and began systematically pruning and slashing and making marks for new inserts for the next impression. His nimble fingers scarcely stayed in this task while he turned to the ever-jingling telephone, gave quiet directions to his little army, kept a careful finger on the pulse of the news. The next edition, which went to press at 3.10, was the real test of a story, the chief goal of Doring's work. He wrestled cheerfully with the huge bulk of the thing, shaping, molding it into form.

"I think we'll have a good story," he sug-

"DORING PULLED THE HALF-WRITTEN SHEET FROM THE TYPEWRITER AND TORE IT INTO SEVERAL PIECES"

"'GOOD!' HE EXCLAIMED. 'ROAST 'EM HARD. A BIG ROAR'"

gested, smiling up at the make-up man, who was swearing ominously at the way the structure of the paper had been torn apart.

Over the office, people were watching Doring furtively. The copy-boy who had seen Billy's tears whispered awesomely to some of his fellows. The sporting editors had got the rumor and were staring at Doring over their neglected work. Some of the pressmen gathered in a flying group. "His wife and kid," said one. "Jee-rusalem! He's a calm one," ejaculated another. They kept an eye on Doring as they sweated over the machines. The telegraphers shook their heads at the news and stared portentously. The rumor invaded "The Desk" itself, and the copy-readers called out their orders in gentler tones. One of them whispered the report to Douglas, who sat now in a great litter of proofs and crumpled papers.

Douglas glanced over at Doring. The little man wore his quaint smile as he worked, but his face was very pale. "Doring!" shouted Douglas.

"I'm sorry, Doring," he spluttered, "condamn-founded sorry! I guess you wanter go — up there." He waved a hand vaguely toward the window. "Go ahead. We'll get the paper out."

"Thanks," said Doring, fixing Douglas with his smile. "I'll see this edition through. Then, if you can spare me, I think I'll go out and buy a pistol and shoot all the directors of the steamboat company, and the captain, and the government inspectors who passed those life-belts and hose — and then possibly myself. But I'll see this edition through all right first."

Again his telephone called him.

Douglas, as Doring turned away, brushed his hand across his eyes quickly.

"Tea, boy! Tea!" he bawled. "Get me a can of strong tea. Strong and black!"

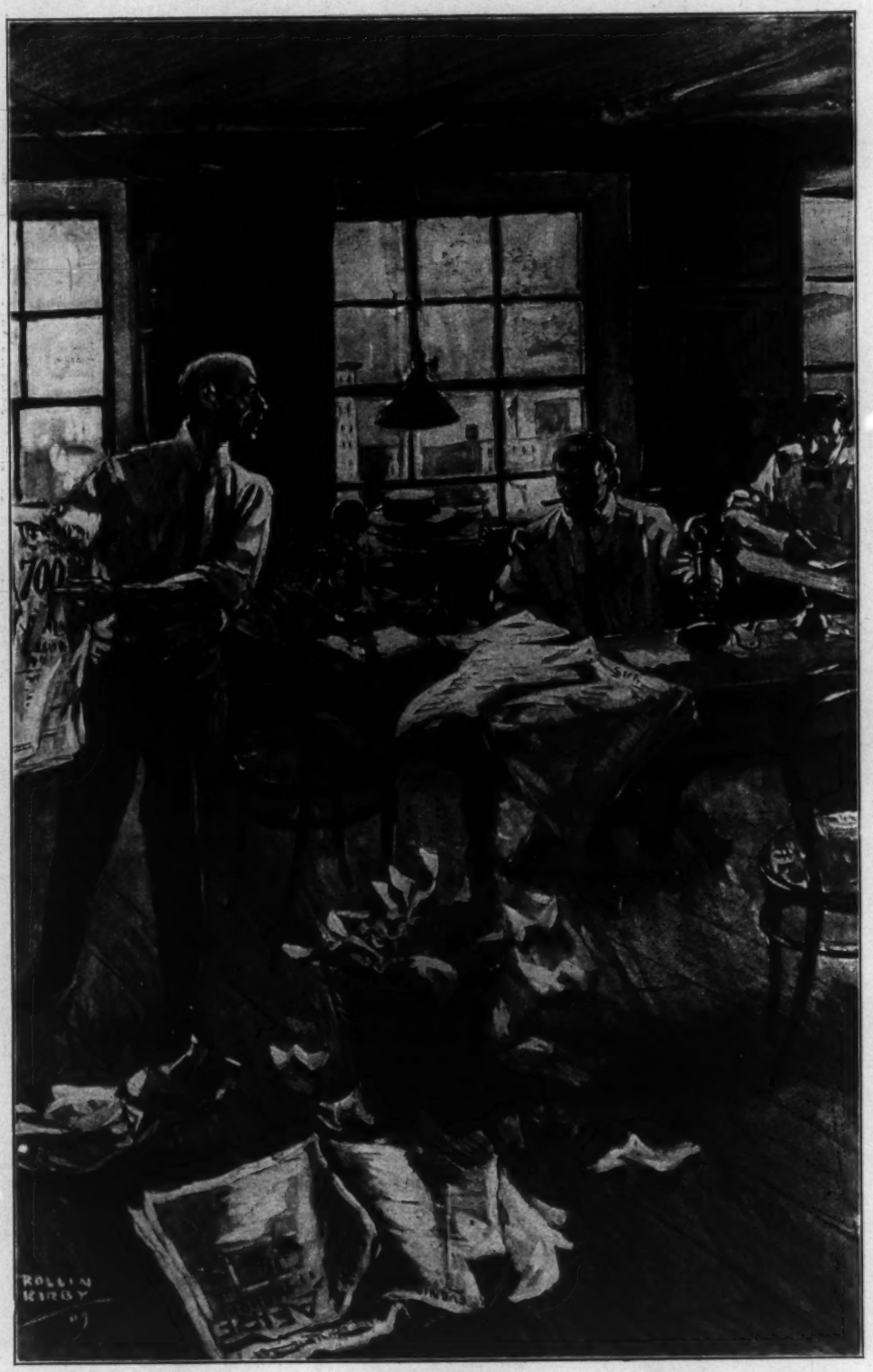
Doring lifted the telephone receiver.

"This is the city desk," he said, in his tone of mild inquiry.

"This is Anna," said a woman's voice.

"Anna! Lucy!" the words trembled from his lips.

"We're all right. You remember Lucy's swimming lessons in public school? Well, they saved us. We had to jump overboard, and I gave out, and the kid held me up until some




"'HOW IS IT WE ONLY GET FIVE HUNDRED DEAD, AND THE "JOURNAL" GETS SEVEN HUNDRED ?'"

"'LOTS OF COPY COMING,' HE SAID. 'CROWDED EXCURSION BOAT AFIRE'"

men in a rowboat picked us out. The only thing we lost was my red morocco satchel. I gave it to the mother of a little girl Lucy had been playing with to hold while I tried to get some life-preservers, and I never saw her again. I should have called you up before, Billy,— I know how anxious you must have been,— but I gave out completely for a while. But we're all right now — clothes dry and everything."

"Thank God!" said Doring.

His eye peered humorously over at Merrihew, who was nervously puffing great clouds from his bulldog pipe.

"That's the wife — safe," he said. "I guess we'll forget that roar about teaching fads and frills in the schools."

Sorting thoughtfully through the proofs on his desk, he drew out the list of identified dead and drew his blue pencil through two lines of this — his wife's name and the "Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

"Hold the forms for this correction," he said, handing the slip to the make-up man, who was shuffling past.

"I'd hold them a year for that, Billy," cried the make-up man, as he glanced at the bit of proof. "They're safe, then?"

"Safe!" said Doring.

All the office was watching and listening to this conversation. With the important edition only a few minutes away, the whole human machinery of the place had miraculously stopped. Even the managing editor — Douglas had told him the story — stood silent and motionless in the doorway of his den. And as the word "safe" framed itself on Billy's lips, a murmur spread from the copy-desks out to where the farthest pressman in the dim interior of the room stood, his idle hands on his hips, observing. The managing editor's sharp lips softened to a smile. He waved his arms aloft in a gesture that was meant to convey to Billy and to the world his congratulations, and as he did so the murmur grew to a hoarse cheer that shook the type in the cases.

Then suddenly Doring laid his head upon the shabby oak table and gave way to a paroxysm of sobs and hysterical laughter.

# VANITY OR THE VIEWPOINT

BY

STANLEY OLMSTED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

THE rehearsal was of the great scene in the third act of the poetic drama "Chorka," to be produced a fortnight later. Mrs. Rexie Oldnicks, the famous star, looked on while her leading man, young Wheatcliffe, did really very well with his lines preceding her own dagger plunge into his bosom. It was one of his moments of inspiration. Fired with the tragedy of his fate, he temperamentally required a very considerable portion of the stage. His voice rang out in the empty theater, resonant with youth and unhampered intensity. He hurled himself from the left wing to midway of the proscenium arch, and groveled sobbing at the feet of Chorka, otherwise Mrs. Rexie. But the feet of Chorka were cold, to put it poetically. And Mrs. Rexie stepped from her assumed character into herself and was yet colder.

"That's all very well," she said dryly. "But as the supposed star of this production, where do *I* come in?"

Young Wheatcliffe tumbled from Helicon. His face bore the look of sudden blight. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Oldnicks," he stammered. "But I'm about to be torn apart by wild horses, you know, and — and — I've been all these weeks trying to get the real thrill of it as I got it then. I had sort of thought you would want me eventually to act up to you, seeing it's the great scene."

Mrs. Rexie was withering. "No doubt you will soon be alluding to it as 'our great scene,'" she said.

Of a sudden young Wheatcliffe felt reckless. This part was the greatest opportunity life had yet offered, and he risked it in his reply, and met Mrs. Oldnicks' blasting look unflinchingly.

"Well?" he said, "well? — Isn't it?"

Ten feet away a group of awe-struck extra people shuddered. Mrs. Rexie turned very purple, and then very spotted and purple.

"Honest to God," she finally murmured, with infinite repression, "I *am* the star of this show. You may not think so, but I am — honest to God!"

She collapsed into a chair with a laugh somewhere midway of derision and hysteria.

Down the dark aisle of the theater a little crumply-headed man was hurrying. "What's the rumpus?" he shouted, before reaching the stage.

No one was ready to shout back an explanation. The awe-struck extra people looked from one to another. Two or three minor principals who had "lines" in the act grouped themselves well to one side and out of it, awaiting the issue with keen expectancy.

Thus kept in suspense in his own play-house, Brescio overlooked his ordinary though by no means invariable dignity. Omitting the detour stageward through the boxes, he clambered across the footlights with the help of a chair occupied during performances by the bass fiddler.

In atonement he uprighted himself serenely and took possession of center stage with portentous brow — an arbiter of destiny, formidable and plump.

"And now," he said, eying his star and her leading man with solicitude for the one and stern disapproval for the other, "tell me the rumpus."

Wheatcliffe perceived his chance to be about that of the mouse when the lion, violating the traditional meekness of lions, has turned hostile. He was silent. Although no coward, a certain purely artistic reaction, comprising many reminiscences of poverty and privation and vivid insignificance, caused him to avert his gaze.

Mrs. Rexie found slow breath more slowly to explain:

"I had him come an hour previous to your own time, to try to get this scene in some sort of shape for you. It doesn't go. It will never go. I cannot act with Mr. Wheatcliffe."

Brescio glowered again fiercely toward the offending actor, but in some bewilderment. He ended by mopping his brow with an ornate handkerchief.

"You work too hard with these people," he finally said to Mrs. Oldnicks soothingly. "I thought we agreed that we had that wild horse

and dagger scene licked into shape a full week ago."

Mrs. Rexie tapped her foot. She spoke with the stoicism usually incidental to irritation. "A week ago — that's just it. Mr. Wheatcliffe had some sense of proportion a week ago. One knew the Princess Chorka was on the stage. But Mr. Wheatcliffe has been worse every day. I've been waiting, Forsyth Brescio, for your own restraining hand. Farcical patience — you haven't said boo! To-day I took the liberty of calling a rehearsal during your office hours. Result: Mr. Wheatcliffe reads his lines like a syndicated star supported by a graphaphone. I raise natural objection to being the graphaphone. Result: Mr. Wheatcliffe is insolent. No, no!" The foot-tapping rose to *forte*, to *fortissimo*. "It's no go. We don't work together."

"I didn't hear what he said," pacified the manager-producer, "but I happened to be peeping through the lobby door, and I'm sure he said *some*thing."

"He was insolent," cried Mrs. Rexie. "In the presence of these people, he was insolent."

She glanced around. Her eye alighted, probably by accident, on Brincka Hinckersdorf, a young woman of seventeen, who was to play a panting messenger in a short tunic.

"'Deed, Mr. Brescio," chirped up Brincka, believing herself summoned as witness, "he *said* things!" It was Brincka's priceless opportunity.

The manager, however, was deaf and unappreciative. "Suppose we tell these extra people to clean out," he said, "while we talk things over. You may go," he added, addressing the group directly through Brincka, thereby stigmatizing her cruelly as one of the class she thought she'd left behind. "You extra people may all retire below stairs for twenty minutes—or, rather, till I call you."

"HIS RIGHT FOREARM FLEW FORWARD WITH A PECULIAR SWIFT UPWARDNESS OF CURVE"

Those with lines took the hint as well as those without them. Mrs. Rexie Oldnicks and her producing manager and leading man were left in sole possession.

"And now," began Mr. Forsyth Brescio, "perhaps I can personally *request* Mr. Wheatcliffe to play the part of Saranoff as Mrs. Oldnicks would require it. I say 'request,' Mr. Wheatcliffe! We are, you know, in a courteous profession." The manager looked very formidably out from under his tumbled Hebraic curls, not, as might be supposed, at the culprit, but into visionary vacancy somewhere afar off. "We are in a profession, Mr. Wheatcliffe, where no per-

"'HAS SHE SAID SO?' DAUNTLESSLY INSISTED MRS. WHEATCLIFFE"

son lacking in gentle breeding ever arises to eminence. Therefore I say 'request.'"

Young Wheatcliffe had a too distinct sense of having lost out, in the inevitable final outcome, to exert further caution. For five weeks, now, he had in every thinkable instance, as it seemed to him, literally "crawled" — possibly excepting his tentative challenge of to-day. He had crawled, first, because it was a woman who exacted the attitude, and under certain circumstances a man is only upright when he is prone. He had crawled for the sake of the part — a great part, for all the leeches Mrs. Rexie might apply to it. He had crawled for the sake of the author, Tupton — a good fellow, who, collaborating with Brescio, seemed to have done a good deal of the writing of this drama. And this author had urged Wheatcliffe, beyond strict prerogatives, as his ideal type for the hero. But, most of all, he had crawled for the sake of Annie — Annie, his wife, who had been allotted the part of Mirska, Queen of the Wantons, and who could thus be with him during the entire run, while they kept on paying for the little house and garden — very particularly the garden — uptown in the Bronx. In certain former seasons, last winter, for instance, she had toured with road companies in the South and West, that they might not have to relinquish it. She had spent the preceding month of May in a hospital in Galveston, the city where she had at length given out.

All these things passed in their usual succession before young Wheatcliffe's eyes. But he saw too clearly and logically the fatality of Mrs. Rexie's will in the matter. From the first, or almost from the first, she had been vaguely antagonistic to his work, his methods, himself. Brescio, frankly contented with him in the beginning, had of late, and very apparently, not dared to be. Tupton, the author, had been his mainstay and comfort. But then, Tupton was but a writer whose plays could be produced when some manager's name was hyphenated into them; his power had its limits. It was a losing game.

To Mr. Brescio's discourse on the text "request," therefore, he made the following reply:

"'YES,' SAID MRS. REXIE, 'IT'S A PEACH OF A WIG. I WANT TO SEE HOW YOU LOOK IN IT'"

"Mr. Brescio, in this particular show I clearly see the good taste, not to say the necessity, of doing anything and all things as Mrs. Oldnicks would require. The great difficulty lies in ascertaining just what Mrs. Oldnicks would require. It strikes me as being up to Mrs. Oldnicks to try to decide what she really wishes to require. Yesterday Mrs. Oldnicks had me too passive and cold. To-day I'm too active and intense. To-morrow I may be too——"

"Enough!" snorted Brescio. "You are an impudent puppy, sir. You are a pot-walloping cad of an elevated super, trebly damned. You are——"

Any further exposition of Mr. Wheatcliffe's identity was interrupted by Mr. Wheatcliffe's own gesture. Without conscious volition, his right forearm flew forward with a peculiar swift upwardness of curve. Mr. Brescio staggered at the impact of the blow, half fell, then caught at his nose; which timely act saved him from humiliation in kissing his own sod, so to speak. The nose in question happened to be a serviceable classic aquiline. The blood trickled — though in no alarming manner. The chief damage appeared to be a strange collapse somewhere inside the spiritual mechanism of the author-manager-producer. For the time being, at least, as he swayed clinging to his nostrils, he was neutral, colorless, inert. His pristine imaginative power, his hypnotic focus of vision, his thunderbolt impressionism (conveying the untapped undercurrent), seemed to have left him. During that brief moment he looked al-

most apologetic. He certainly seemed harmless.

Mrs. Rexie had been on the point of screaming. Very unexpectedly she checked herself. Eventually she said, employing certain dry monotones of her stage speech:

"There's a faucet, you know, and towels, in my dressing-room."

Brescio retired to follow the implied instructions.

Mr. Wheatcliffe addressed her as coolly as he could: "The regular rehearsal has been called for this morning at eleven o'clock. I suppose I'm to regard myself as excused from attendance?"

Within Mrs. Rexie's temperamental bosom there appeared to be going on some odd conflict. She was still very white, with anger, irritation, excitement; her burnished hair, somehow more suggestive of a poppy-field than of Titian, arose above her straight, narrow forehead like a heavy crown of thick flame, or like an incantation to her genius. She made as if to speak, and then her lips tightened into silence. Her eyes softened and hardened again. They underwent changing bluenesses of the iris and expansions and contractions of the pupil. Wheatcliffe confidently awaited some reply to the effect that he might regard himself as whatever he condemnedly pleased. He was, indeed, prepared rather to relish that kind of an answer — as a man whose house is afire might relish the blue flame from his medicine-chest.

He had to be disappointed. Mrs. Rexie Oldnicks finally compromised on averting her face and turning deliberately around in her chair. Wheatcliffe retired before the expressive symbolism of her back, rigid in what an architect might call a full-front elevation.

## II

Tupton, former newspaper man, latterly author, dramatist, collaborator of "Chorka," called at the little house and garden in the Bronx along about twilight of the same day. It was the first time he had thus honored Mr. Wheatcliffe, though he had often promised to do so. He found the young actor pensive on the front porch, with his beautiful wife. The hour was the one out of all the twenty-four most notable for the conjuring of somber meditations. A mere remnant of sunset was chilling to a dead ocher over their neighbor's cupola. The very box-bushes bordering their trim walk were eloquent of depression. Tupton feared he had selected the worst possible because the most thoughtfully punctual moment.

He was mistaken. Lost in their own reflections, the young couple noted his step on the gravel but vaguely. He had reached their veranda, indeed, before they awakened to any perception he could claim as personal. From Tupton's standpoint, at least, their immediate pride and pleasure was pathetic. And from his own cynicism this poor playwright took refuge in all the cordiality he felt (which was considerable), and in originalities about the beauty of the house and the garden and the sustained excellence of the weather. He accepted the deepest and roomiest of wicker chairs, moved forward by the beaming Mrs. Wheatcliffe. There were rich opening moments of levitation for everybody. Then came sympathetic halts and lulls; following these, absent-minded waits in monosyllables. Everybody wanted to talk about what nobody wished to speak of.

"Suppose we go inside," said Wheatcliffe, at length. "It's growing quite dark, you see. And, I say, Annie — suppose you get whatever happens to be on the ice in the refrigerator, and glasses. Don't forget the openers, Annie. Plenty of them somewheres around — upstairs, maybe! While you're about it you might crack some ice, quite a good deal of it, Annie, and put it in a bowl, in case it should be needed for variety's sake."

During these formulae Wheatcliffe had lighted the electrics in a commodious sitting-room: the happy result of a removed partition once dividing a stuffy parlor from a yet stuffier hallway.

"I really must repeat," said Tupton, sinking to another wicker chair and a proffered pipe with enthusiasm. "You have made yourself a nice corner here — a bully corner!"

Wheatcliffe sighed. "We've tried to individualize it. Everybody does, I suppose. People are fearfully similar when they begin to get individual!" He sighed again: "If we only could keep it!"

He glanced about, worried. Mrs. Wheatcliffe had vanished in pursuance of instructions. With tact and intuition, she had closed the door behind her.

"I sent her out,"— the actor made a gesture with his thumb,— "because I wanted to hear the inside of whatever you've heard or think about the rumpus. My wife knows the main outline already, of course. I had to meet her at the stage door this morning, coming to the regular rehearsal, just as I took leave of the special one — she read it instantly in my face! I made her go right to her work, though, as if nothing had happened, and nobody bothered her, but they all stared a good deal. So when she got home, there was no getting around

giving her some of the facts. But I should like to keep *her* out of it. I should like to keep her out of it just as much as possible."

Tupton pulled at the long-stemmed pipe. "Sorry, old boy, but you can't do that. That's one of the bad things about it. You can't do that."

"But how foolish!" protested Wheatcliffe, though in great anxiety. "In the profession she's Ann Worthington, I'm Henry Wheatcliffe. Surely this is the one occupation in the world where matrimony keeps on the outside in every inside arrangement."

"Generally speaking, yes." Tupton was much concerned in adjusting the elastic portion of his pipe-stem.

"Well, then?"

"I'll confess I'm puzzled myself ——"

"Oh, as far as that goes," broke in the actor, "it's all up with *me*, of course! Old Forsyth B. might have stood by me and seen me through, in his own offensive fashion, if I only hadn't ——"

Tupton interrupted: "But he couldn't have seen you through, my boy. Even if he'd wanted to, he couldn't. When it comes to that part I shall never cease to be glad you swatted him one sound on his organ of inquisition. Why, that man has actually made me change a noonday to a moonrise, so that he might introduce two new colors of starlight on Mrs. Rexie's front bang! The change meant twenty of my best lines cut clean to the cloister! And that's but the last and least of a hundred more. Why didn't you do it twice, Wheatcliffe, while you were at it?"

"Do I understand you to mean Brescio couldn't have helped me out if I'd played down to him?" exclaimed Wheatcliffe.

"Helped you *out?* Literally, yes. Or harmed you out. You see, it would have harmed more than helped. Or that's the probability. Anyway, you appear to have been doomed — pronouncing it that way."

"Do go on," urged Wheatcliffe. "I never played Hamlet, but I memorized that line about my prophetic soul. Do go on!"

"In this business," pursued Tupton, with many puffs between words, "it is the playwright who learns slowly. But he learns. I have learned many things. One by one. Just like little drops of water. Just like little grains of sand."

"For heaven's sake, man," pleaded the actor, "do go on. My wife may be back any moment. She's taking a more than mercifully long time as it is."

Tupton grew obligingly brisk. "Heaven has hidden those openers and ice-picks for us. Well, to hurry with it, Mrs. Rexie is the secret real owner or three-fourths owner of all Forsyth Brescio's productions. And, wherever her desire or prejudice may or may not be law, it is assuredly law in 'Chorka.' Mrs. Rexie has much poetry of nature, you know, and a code respecting her own sex: the unfortunate, much-divorced sex, which she believes in treating kindly. Mrs. Rexie has, therefore, been hitting at the Madame Wheatcliffe — Mirska, Queen of the Wantons — through Madame Wheatcliffe's husband, the company's leading man. Or, at least, so Brescio tells me this afternoon, in the most confidential and touching of heart-to-hearts that ever happened between two men who, as co-authors of a play, ought naturally to be secretive one from the other."

To this rapid-fire monologue the actor had listened speechless. He raised an astonished face.

"It's a case of exaggerated good looks, according to Brescio," explained Tupton. "Mrs. Rexie has felt that Mirska was too presentable in her one great scene particularly to strengthen the position of the injured Princess Chorka."

"Has she *said* so?"

The question sounded in a feminine voice above the chink of ice, spoons, and bottles, borne in on a salver. Mrs. Wheatcliffe appeared with gracious smiles about the lips, heightened color for the cheeks, and a much excited light in the eyes.

"Has she *said* so?"

"Hebe eavesdropping," cried Tupton. "My word!"

"Injustice," defended the lady. "When I was on the point of coming in, and had to hear something about Heaven being merciful in keeping me searching for openers, I stayed out in pure consideration ——"

"And heard all."

"And I want to know, *has she said so?*" dauntlessly insisted Mrs. Wheatcliffe.

"You mean, I suppose, did Mrs. Rexie dwell on Mirska's superior charms in daily confessions to her manager. Telling you the truth, I'm inclined to believe she did not. It was, I'm inclined to surmise, a case for Brescio, intuitive poet of lime-light and bass gongs, to fathom. Brescio *feels* that Mrs. Rexie has felt Mirska to be too beautiful. It is a case of divination, involving his knowledge of Mrs. Rexie's velvet-glove principle toward her own sex. Moreover, Mrs. Rexie has, it seems, accepted Brescio's championship of this morning in a manner closely akin to ingratitude. She has been, he seems to think, distinctly snippy. Naturally, he feels hurt to have it all come back, circuitously, on his own poor head — or say, rather,

his nose. It may not be exaggeration to say he's bruised beyond reparation to his feelings, if not to his face."

"Mrs. Oldnicks admired Harry in the beginning — I know she did," declared Mrs. Wheatcliffe. "And she was so extra nice to me that I foolishly told her about the long blonde wig I was going to have made for the part, and how nice a good blonde wig always made me look. I even asked her if she objected to white draperies with crimson roses, and she didn't seem to mind a bit: though she did advise pink with garlands of ivy, as she had to wear white herself. That was Brescio's idea, she said, and, in the end, he was the best judge of such things."

The husband nodded acquiescence. "No doubt of that," he agreed sincerely.

"An especial expert in shades of starlight!" parenthesized the playwright.

"And I don't at all doubt but Brescio is right," argued the wife. "The whole trouble has been my own foolish vanity. She probably resented it without wanting to say so, which is nature. I happen to be still in my twenties, which may seem an advantage to begin with — though how foolish of her, with her wonderful acting and magnetism! Some school-girl at a matinée might think I looked the nicer of the two because, maybe, my features are more regular. But the bulk of the public would forget I'm around before she'd said six lines."

"It might go hard with you if they didn't," suggested Tupton.

The little woman warmed to her championship. "Now, really, Mr. Tupton," she urged, "that's unjust, and not a bit nice. At heart Mrs. Oldnicks is modest — more modest than she ought to be by rights. That's why she thinks mistakenly she can't trust her powers against little obstacles of effect, which break down before her magnetism like brittle glass."

"In short, she raises her voice and smashes things," said Tupton, but with such supreme good humor as to compel a laugh from everybody. "Oh, well, this is capital beer, and let's remember something better, and forget it."

"Something better — ye-es," agreed poor Wheatcliffe, trying hard to fall in. "I suppose it will some day be the same, of course. But Annie and I haven't been together five months in all out of the last two years. And the mortgage on this place — oh, dear — oh, dear!" He broke loose suddenly in the boyish abandon which, being a part of him, made him the born actor. "Why can't I learn to control myself! Why must I be such a headstrong mucker — such a prig of an unbridled ass!"

"Because, kiddo, you were cut out for a theatrical star," consoled Tupton, laying an arm about his shoulder. "Only, just now, and for the next hour, forget it."

"Sure," emphasized the wife.

The idea was toasted.

## III

From Tupton, in the course of his visit, Mrs. Wheatcliffe ascertained that there was to be no rehearsal until the following night; also that Charles Gleason, touring in the South, had been telegraphed for, in the hope that he might abandon his starring venture and accept the vacancy as Mrs. Oldnicks' leading man.

On the morrow, therefore, very secretly, while her husband slept after a rather bad and wakeful night, Mrs. Wheatcliffe arrayed herself for Manhattan. Three quarters of an hour later she had been admitted to Mrs. Rexie's boudoir, at her apartment west of the Park. The distinguished star explained that she had arisen from bed to receive her. Over a silken night-robe she had thrown a Japanese state attiré of black satin, clotted with gold cat-tails and heavy with wistaria broidered in scarlet.

If Mrs. Wheatcliffe prided herself on any particular faculty, it was that she was "smooth." She had planned this visit, point for point, with the strategy of a politician, the subtlety of a diplomatist. She would do nothing so crude or obvious as to plead for her husband. Her manner of winning over Mrs. Rexie should take another course altogether — a course that should assume his fate for granted, foregone.

"It's an unheard-of hour," frankly declared Mrs. Rexie, though not ungraciously, "and the clerk disobeyed my strictest orders in ringing me up."

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Oldnicks, he wasn't to blame," pleaded Mrs. Wheatcliffe. "You see, he's a very young clerk, and I just *made* him!"

Mrs. Wheatcliffe had childlike blue eyes which opened very wide when she was very much in earnest. "I just felt you'd see me. I exerted a will current," she added.

In the sleeve of her kimono Mrs. Oldnicks concealed a smile which might have been a yawn. "It doesn't always work so well — but I'm glad you came," she said. "Of course, something very especial has brought you — only something very especial brings anybody — when they all begin to come often!"

If this had the disadvantage of being less kindly, it had the merit of being more complicated. Mrs. Wheatcliffe didn't try to follow the exact shadings of Mrs. Oldnicks' cynicism. Hers was a simple though dauntless nature. Anyway, she might not forget that she was and must be smooth; and that, after all, Mrs. Rexie

had been awfully kind to let her come up at all.

"Of course," she replied, "dear Mrs. Oldnicks, of course it is. It concerns our scene. You know, I just live in this new play of ours, and I've been thinking over my get-up a lot. Now, you know, before it's too late to change things, I wanted to know if you didn't agree. Don't you think it's wrong for me to make up Mirska as pretty? She ought to have a slightly character make-up, don't you think? You see, she is really a very bad woman, and ought to be totally unlike Chorka, who is angelic. She ought to have black hair——"

"But I thought you simply counted on blonde hair!" exclaimed Mrs. Rexie.

"That was a mistake. It ought to be black hair. I look simply atrocious in black hair; really mean, you know. And——"

From Mrs. Rexie a ringing laugh interrupted, a delightful laugh this time, bubbling in humor, without hint of satire or bitterness.

"Child!" cried the star. "What has Forsyth Brescio been telling you?"

"Indeed and honest, I haven't seen Mr. Brescio to speak to for days. I've been thinking it all out for myself."

Once more Mrs. Oldnicks reverted to the mannerism of the kimono sleeve. Then she assumed preoccupation with a bronze Buddha cross-legged on her writing-desk. The younger actress failed to note any twinkle in the older actress' eye. She wondered if she'd offended — if, after all, she were less smooth than she considered herself. Her fear was more than half realized when Mrs. Oldnicks looked up again with set lips and a stern brow.

"You are right," said the star. "As Forsyth Brescio has insisted, *against my own contention*, for some time, it is ruinous for Mirska to outshine the Princess."

"Of course," agreed Annie. "Mirska ought to be quite homely. And I can look just as homely as they make 'em."

Mrs. Oldnicks appeared to have some difficulty about her chest. She coughed and blew her nose violently.

"I can look just as homely as they make 'em," Annie ventured once more. "Indeed, I rather prefer looking homely. I sometimes wish I were old enough to play nothing but character parts."

Mrs. Oldnicks had a sudden idea. She vanished into her inner bedroom. In a moment she reappeared, holding something aloft. It shimmered in the light and hung in molten skeins, a veritable flaxen cascade against the gold and crimson and black of Mrs. Rexie's satin robe. Annie cried out in rapture.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rexie, "it's a peach of a wig. I want to see how you look in it."

With dexterous facility Annie adjusted the Naiad tresses over her own soft brown locks. The silken gleam enveloped her like a garment of light. Half way to the floor fell the ripples.

"Oh," cried Annie, gazing at her image in the mirror. "Oh, how lovely!"

"Lovely indeed," curtly agreed Mrs. Oldnicks. "You are right. As a blonde you are much too lovely. That is what I wanted to see. It will never do for Mirska to look that well."

"Certainly," said Annie. "But I wasn't meaning me; I was meaning the wig."

"It's a wonderful wig," Mrs. Oldnicks began. "When I first went on the stage — turning my back forever on society — I was extravagant about everything. I bought that wig for my first part. It is the hair of a Danish girl, and I paid her eighteen hundred dollars for it, which made her quite rich in her own eyes, and she married her poor lover and lived happy ever after, quite like a fairy story. It ought, therefore, to be a wig of good omen. But I never wore it."

"Oh, why?" involuntarily exclaimed Annie, and then felt absurd and foolish, as Mrs. Oldnicks casually lifted a slim hand to adjust a huge crimson coil.

"I didn't wear it," she replied, "because Forsyth Brescio advised me to stand by the color of hair Fate had given me as long as Fate would stand by it herself — and to reproduce it as nearly as possible when Fate should back down. We decided there would be no trademark like it."

"Oh," cried Annie, in dismay, "to speak like that of your glorious hair!"

"Anyhow," concluded Mrs. Oldnicks, "you must not be a blonde as Mirska. . . . I'm going to try a bargain on you. Suppose — I say *suppose* — I should agree to patch up the trouble between your husband and Brescio. Will you put Mirska in a straight black wig and be amiable?"

"I really want to, you know," replied Annie.

"But that isn't all. You have much too straight a nose; much too lovely a chin. Will you offset them with a few crow's-feet — mere lines of dissipation, you know?"

"I think the part requires it," said Annie.

"And don't you think she ought to have a swarthy complexion? There was something gipsy about her, you remember."

"Sure," cried Annie. "She ought to be almost as dark as a mulatto."

"Just so; and her robe should be indigo and carmine, with copper — all suggesting heavy lustfulness, sloth, coarseness, don't you think?

Really, the indigo and carmine outdoes Brescio on inspiration. It will be so artistically hideous. You will make her lips very thick——"

"Sort of swollen," enthused Annie.

"And give her bare feet. On the stage, you know, they combine an effect of wantonry with one of extreme awkwardness. I guess that's about all. You might put a ring in her nose, of course, but——"

"If you want me to I'm perfectly willing, you know," said Annie.

"No, no; we won't have the ring. It might be bad for you. You might get blood-poisoning or something. And now, for all this, we are supposing a bargain, in which I take your husband back."

Whereupon Annie forgot her smoothness entirely. She seized Mrs. Oldnicks' hands. Almost she dropped upon her knees. "Oh, dear, good Mrs. Rexie," she pleaded, "won't you take him back? I know he wants to play the part as you want it. In time he'll get your exact idea — I know he will. He's only a headstrong boy, you know! He was an only child, you know, and his mother was a widow, and he was awfully spoiled at home. But he is so sorry he was rude to you. I almost believe he will apologize to Mr. Brescio, too, because, after all, Mr. Brescio was only taking your part. And we were doing so well with the mortgage! And it was so lovely to be together!"

"No apologies to Brescio will be necessary," pronounced Mrs. Rexie. "Brescio has an eradicable temper, which may take its course. Now go home to your husband, child. I'll think it all over."

## IV

It was the hour of seven, rehearsal having been called for eight at the theater. Four people seated just off stage were in the act of straightening their recent entanglement. They had done very well. The home stretch was in sight. Their names, personally speaking, were Mrs. Henry Wheatcliffe, Mr. Henry Wheatcliffe, Mrs. Rexie Oldnicks, and Mr. Forsyth Brescio.

"But I really should like to apologize to Mr. Brescio openly and candidly," said Henry. "You see, it all dawned upon me afterwards: he was rebuking me for a lady."

"No apologies," banned Mrs. Rexie. "Mr. Brescio addressed you, possibly in my defense, with a mannerism of speech. You replied with a mannerism of gesture. You are quits. We all have our individual preference in mannerisms." (Mrs. Wheatcliffe insisted ever afterward that at this point her husband had received a perfectly devoted glance from the great emotional actress.)

"But you labor under one delusion," said Mrs. Rexie, again addressing her reinstated leading man. "You think I want you to underact your part. I have never wanted you to do that any more than I've wanted you to overact it. I want a good, well-balanced ensemble, that's all. I want it a great deal. Nemesis hangs over me in every new play. I get terribly keyed up. I shall try to be more patient, but — my outside life hasn't had the happiness yours promises. You, in your turn, must be patient with me."

To everybody's astonishment, Mrs. Rexie's eyes showed danger of filling. That was her rarest emotional excess — when she wasn't acting.

"Meanwhile," she continued, while the young actor listened, half reverent, half ashamed, wholly remorseful, "treasure above all things, and whatever success may come through the success this play is sure to bring you — treasure this little wife. For you she is ready to make the greatest sacrifice any woman ever made for a man. For you she is willing to make herself hideous during a whole New York season, that I may be as contrastingly beautiful as I demand to be."

"It's no sacrifice, indeed, dear Mrs. Rexie," began the young woman. "None whatever. I like these character make-ups. Indeed, I don't mind them at all."

"Nonsense! Moreover, I'm not such a goose. Of course I want you to be just as beautiful as you possibly can be, and of course Brescio does, too — dear old two-faced, utterly erratic, warm-hearted, cowardly, impetuous genius of a Brescio!" Mrs. Rexie paused for breath.

"I've brought down the blonde wig," she said at length; and, to their combined amazement, produced the article in question from under her automobile cloak. "I want gentle Annie to have it for her own — it makes a dream of her even in a print muslin gown. Moreover, it's a wig of good omen. Annie and her Henry will always live happy together, because Annie will own this wig."

Annie clasped hands of rapture.

But a new memory was torturing poor Henry. He fidgeted uneasily in his chair. Finally he confessed his dilemma. It referred to Charles Gleason, the new leading man for whom the manager had telegraphed. "I suppose he and I can have it out together," he brooded, "if he comes."

"Charles Gleason!" began Brescio. "Why, that half-shilling cyclone of jumping barns should never act on my stage, though I put

show girls to playing my heroes! Who is Charles Gleason? An old-form ranter, accidentally young! A circus strutter, held upright by a well-shaped leg! A penny mummer for battalioned low-brows! And he actually had the impudence to wire me in a curt reply, saying he was doing very well and suggesting a vaudeville head-liner salary as possible temptation. If ever he gets another offer from me, I'll——"

Nobody stopped to hear what might happen in that event. Everybody felt perfectly all right. The company was arriving in groups. Mrs. Rexie had drawn Mrs. Wheatcliffe aside with plans for her perfection. "My own draperies are designed, not by the costumer, but by Flemming the sculptor," she said. "It costs. But I'm going to take you to him, in your blonde wig, and then we'll see things done in the beauty line for Mirska." . . .

"All of which goes to prove," remarked Tupton, commenting on the situation long afterward, "that Mrs. Rexie must overdo a thing, intensely overdo it, if she's to do it any sort of simple justice."

# NOT THIS WORLD

## BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

SHALL I not give this world my heart, and well,
If for naught else, for many a miracle
Of spring, and burning rose, and virgin snow?—
*Nay, by the spring that still shall come and go*
*When thou art dust, by roses that shall blow*
*Across thy grave, and snows it shall not miss,*
*Not this world, oh, not this!*

Shall I not give this world my heart, who find
Within this world the glories of the mind—
That wondrous mind that mounts from earth to God?—
*Nay, by the little footways it hath trod,*
*And smiles to see, when thou art under sod,*
*And by its very gaze across the abyss,*
*Not this world, oh, not this!*

Shall I not give this world my heart, who hold
One figure here above myself, my gold,
My life and hope, my joy and my intent?—
*Nay, by that form whose strength so soon is spent,*
*That fragile garment that shall soon be rent,*
*By lips and eyes the heavy earth shall kiss,*
*Not this world, oh, not this!*

Then this poor world shall not my heart disdain?
Where beauty mocks and springtime comes in vain,
And love grows mute, and wisdom is forgot?
*Thou child and thankless! On this little spot*
*Thy heart hath fed, and shall despise it not;*
*Yea, shall forget, through many a world of bliss,*
*Not this world, oh, not this!*

# PSYCHOLOGY AND THE MARKET

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

A LONG time before New York and Chicago were discovered, there lived an alchemist who sold an unfailing prescription for making gold from eggs. He sold it at a high price, on a contract that he was to refund the whole sum in case the prescription was carried through and did not yield the promised result. It is said that he never broke the contract and yet became a very rich man. His prescription was that the gold-seeker should hold a pan over the fire with the yolks of a dozen eggs in it and stir them for half an hour without ever thinking of the word hippopotamus. Many thousands tried, and yet no one succeeded. The fatal word, which perhaps they never had thought of before, now always unfortunately rushed into their minds, and the more they tried to suppress it, the more it was present. That good man was a fair psychologist. He knew something of the laws of the mind, and although he may have been unable to transform eggs into gold, he understood instead how to transform psychology into gold. Psychology has made rapid progress since those times in which the alchemist cornered the market, but our modern commerce and industry so far have profited little from the advance. Goods are manufactured and distributed, bought and sold; at every stage the human mind is at work, since human minds are the laborers, are the salesmen, are the buyers; and yet no one consults the exact knowledge of the science that deals with the laws and characteristics of the human mind.

How curiously this situation contrasts with our practical application of physical science! We can hardly imagine a state in which we should allow the scholarly physicist to have steam engines and telegraphs in his laboratory rooms and yet make no effort to put these inventions to practical use in the world of industry and commerce. But just that is the situation in the world of mental facts. The laboratories for the study of inner life flourish, experiments are made, inventions are tested, new vistas are opened; but practical life goes on without making use of all these psychological discoveries. It is, indeed, as if the steam engine were confined to the laboratory table, while in the practical world work were still done clumsily by the arms of slaves.

The only fields in which the psychical experiment has been somewhat translated into practical use are those of education and medicine. The educational expert has slowly begun to understand that the attention and the interest of the school child, his imitations and his play, his memory and his fatigue, deserve careful psychological study. The painstaking studies of the laboratory have shown how the old teacher, in spite of his common sense, too often worked with destructive methods. Whole school plans had to be revised, the mental hygiene of the school-room had to be changed, educational prejudices had to be swept away.

In a similar way psychological knowledge gradually leaked into the medical world also. The power of suggestion, with all its shadings, from slight psychotherapeutic influence to the deepest hypnotic control, is slowly becoming a tool of the physician. The time has come when it is no longer excusable that our medical students should enter professional life without a knowledge of scientific psychology. They do not deserve sympathy if they stand aghast when quacks and mystics are successful where their own attempts at curing have failed. It can be foreseen that reform in this field is near, and it may be admitted that even those healing knights errant have helped to direct the public interest to the overwhelming importance of psychology in medicine. For education and medicine alike the hope seems justified that the laboratory work of the psychologist for the practical needs of men will not be in vain.

We are much farther from this end in the field of law. Certainly the psychologist knows better than any one that he has neither a prescription to remove crime from the world nor an instrument to see to the bottom of the mind of the defendant or to make the witness speak nothing but the truth. Nevertheless, he knows that an abundance of facts has been secured

by experimental methods which might be helpful in the prevention of crime, in the sifting of evidence, and in the securing of truthful confession. Every word of the witness depends on his memory, on his power of perception, on his suggestibility, on his emotion; and yet no psychological expert is invited to make use of the psychological achievements in this sphere. But even here there are signs of progress, for interest in the problems involved seems wide awake.

It is strikingly different with the whole field of economic activity. The thousandfold importance of psychological studies to the life of the workshop and the mill, of the store and the household, has not yet attracted public attention. On the whole, commerce and industry seem to take good care of themselves, and seem little in the mood to philosophize or to beg advice of a psychological expert. Here and there they have taken a bit of laboratory knowledge and profited from it, without realizing that such a haphazard plunge into psychology can hardly be sufficient. For instance, no railway or steamship company would employ a man who was to look out for signals until he had been examined for color-blindness. The variations of the color sense in men are typical discoveries of psychological experimentation. But even here the expert knows that the practical tests of to-day represent, on the whole, an earlier stage of knowledge, and do not progress parallel to laboratory study of the varieties of color-blindness. Further, the transportation companies ought not to limit their signal tests to trials of the color sense. It is perhaps no less important that the man on the engine should be tested as to the rapidity of his reactions, or the accuracy of his perceptions, or the quickness of his decisions. For the examination of each of such mental capacities the psychological laboratory can furnish exact methods. Moreover, the transportation companies should have no less interest in studying with psychological experiments the question of what kind of signals may be most appropriate. For instance, psychologists have raised the important query whether it is advisable to have different railroad signals in the daytime from those at night. The safety of the service demands that the correct handling be done automatically, and this will be secured the more easily, the more uniform the outer conditions. Experiment alone can determine the influence of such variations.

Even this small psychological group, the use of signals for transportation companies, is not confined to visible impressions. An abundance of effort is nowadays concentrated on the fog-horn signals of ships, but no one gives any attention to the psychological conditions for discriminating the direction from which a sound comes. In our psychological laboratories widely different experiments have been made concerning the perception of sounds with reference to direction and distance. We know, for instance, that certain illusions constantly enter into this field, and that the conditions of the ear, and even of the ear-shell, may produce important modifications. Yet no one thinks of studying with all the available psychological means the hearing capacities of the ship officer. A difference in the two ears of the captain may be no less disastrous than the inability to discriminate red and green.

Another field in which a slight tendency to consult the modern psychologist has set in is that of advertising. Many hundreds of millions are probably wasted every year on advertisements that are unsuccessful because they do not appeal to the mind of the reader. They may be unfit to draw his attention, or may be unable to impress the essentials on his memory, or, above all, may not succeed in giving the desired suggestion. The reader glances at them without being impressed by the desirable qualities of the offered wares.

The evident need of psychological guidance has effected a certain contact between empirical psychology and business in this field. The professional advertisement writer to-day looks into the psychology of suggestion and attention, of association of ideas and apperception, and profits from the interesting books that cover the theory of advertising. Yet every row of posters on the billboards affords plenty of material for studying sins against the spirit of psychology. Perhaps there sits in life-size the guest at the restaurant table and evidently rejects the wrong bottle, which the waiter is bringing. The advertiser intends to suggest that every passer-by should be filled with disgust for the wrong brand, while the only desirable one is printed in heavy letters above. What really must happen is that the advertised name will associate itself with the imitated inner movement of rejection, and the rival company alone can profit from the unpsychological poster.

But, anyhow, the application of general psychology to the problem of advertising can be only the beginning. What is needed is the introduction of systematic experiment which will cover the whole ground of display, not only in pictures and text, but in the shop windows and the stores. The experiment may refer to the material itself. Before an advertisement is printed, the arrangement of words, the kind of type, the whole setting of the content, may be

tested experimentally. The electric chronoscope of the psychological laboratory can easily show how many thousandths of a second the average reader needs for reading one or another type, and other experiments may demonstrate how much is apperceived during a short exposure, and how much kept in memory, and what kind of involuntary emotional response and muscle reaction is started by every kind of arrangement. The trade journals not seldom show specimens of skilful and of clumsy schemes of advertising, and yet all this remains dogmatic until experiment has brought out the subtle points.

But much more important than experimenting with the concrete material is the experimental study of the principles involved. This is, after all, the strength of the experimental method in all fields, that the complex facts of life are transformed into neat, simple schemes in which everything is left out but the decisive factor. If the jeweler wants to display his rings and watches in the window in such a way that the effect of the largest possible number will be produced, it is not necessary that we experiment for him with costly timepieces and jewelry. For instance, we may place twenty little squares of paper on one sheet of black cardboard, and on another from sixteen to twenty-four. At short exposures we ask our subjects to decide on which sheet there are more squares. If the squares on both sheets are arranged in the same way the observer will see at a glance that eighteen are less than twenty, or twenty-two more than twenty. But by trying very different combinations and studying the effect of different groupings, we shall soon discover that with certain arrangements the twenty look like only seventeen, or, with better arrangements, like twenty-two or twenty-three. In the same way we may study the effect if we mix squares and circles, or have squares of various sizes, or some of uniform, some of different color. In short, in the most simple form of experiment we can find out the principles that control the impression of the passer-by as to the greater or smaller number he believes himself to see.

The effort to attract the customer begins, of course, not with the storekeeper and the salesman, but with the manufacturer. He, too, must know psychology in order to make his article as persuasive as possible. Since I began to give my attention to the application of psychology to commerce and labor, I have collected a large number of wrappings and packings in which the various industrial establishments sell their goods, and have received plenty of confidential information as to the success or failure of the various labels and pictures. Not a few of them can be tested quite exactly, inasmuch as the article itself remains the same, while the make-up for the retail sale changes. The same quality and kind of toilet soap or chocolate or breakfast food or writing paper that in the one packing remained a dead weight on the store shelves, in another packing found a rapid sale.

Much depends upon the habits and traditions and upon the development of taste among the special group of customers. But I am inclined to think that if the material is analyzed carefully the psychological laboratory can predict beforehand failure or success with a certain safety. As a matter of course, such factors cannot be reduced to a few simple equations. There is no special color combination that is suitable for chocolates and soap and chewing-gum alike, and the same color combination is not even equally fitting for both summer and winter. And still less can the same head of a girl be successfully used to advertise side-combs and patent medicines and ketchup. But this associative factor is equally open to scientific experiment.

Yet, after all, the make-up of the article and its paper cover are less important than the quality and construction of the goods themselves. The manufacturer too easily forgets that his product is to be used for the purposes of human minds, and that a real perfection of his output can never be reached unless the subtlest adjustment to the mental functions is secured. This is true for the most trivial as well as the most refined and complex thing that is to satisfy human interests. To be sure, small effect would be gained if the seller were simply to look over a text-book of psychology. He might easily be misled. The psychologist can show that a square filled with horizontal lines looks tall and one filled with vertical lines looks broad, but woe to the tailoring establishment that should dress its lady customers in accordance with that psychological prescription. If the tailor were to dress the stout woman who wants to appear tall in costumes with horizontal stripes and the thin one who wants to look plump in a dress with vertical stripes, the effect would be the opposite of that which was desired. It is not that psychology is wrong, but the application of the principle is out of order. We never look at a woman as we look at a square, comparing the height with the breadth. The vertical stripes in the gown force our eyeballs to move upward and downward and reënforce by that our perception of height, while the horizontal stripes simply suggest to us the idea of breadth. Or, to point to a similar misapplication: There was a painter who had learned from the psychologists that we see singly only those things upon

which we focus, while everything in the background is seen by the two eyes in a double image. He thought for this reason that he would reach a more natural effect if he drew double lines for the background things in his pictures. The effect was absurd, as his double picture was now seen with each of the two eyes, while in reality we get a double image by developing one in each eye.

Half-baked psychology certainly cannot help us, but the fact that misunderstandings may come up in every corner of psychology is no argument against its proper use. We should not like to eat the meal which a cook might prepare from bits of chemical knowledge gathered from a hand-book of physiology. The well-trained expert must always remain the middleman between science and the needs of practical life. But if special laboratories for applied psychology could examine the market demands with careful study of all the principles involved, the gain for practical life would be certain.

To analyze the case a little more fully, I may point to a product of our factories that is indispensable to our modern life — the typewriting machine. It may serve as an illustration just as well as a hundred other industrial articles, and it has the advantage that the varieties of the machines are popularly well known. Everybody knows that there are machines with or without visible writing, machines with ideal keyboards and machines with universal keyboards, machines with the double keyboard and machines with the single keyboard on which the capital letters demand the pressure of a shift-key to change the position of the carriage. Psychologists nowadays have started to examine carefully the claims of the various systems, and the results differ greatly from what the man on the street presupposes. We stand thus before a curious conflict. The manufacturer must shape his article in such a way that it attracts the customer, but while this holds without restriction for questions of external shape and outfit and packing and name, it may interfere with the greatest usefulness of the article and therefore with the real advantage of the buyer. Yet ultimately the advantage of the men who use the article must be the strongest advertisement, and it may thus be quite possible that it lies more in the interest of the manufacturer to bring to the market a product that pleases less at the first approach and by a surface appearance, but more in the long run.

The visible writing of the typewriter is a case in point. He who is not accustomed to typewriting and wants to begin it will naturally prefer the writing with visible letters. He thinks of his ordinary handwriting; he knows how essential it is for him to follow the point of his pen with his eyes. He forgets that in the visible writing the very letter that he is writing is, of course, invisible at that moment, and the touch of the key perfectly produces the complete letter. The real effect is, therefore, that he sees the letters that he is no longer writing. The case is thus fundamentally different from that of handwriting. On the other hand, the amount of attention that is given to looking at the visible words is withdrawn from the only field that is essential — the keyboard or the copy. The visible machine may appear more attractive to one who does not know, but may be less effective through starting bad and distracting habits. Yet, again, that may have psychological exceptions. In the case of those individuals who are absolutely visualizers, the visible writing may be a help when they are writing, not from a copy, but on dictation or from their own thoughts. In that case the seeing of the preceding letters would help in the organization of the motor impulses needed for pressing the keys for the next syllable. It would, therefore, demand a careful experimental analysis tc determine those persons who would profit and those who would suffer by the visibility of the writing. The instinctive feeling can never decide it.

But this difference of individual disposition plays no less a part with reference tc the other qualities of the various types of machines. The double keyboard demands a distributicn of attention over a very large field. The psychological laboratory can easily demonstrate that there exist individuals whose attention is concentrated and cannot stretch out much beyond the focus, and others whose attention is wide and moves easily. On the other hand, the shift-key is not only one of the many keys, but demands an entirely different kind of effort, which interrupts the smooth running flow of finger movements. The psychophysical experiment demonstrates how much more slowly and with how much more effort the shift-key movement must be performed. Again, the analysis of the laboratory shows that there are individuals who can easily interrupt their regular movement habits by will impulses of an entirely different kind, but others who lose much of their psychological energy by so sudden a change. For these the breaking in of the shift-key process means an upsetting of the mental adjustment and therefore a great loss in their effectiveness. Accordingly, the machine that is excellent for the one is undesirable for the other, and the market would fare better if all this were not left to chance.

Even as to the keyboard, it seems that psy-

chological principles are involved which demand reference to individual tendencies. For some it is best if the letters that frequently occur together in the language are in near neighborhood on the keyboard; for other minds such an arrangement is the least desirable. These writers mix up the motor impulses that belong to similar and correlated ideas, and they fare better if the intimately associated letters demand a movement in an entirely different direction, with the greatest possible psychological contrast.

There is hardly any instrument on the market for which a similar analysis of the interplay of mental energies could not be carried out. But let us rather turn to another aspect, the work in the factory itself. I feel sure that the time will come when the expert psychologist will become the most helpful agent in this sphere of industrial life. The farmers have tilled the ground for thousands of years without scientific chemistry, but we know how indispensable the aid of the chemist appears to the agriculturist to-day. A new period of farming has begun through the help of the scientific expert. A similar service to labor and industry might be rendered by experimental psychology. It would even be quite conceivable that governments should organize this help in a similar way to that by which they have secured agricultural laboratories for the farms of the country. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has experimental stations all over the land, and not a little of the great harvest is due to their effectiveness. The Department of Commerce and Labor at a future time may establish experimental stations which will bring corresponding help to the mills and factories and even to the artisans everywhere. There is no establishment that produces without making use of human minds and brains. The mill-owner must learn how to use the mental energies of his laborers in the same way that the farmer knows how to use the properties of the soil. And such help is not only to the economic interest of the producer; it would be perhaps still more to the interest of the workingman and his market price.

The first thought might turn to the safety of the laborer, which is, indeed, dependent upon various psychological conditions. For instance, the mill-owner is not expected to know what mental factors determine the correct perception of distance, and yet it is evident that a laborer is in constant danger if he cannot estimate correctly his distance from a moving machine. He may be able to see correctly with one eye every part of the machine, but if the other eye is somewhat defective, though he himself may not notice it, his plastic interpretation of his impressions will be insufficient. He will constantly be in danger of putting his hands into the buzzing wheels. Only careful consideration of such psychological elements as build up the idea of distance, and exact tests of the workingman's senses, could eliminate such ever-present dangers.

The captain of industry may feel more interested in bringing out the fullest efficiency of his laborer; but, again, as yet nothing indicates that he is willing to put scientific exactitude into the service of this dominant psychological question. An experimental test alone can decide under what conditions the greatest continuity of effective work can be secured and under what mental conditions the individual can do his best. Methods for studying the curve of fatigue in the individual laborer, or the conditions for his most accurate muscle work, and a hundred similar devices, are to-day already at the disposal of the mental workshop; but probably for a long time to come the foreman will be thought to know better than the expert.

Moreover, it is evident that as soon as this contact between the mill and the experimental psychological laboratory has been perfected, new questions will arise corresponding to the special needs of industrial activity. The technical conditions of every industry in the country can easily be imitated in the laboratory with the simplest means. So far we have not the least really scientific investigation of the psychological effect of specializing, of the division of labor, of the influence of changes in the machines, of the complexity of machines, of the effect of temperature, food, light, color, noise, odor, of discipline, reward, imitation, piece work, of repetition, of distribution of attention, of emotion, and hundreds of other mental factors that enter into the workingman's life. It is simply untrue to say that those things regulate themselves. On the contrary, traditions and superficial tendencies, short-sighted economy and indifference, a thousand times establish methods that are to nobody's interest. The employer and the employee alike have to suffer from them.

We may get an idea of the help that could be brought if, for instance, we think of the methods of learning the handling of machines. There are many industrial activities that demand most complicated technique, and yet the learning is left to most haphazard methods. So far, we know practically nothing as to the most profitable methods of learning these industrial activities. But we have only to compare this situation with the excellent work that modern

experimental psychology has performed in the fields of handwriting, typewriting, telegraphy, piano-playing, and drawing. In every one of these fields most careful experiments have been carried on for months under the most subtle conditions. With complex instruments the growth and development of the process were analyzed, and the influences that retarded progress and hampered the most efficient learning were disentangled.

Again we may learn from the case of typewriting work. Any one who writes with the two forefingers may finally reach a certain rapidity in handling the machine. Yet no one masters it who has not learned it in a systematic way which must ultimately be controlled by the studies of experimental psychologists. Such experimental analyses of the processes in learning to run the typewriter have been carried through with the greatest carefulness, and have demonstrated that the student passes through a number of different stages. He is not only doing the thing more and more quickly: the essential factor lies in the development of habits — habits of manipulation, habits of feeling attitude, habits of attention, habits of association, habits of decisions in overcoming difficulties; and every insight into this formation of mental connections offers guidance for a proficient training. The experiments indicate the psychological conditions for a spurt in effort, for fluctuations in efficiency, for the lasting gain in speed and accuracy, for their relations to the activity of the heart and to motor activities. In short, we now know scientifically the psychological processes by which the greatest possible economy in typewriting can be secured. There is no industrial machine in our factories and mills for which a similar study has been performed; and yet every effort in this direction would increase the effectiveness of the laborer and the profit of the employer.

Our psychological educators nowadays have studied with all the methods of the laboratory the effects of pauses during the school day. We know how certain pauses work as real recreation in which exhausted energies are restituted, but that other kinds of pauses work as disturbing interruptions by which the acquired adjustment to the work is lost. It would need most accurate investigations with the subtlest means of the psychological workshop to determine for each special industry what rhythm of work and what recesses, what rapidity and what method of recreation, would secure the fullest effect. The mere subjective feeling of the workingman himself or the common-sense judgment of the onlooker may be entirely misleading.

Does not every one know how this inner sensation of strength has deceived the workingman in the case of alcohol? His bottle supplies him with an illusory feeling of energy; the careful experiment demonstrates that his effectiveness suffers under the immediate influence of whisky. The scientific inquiry in every such case must replace the superficial impression. Moreover, a systematic study would not only inquire how the laborer is to learn the most efficient use of the existing machines, but the machines themselves would then be adjusted to the results of the psychological experiment. The experiment would have to determine which muscles could produce the effect that is demanded with the greatest accuracy and speed and perseverance, and the handles and levers and keys would have to be distributed accordingly. Even the builder of the motor-car relies on most superficial, common-sense judgment when he arranges the levers as they seem most practical for quick handling. The psychological laboratory, which would study in thousandths of a second the movements of the chauffeur with the various cars, might find that here, also, illusions too easily enter. Industry ought to have outgrown the stage of unscientific decisions, and it is inexcusable if physics and chemistry are considered the only sciences that come into question, and experimental psychology is ignored, when every single business, every wheel to be turned and every lever to be moved, are dependent upon the psychical facts of attention and memory, of will and feeling, of perception and judgment.

It would probably be more difficult to help the actual sale of the commercial products by exact scientific methods, except as far as advertisements and display are concerned. And yet it is evident that every man behind the counter and every sales-girl who wants to influence the customer works with psychological agencies. The study of the psychology of attention and suggestion, of association of ideas and of emotion, may systematically assist the commercial transaction. The process certainly has two sides, but if we think of the interest of the salesman only, we might say that he has to hypnotize his victim. He has to play skilfully on the attention of his shopping customer, he must slowly inhibit in her mind the desire for anything that the store cannot offer, he must cleverly fix the emotions on a particular choice, and finally he must implant the conviction that life is not worth living without this particular shirt-waist. How much the stores would profit if every employee should learn the careful avoidance of opposing suggestions! Whether shop-girls in a department store are advised to

ask after every sale: "Do you want to take it with you?" or are instructed to ask first: "Do you want to have it sent to your home?" makes no difference to the feeling of the customers. They are unconscious sufferers from the suggestion, but for the store it may mean a difference of thousands for the delivery service. The newspaper boy at the subway entrance who simply asks: "Paper, sir?" cannot hope for the success of his rival who with forceful suggestion asks: "Which paper?"

The experimental study of the commercial question may finally bring new clearness into the relations of trade and law. To give one illustration from many, I may mention the case of commercial imitation. Every one who studies the court cases in restraint of trade becomes impressed with the looseness and vagueness of the legal ideas involved. There seems nowhere a definite standard. In buying his favorite article the purchaser is sometimes expected to exert the sharpest attention in order not to be deceived by an imitation. In other cases, the court seems to consider the purchaser as the most careless, stupid person, who can be tricked by any superficial similarity. The evidence of the trade witnesses is an entirely unreliable, arbitrary factor. The so-called ordinary purchaser changes his mental qualities with every judge, and it seems impossible to foresee whether a certain label will be construed as an unallowed imitation of the other or as a similar but independent trademark.

In the interest of psychology applied to commerce and labor, I have collected in my laboratory a large number of specimens which show all possible degrees of imitation. In every case it is evident that the similarity of form or color or name or packing is used in a conscious way in order to profit from the reputation of another article which has won its popularity by quality or by advertisement. I have a bottle of Moxie among a dozen imitations of similar names in bottles of a similar shape and with the beverage similar in color to the successfully advertised Moxie. Tomato ketchups and sardine boxes, cigarette cases and talcum powders, spearmint gums and plug tobaccos, glove labels and vaudeville posters, patent medicines and gelatins, appear in interesting twin and triplet forms. The cigarette boxes of Egyptian Deities are accompanied by the Egyptian Prettiest and the Egyptian Daintiest; Rupena stands at the side of Peruna; and the Pain Expeller is packed and bottled like the Pain Killer.

Not a few of the specimens of my imitation museum have kept the lawyers busy. Yet all this is evidently at first a case for the psychologist. The whole problem belongs to the psychology of recognition. There would be no difficulty in producing in the laboratory conditions under which the mental principles involved could be repeated and brought under exact observation. Many obstacles would have to be overcome, but certainly the experiment could determine the degree of difficulty or ease with which the recognition of a certain impression can be secured. As soon as such a scale of the degrees of attention were gained, we could have an objective standard and could determine whether or not too much attention was needed to distinguish an imitation from the original. Then we might find by objective methods whether the village drug-store or our lack of attention was to blame when we were anxious for a glass of Moxie and the clerk gave us, instead, the brown bitter fluid from a bottle of Noxie, Hoxie, Non-Tox, Modox, Nox-All, Noxemall, Noxie-Cola, Moxine, or Sod-Ox, all of which stand temptingly in my little museum for applied psychology.

# PELLAGRA, THE MEDICAL MYSTERY OF TO-DAY

BY

MARION HAMILTON CARTER

AUTHOR OF "THE VAMPIRE OF THE SOUTH," "THE CONSERVATION OF THE DEFECTIVE CHILD," "ONE MAN AND HIS TOWN," ETC.

IF, some day last July, you had happened to visit the State Hospital for the Insane at Columbia, South Carolina, you might have stood by while the nurse loosened the bandages from the hand of a young negress, and as the doctor said, "Now undo the other hand," you might have exclaimed with me, "One hand is enough, doctor!" A few moments later you might have found yourself at another bedside where a girl moaned all day long, and when the nurse unwrapped a foot and you saw the horror of it, and heard, "Show the other foot — this isn't the bad one," you might have put all your firmness, as I did, into the words, "Doctor, I don't want to see the other foot — I have seen enough — I have seen all I can — for just now." And you would have hurried through the corridor to reach the sun and air with the tragedy of those lives smothering your heart and the eternal mystery of pain surging through you in the question, "Why must a sentient human being suffer this?" And for many hours the world would have been dark with inscrutable purposes and appalling punishments. For you have seen the disease that is more to be dreaded than smallpox, than leprosy, than the black death — you have seen pellagra; you have seen the curse that Nature lays on those who eat spoiled corn. Except in the early stages, there is no known cure for pellagra. Treatment may arrest its progress, but the end is certain.

And still you did not see the worst; for those tortured, bleeding hands and feet from which the skin has fallen are only the smaller part of the story, and you will not, unless you are a physician, be permitted to witness the delirium and the convulsions that month by month grow more severe — until one. There are things it is better not to see, but in your first glimpse of pellagra you will understand.

And you will understand then why a man like Lombroso has devoted his life to the study of pellagra; why some of the finest minds in Italy, France, Spain, Austria, and Rumania have given years to it; why Italy has spent fortunes on its prevention and cure — passed laws — appointed Government Committees to inquire into its causes — built special hospitals, *pellagrosari*, where no other disease is treated — established rural bakeries for the sale of wheat bread at cost, free diet kitchens, corn-drying plants in which the peasant may have all the corn for his family's use cured without charge, and agricultural experiment stations devoting themselves to the corn question. To-day "Education" is the watchword of the Italian crusade — nothing else has been found effective in reaching the situation. Popular medical and agricultural pamphlets are distributed in great numbers; popular lectures on the need of a mixed diet with more meat are held everywhere; big wall charts, picturing a healthy laborer who eats good corn and a poor pellagrin who eats spoiled polenta, are hung up in public halls and rural schools as a lesson and warning.

The Italian peasants live principally upon polenta — a porridge or mush made of corn

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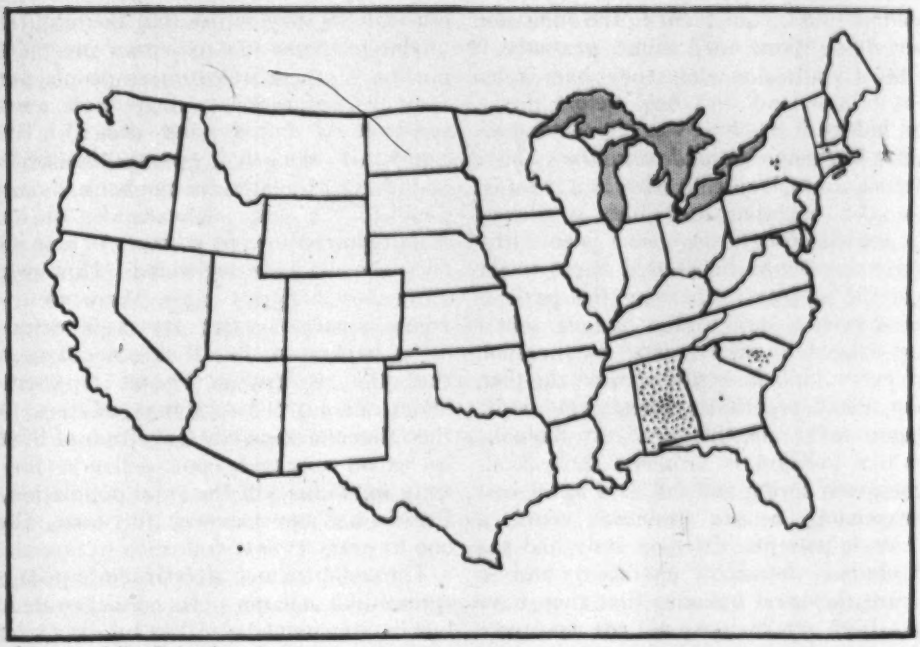
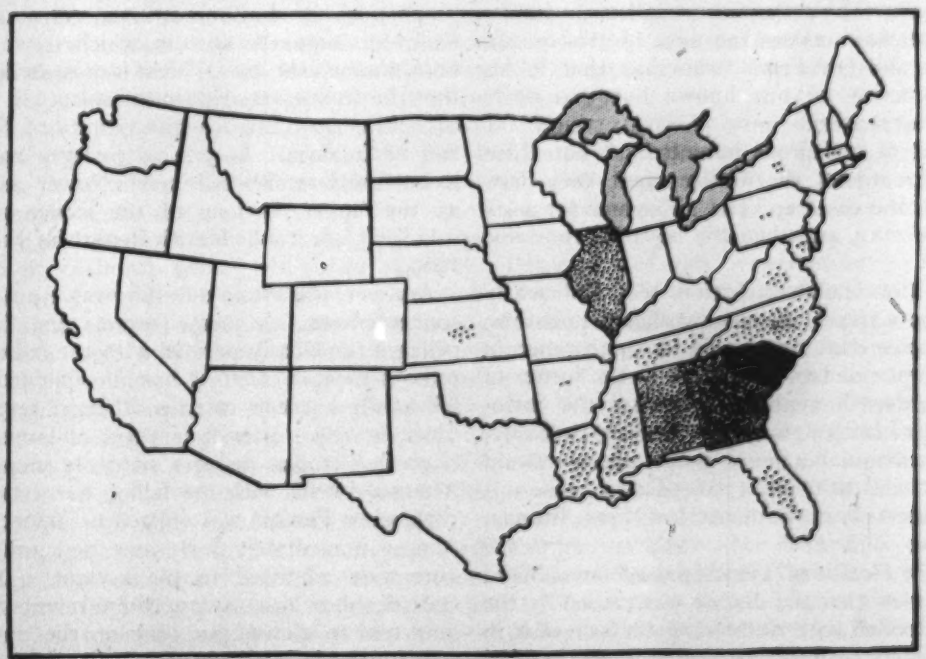
NOTE.—The writer is particularly indebted to Dr. J. W. Babcock for the privilege of seeing cases; for the use of the advance sheets of his and Dr. Lavinder's translation of Dr. Marie's book, "Pellagra"; for the still unpublished manuscript of the report to the Department of State by W. Bayard Cutting, Jr., Vice-Consul to Milan, "Pellagra in Italy"; and to Dr. C. F. Williams, of the South Carolina State Board of Health, and Dr. C. H. Lavinder, of the Marine Hospital Service. Also, Babes and Sion, "Pellagra" (in Nothnagel's Practice); Antonini, "Pellagra"; Lombroso, "Pellagra"; many pamphlets by Pietro Ceni; Sir Henry Holland, "On the Pellagra" (in Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, 1817); Sandwith, "Pellagra"; Sambon, "Pellagra" (in the British Medical Journal); Sir Patrick Manson, "Pellagra"; Creighton, "Pellagra" (Encyclopaedia Britannica); Babcock, "What Are Pellagra and Pellagrous Insanity?"; "Conference on Pellagra," South Carolina State Board of Health, Annual Report, 1908 (fifteen papers); Lavinder, "Pellagra," a précis; Thayer, "Report of Two Cases of Pellagra" (in the Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, July, 1909). Also articles and papers by Sherwell, Harris, Searcy, Wood, King, Moore, Randolph, McCafferty, and others.



*Courtesy of Dr. Babcock*

MAP SHOWING THE NUMBER OF KNOWN CASES OF PELLAGRA IN THE UNITED STATES BY JANUARY 1, 1908. EACH CASE IS REPRESENTED BY A DOT

meal — which they cook up in great potfuls, a week's eating at a time, and set away in a corner of the hut, exposed to dirt and flies. Long before the end is reached the polenta is spoiled and often decayed. "Pellagra is terrible," they say, "but it is still more terrible to starve." Out of 3,964 pellagrins, 1,022 declared that they often ate spoiled polenta; 1,387 that they ate it sometimes; and 1,385 that they never did. But denials must be taken very humanly,



*Courtesy of Dr. Babcock*

MAP SHOWING THE INCREASE IN PELLAGRA BY SEPTEMBER 1, 1909. THESE MAPS HAVE BEEN MADE FROM DATA COLLECTED BY THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH AND DR. J. W. BABCOCK, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE STATE HOSPITAL

for the admission is equivalent to the admission of utter destitution; with some peasants it would be a confession that they had stolen corn out of the landlord's field before it was ripe and hidden it where it was bound to spoil.

The diet kitchens — *locande sanitarie* — have been almost as much an education as a blessing. Curative diet, including medicines, is allowed for two periods of forty days each year. Provisions are sometimes distributed direct to the homes of the patients; otherwise the patients go once or twice a day to the *locande*, where they are obliged to eat the food on the spot. Corn of every kind is excluded from the diet, and soup, meat, vegetables, bread, wine, milk, and cheese make up the fare. At Bagnolo, Mella, where pellagra is virulent, three meals a day are given spring and fall at a total cost never exceeding a *lira* (nineteen cents) a day for each patient. In 1907 Italy had 534 *locande sanitarie* in active operation; and so popular are the rural bakeries that they have increased from 77 in 1904 to 591 in 1907. Recently, school lunches have been provided for the children in pellagrous communities, and are showing excellent results.

The cases too acute for diet treatment are sent to the pellagrosari, of which there are now twenty-two. It was at these that the hopelessness of all treatment, once the disease was established, became evident and it was seen that only preventive measures were of any real avail. The pellagrosario at Inzago admits only patients between the ages of twelve and twenty, and Dr. Friz — who says that in his long practice he has known but two acute cases to recover — now tries to secure the children of pellagrous parents and put them under treatment the first moment they show signs of the disease. The girls come for a six months' stay, and then the boys for the same period.

But the Italian situation was sufficiently grave to warrant the most stringent measures. The disease had first made its appearance in the vicinity of Lake Maggiore in the forties of the eighteenth century, following the introduction of Indian corn, from Turkey, probably, as its colloquial name — *grano turco* — would seem to indicate. In 1750 pellagra broke out simultaneously in the districts of Milan, Brescia, Bergamo, and Lodi. As early as 1776 the Board of Health of Venice passed laws, based on the view that the disease was caused by the use of spoiled corn, forbidding the sale of it in the markets, or its harvesting in lands that had been inundated — laws that seem to have had but little effect in checking the progress of the disease, for Sir Henry Holland, visiting northern Italy in 1817, writes that the hospitals were unable to receive the patients "and the greater portion of these unfortunate people perish in their own habitations or linger there, a wretched spectacle of fatuity and decay." By 1839 Lombardy alone had twenty thousand cases, and forty years later the number had more than doubled. In 1881, eight regions of northern Italy reported 104,067 patients. These included only the officially registered. How many obscure and incipient cases there were — how many concealed from the authorities — will never be known; but it is generally conceded that the registration figures represent only about one out of two actual sufferers. It was then that the appalling magnitude of the calamity stood revealed — one pellagrin for every sixty individuals of the rural population, while Brescia had one to every forty-one, Cremona one to every twenty-four.

Through province after province pellagra had spread like a flame. Its virulence decreased, but its area extended. Yet for over a hundred years, in spite of the extensive use of corn in southern Italy and in Sicily, it had confined itself to the northern provinces exclusively. Then suddenly, in 1881, cases of it appeared about Rome — "sporadic," "imported," the doctors hopefully said. Five years later pellagra was endemic on the Campagna, and Sicily was falling into line. Assistant Surgeon Wollenberg says: "The disease is now appearing in alarming proportions in Latium and in Abruzzi and Molise, a compartimento in which it was unknown some years ago. What is most striking is that the disease invaded southern Italy in 1908, cases having occurred in the vicinity of Naples and in Calabria. At present pellagra appears to be firmly established in the lower as well as the upper portions of the Italian peninsula." (U. S. Public Health Report for July 23, 1909.)

And yet, the whole question was a puzzle of contradictions. In some regions the fall of pellagra ran closely parallel with the fall of the price of corn, in others it rose; in some pellagra fell as the harvests rose, in others it reversed. Thus, in 1860, after four years of large corn crops in Perugia, pellagra suddenly increased. Afterward it fell with the falling harvests until 1879, when Perugia was obliged to import corn. Almost immediately forty-nine pellagrous insane were admitted to the asylum. Italian statistics show that asylum commitments represent ten to eleven per cent of the patients where pellagra is occurring in its virulent form; so the above figures would indicate nearly five hundred new patients following the corn famine. Then there were places where pellagra seemed

to vary with the rainfall — this was true of Venetia, but not of the mountainous districts. Again, there were places where it seemed to vary with vine culture. In the Landes, in southern France, and in some of the smaller Italian provinces pellagra went down in proportion to the increasing number of vineyards; on the other hand, exactly the opposite happened in Sicily, Sardinia, and Corfu.

The case of Corfu is particularly interesting. Pellagra made its first appearance after a season of very heavy rains had spoiled the corn crop. Largely owing to this failure, vine culture took the place of corn, and the corn crop steadily decreased. It became necessary to import the cereal from Greece, Macedonia, and the countries of the Danube. And "it always arrived at its destination in very bad condition. One community, which had no pellagrins so long as it raised its own corn, now, having for seven years used imported corn, has nine of them to every six hundred inhabitants." (Dr. Marie.)

As investigation went deeper, these contradictions were turned into a chain of evidence. Heavy rainfall meant molded crops. Large harvests meant careless handling and improper storage — the corn was housed in attics and cellars, and spoiled before it was ground into meal; poor harvests, that the peasants were forced to eat corn they would at other seasons refuse. Restriction of the corn area by vine culture in a mainland province meant more money for varied food and fresh meat; on an island the same thing meant importation by the coastwise trade, and all experts pronounce corn that has been in the least damaged by sea water to be highly dangerous. This explains why, wherever Greece exports corn, that country becomes almost immediately pellagrous, though Greece has never suffered to any extent from the disease.

The influence of the coastwise trade was strikingly shown under the Crispi ministry. From 1893 to 1897 there was rigorous inspection at the ports and all damaged corn was excluded. Pellagra rapidly decreased. With the fall of the Crispi ministry in 1897 inspection relaxed and pellagra showed a strong recrudescence. The decline and rise of pellagra precisely corresponded with the increase and decrease of the vigilance of the government inspectors and the improved tests they had learned to apply.

The regions where corn is extensively used and pellagra unknown, and the free spots in pellagrous districts, furnished more evidence. Lombroso found one of these spots in Friaul — its inhabitants lived exclusively on fish. Babes found one in Rumania — a village surrounded by pellagrous villages: its inhabitants were Russian *skopzs* who ate no corn — and another in a district with 3,000 pellagrins — a village where the people lived mostly on wheat bread. Ireland and Burgundy are free from pellagra, though corn is extensively used; but in these countries the corn is dried in ovens as soon as harvested — in Burgundy the corn intended for meal is called *fournaye*, "oven-dried." Mexico makes assurance doubly sure, for after the corn is dried, it is boiled in a gruel of lime and water to remove the hull — which incidentally kills all bacteria and mold-spores. It is then carefully washed, crushed into a dough, and baked into light, puffy griddle cakes, the *tortillas* for which Mexico is famous.

In Italy the pellagra problem is tangled up even with the land system. Through what is called *affizione*, the landowners rent out small holdings and a little hut to the peasant, who pays in kind, very naturally giving the best of his harvest and keeping the poorer portions for himself. It frequently happens in bad seasons that he has not corn enough to last him through the winter and he is forced to borrow from his landlord, who now lets him have what ever spoiled corn he may have on hand, which the peasant must repay with good out of his next harvest. Under the *padrone* system the laborers are fed with the cheapest corn to be found on the market. Lombroso tells of one of these poor creatures, brought dying to the hospital, who stammered out, "My trouble is rotten polenta." On recovering, he stated that he and a dozen workmen had been fed on corn which had been beaten down by hail in the fields and which the cattle had refused to eat.

Pellagra spreads more in the level country than in the mountains. This is not only because the mountaineers are better fed, having more milk and cheese, but because their season is too short to permit them to raise a certain variety of corn — *quarantina* — "forty-day corn." It is a very small-grained ear, early ripening, easily spoiled. Where a field is to produce a single crop in the season, the corn is planted in March and ripens in September; but where rye has been cut, quarantina is planted about the first of July and ripens late in September after the fall rains have come. It is almost never dry when it is harvested and stored for the winter. The use of quarantina has been shown to be invariably dangerous. Thus, in the neighboring provinces of Cremona and Piacenza — climatically on the same level, geologically alike — Cremona, which uses a large amount of quarantina, had 586 cases of pellagra in the four years preceding 1907; Piacenza, which does not grow it to any ex-

tent, 68. The various communes are now making great efforts to teach the peasants to give up quarantina and put in potatoes as a second crop instead. In Como the commissioners have succeeded in abolishing late corn-planting altogether, and pellagra has appreciably gone down.

There are five stages between the field and the mouth at which corn may become unfit for human use — harvesting, storage, milling, storage of the meal, the prepared food; and if the ignorant peasant and his wife are doing their share at each end of the line to spread pellagra, the miller is doing his. He is in the habit of mixing water with the grain while grinding it, or passing steam over the meal, to make it weigh heavier; and he would be more than human, almost, if he did not mix in a little spoiled corn with the good — not enough to detect, just enough to infect. This is where he helps the unscrupulous merchant and importer to dispose of a load of damaged corn to advantage.

Stefano Balp, in his monograph on pellagra in the province of Bergamo, shows how the actual process of grinding separates the better from the dangerous part of the kernel; for, while badly damaged corn shows spots of mold all over its surface, it is usually the germ, or embryo, that breaks down first and is the only part greatly poisonous. We then have the "black-heart" corn. Sometimes the perisperm, which surrounds the embryo, is changed into a kind of crumbly powder, and in place of a solid substance is a hollow where weevils and mites make their nests. The embryo is withered and dead. Meal from such corn is tawny yellow or grayish brown, and bitter to the taste. On warming a little in the hand, one smells the mold distinctly. The meal comes in four grades — *fioretta*, the best, *nostrana*, the second, *farinetta*, the poorest; the fourth is a mixture of husks and waste. Balp shows that the cylindrical mills separated the better part of the kernel from the "heart," or embryo, leaving it to become *farinetta*. The poor peasant brings his good corn to the mill and exchanges it for a larger quantity of *farinetta*, and thus gets the greater part of the poison. Balp declares that could *farinetta* be excluded from human food, "the cylindrical mills would offer a strong obstacle to the disease they now encourage."

What part the mills play in the final issue is beautifully shown in the province of Bergamo. Here everything that science and government could do has been done: Bergamo still remains a hotbed of pellagra — one in every 104 of its inhabitants has the disease. But Bergamo is the center of the milling industry and supplies three fifths of all the corn meal in Italy. Bergamo is thus the center for the inpouring of damaged corn from all the country round about. As the mills are not controlled by government inspection, *farinetta* is concentrated in Bergamo, while the better meal is shipped away. In the neighboring province of Brescia, with only a few local mills, pellagra has enormously decreased under the same course of treatment and education that has failed in Bergamo. Government ownership of the mills appears to be the only way by which spoiled corn can be kept from entering into the meal on which the poor chiefly live.

But it is when we come to compare the vital statistics for a period of fifty years that we get a glimpse of what Italy's struggle has really meant.

TABLE SHOWING DEATH RATES IN AGE PERCENTAGES

| | 1856 | 1906 |
|---|---|---|
| 1–10 years | 4.1 | 6.7 |
| 11–20 " | 11.0 | 11.4 |
| 21–30 " | 16.4 | 5.5 |
| 31–40 " | 22.5 | 14.4 |
| 41–50 " | 20.0 | 20.4 |
| 51–60 " | 16.0 | 18.7 |
| Over 60 " | 9.5 | 22.5 |

The sudden drop in the working years between twenty and forty is a striking testimony to the betterment of conditions among the poor, to medical progress and the growth of industrialism. The increase in children's deaths shows the influence of heredity; but the great increase in deaths of persons over sixty is partly due to the fact that pellagra is appearing in its chronic rather than its acute form; and, also, it is a tribute to medical treatment and hygiene, more people living to be over sixty than formerly. We may read between the lines a little tribute to America, too. The young men who have come over here and returned to their homes with money and new ideas — well, no more spoiled corn for them! The women may have it if they wish it, but rotten polenta isn't eaten in New York; and it has been noteworthy, in many districts where emigration to America has been large, that women pellagrins outnumber the men, while in other districts, where the men have stayed at home, men pellagrins outnumber the women, sometimes three to one.

No disease in the world has ever been so interwoven with the varying activities of the

social and national life of a people. Here it is a question of agriculture — there a question of commerce; here, a matter of the corn harvest itself — there, of some other harvest; now it is a problem of household economics — again a problem of official integrity; at one place it is climate — at another, industrialism; here a land system may render the efforts of a government unavailing — there another land system may render government efforts unnecessary, as was shown in the Landes in southern France, once frightfully malarial and pellagrous, now entirely free since the peasants were permitted to acquire private ownership of their holdings after the government reclaimed the marshes. The very passions of men mark down their victims, and even religion may play its part; for in Rumania there is generally a strong recrudescence of the disease just after the Christmas and Easter fastings, which the peasants keep devoutly. In some provinces pellagra goes by popular names taken from the places of pilgrimage visited by the sick — *mal de Sainte Rose, mal de Saint Amans*. This last is a corruption of *saintes mains* — sacred hands — where the hands of a colossal crucifix were covered with salve which the pilgrims took to rub themselves with.

And yet, pellagra to-day is as much a mystery in its final causes as it was in 1844, when Ballardini reported to the Italian Scientific Congress that the disease was caused by eating spoiled corn and decayed polenta. Ballardini's work marked a long step in advance, for he disposed of the widely accepted theory that pellagra was due to lack of nourishment — corn being at that time supposed to contain very little proteid — and laid the foundation for the modern zei-toxic theory. This theory, taking its name from *Zea Mays*, Indian corn, holds corn poison to be the sole causative agent; and to it Lombroso was destined to devote what is perhaps the longest one-man research in history. Beginning with a chemical inquiry in 1864, he pushed into the field opened by Ballardini, and presently succeeded in isolating a highly poisonous substance from spoiled corn, decayed polenta, and moldy bread, to which he gave the name *pellagrozine*.

Now it usually happens that Mystery grows less as Experiment grows large, and Lombroso proceeded to experiment with pellagrozine by injecting it into frogs, rats, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, chickens, dogs, and cats. A great variety of symptoms resulted — accelerated or depressed heart action, exaggerated reflexes, diarrhea, loss of feathers or hair, tetanus, convulsions, death. But none of the animals got pellagra; not a single individual, no matter what the dose, had the triad of symptoms — erythema, diarrhea, and depression — that compose the pellagra syndrome. Yet, could all the animals have been rolled into one, that *one* would have presented a classical case! Some of the chickens became dull and droopy, while one showed great motor derangement and walked backward, lifting its feet in an exaggerated manner; frogs were tetanized, guinea-pigs paralyzed, mice went into convulsions, dogs and cats died. The autopsy of a cat that succumbed in ten hours showed congestion of the brain, spinal cord, and kidneys; a dog, softening of the lumbar spinal marrow. All of this pointed to an intoxication of the nervous system, especially the ganglia, and to a paralysis of the vaso-motor nerves which is of spinal origin. Lombroso now believes that there are two poisons in spoiled corn, the one resembling strychnine and the other hemlock (*Conium*), and that the symptoms vary according as the individual is more susceptible to one or the other.

But, pellagrozine having failed to produce pellagra in animals, twelve healthy men were given doses for several days with their food. Two proved entirely resistant; the remaining ten developed forty-three varying symptoms, but — not one got pellagra. Professor Cerasoli experimented on himself by eating a dish of polenta made from the moldiest corn he could find every day for two months, and experienced no evil results. On the other hand, Antoniu fed seven convicts — four healthy workmen and three peasants — on polenta made from spoiled meal, and all developed the disease. A banker who ate a dish of polenta every day also contracted it.

These experiments, while illuminating to the subject, added to its mystery by raising the question, If pellagra is caused by spoiled corn, why, then, does the pure chemical extract of it never produce pellagra? To this the zeists have not been able to give an answer satisfactory to all investigators. However, the experiments had clearly established the fact that pellagra is primarily a disease of the nervous system, not of the skin or of the digestive tract, where the more painful and obvious symptoms occur and naturally attract the greater attention — a disease whose slow, insidious approach is unheralded and unsuspected, whose grip, once secure, is never relaxed.

It is, then, but natural to expect what happens — that pellagra attacks first the degenerates of a community. Cretins and epileptics are especially predisposed to it; next, drunkards, syphilitics, and the children of pellagrins; then those who have suffered from diseases of the

nervous system. So, in the individual, the weakest organ is the first to break down, and thus the prominent symptoms vary from patient to patient, even in the same patient from day to day. Opposites run riot: loss of appetite — excessive hunger; somnolence — insomnia; mutism — loquacity; hydromania — repugnance to water; rigidity — exaggerated motility; stupor — excitement. Marie says, "It is not a question of diseases, but of patients," which explains the proverb in Venice that runs: Pellagra can give six ills: It drives one crazy. It draws one backward. It bends one over. It gives one the vertigo. It gives one the hunger. It occasions erythema.

Even districts develop local peculiarities. In Pavia, contractures and mutism are common; in Mantua, cranial anomalies and epileptic fits. Venetian pellagrins complain of a salty taste in the mouth. In the district of Mugello the disease is slow and intermittent, while in Romagna and Tuscany it runs a violent course with severe, extensive erythema. Suicide is rare in Gascony, but at Cannes the cases are numerous. In Triest there are very few insane; in Pavia, Cremona, and Brescia pellagra is synonymous with insanity, and no one dares admit having it even in its mildest form; while in Vicenza a physician will not for the sake of his practice diagnose pellagra as such — he calls it "salt rheum" or "an accidental eruption."

The insanity also is largely "a question of patients." Usually it begins with extreme irritability — this in the very early stages, before the disease has declared itself — and the patients become discontented with everything or fly into rages over trifles. In other cases the first symptom is a settled gloom that after the second year stamps itself on the face in the deep distressed frown so characteristic of the disease that in pellagrous regions physicians suspect pellagra when no other symptom is present. Sandwith says these patients lose all power of laughing and smiling, and, when they are induced to make the effort, only succeed in contorting their faces. They have actually forgotten how to smile.

The prodromal stage is usually accompanied by headaches, roaring in the ears, vertigo, and weakness, and may last for an unknown period before the disease declares itself by its characteristic eruption. Many, on looking back, can trace it for years. But as it gets firmer hold on one set of nerve cells or another, vague symptoms give way to localization at affected parts. The erythema appears on the hands — the feet, too, in persons accustomed to go barefoot; the tongue is denuded of its epithelium (the "bald tongue") — turns fiery red (the "cardinal tongue") — burns like a live coal in the mouth. Most patients say they are "swallowing live coals"; two insane Italians actually attempted it.

There are now grave disorders of sensibility. Patients "feel hot water poured" over their heads or down their backs — some feel it as cold water — and flames raging in their heads or stomachs. The flame sensation is often followed by the hallucination of being surrounded by flames. Other patients feel such pain in the back that they can hardly get up or lie down, or shooting pains in the body that the injection of morphine has no effect on. Very many complain of the prickings of thousands of pins in their feet — this is usually preceded by the "foot's asleep" sensation, which is one of the first symptoms; while others speak of ants crawling over their feet and hands, and twistings under the thumb nails. These sensations are so real that they give rise to delusions of persecution and sorcery, some patients wildly declaring that they feel their skin being torn from their bodies by the witches. So great is the tactile sensibility at times, that a breath of air or a ray of light falling on the inflamed parts will bring on grave, unrelaxing spasms.

One of the curious sensations that many describe is that of a cord stretched across their backs pulling them this way or that and making them fall over if they do not clutch hold of something; or of being pulled by the head with such force that they are compelled to stiffen out their limbs; and in this position they remain for weeks, stretched out on a bed, oblivious to everything.

When the ravenous hunger takes them, they consume three times the food of an ordinary person. One poor woman, when she felt herself attacked by it, left her home in order to keep from devouring her children. Other patients — or the same ones at a later time — may experience a corresponding horror of food. This is partly due to sensations in the stomach: as one pellagrin said, "It seems to me I am filling a body already full — I am full to the neck." But others refuse food for fear of poisoning by supposed enemies, while still others, deeply religious, have the hallucination of the Sacred Host on the plate before them, and dare not eat for fear of committing an unpardonable sin.

It is largely through the burning sensations that water comes to exercise a peculiar and often fatal fascination for pellagrins. They love it — love its feel on their bodies, its flow, its shiny surface; hang over it by day and dream of it by night. One man spoke of it as his

"only refuge," declaring that if he could not bathe constantly his sensations would drive him to suicide. But with the fascination of delight runs the fascination of terror, even in the same patients. The water seems to call them, to hold them in a spell. They cannot withdraw their gaze from it, but look into its depths till nausea and vertigo come on and they fall into it. In this state, and stunned by the shock, they drown. Some, on coming to a watercourse, close their eyes and cling to the nearest tree until the vertigo passes; then shamble away in fright, only to be seized with the charm of the next stream and throw themselves bodily into it. In Bergamo and Lombardy, which are highly pellagrous, deaths by drowning far exceed deaths from the same cause in Naples and Sardinia, where the people are more exposed to water. Out of 45 accidental deaths in Bergamo, 7 were by drowning; 41 in Turin out of 215.

Through it all runs the black thread of misery — agony of body and mind. Leprosy is very nearly painless; smallpox at least gives one a living chance and leaves the mind if one survives; bubonic plague is soon over. Only acute pellagra is rapid. In its chronic form patients are a never-ending burden. For years and years they degenerate while they slowly die.

Nor is this all, for pellagra seems to pass on a horrible hereditary taint, even unto the third and fourth generation. The children of pellagrins are often born with asymmetrical heads, ears set on wrong and sticking out, harelips, and the appearance of idiocy. They are stupid and apathetic, feeble and shambling in their motions, always sad, and many are very early inclined to suicide. The taint is peculiarly acute if the mother has been pellagrous. Whole families have been seen where not a single member has escaped. In others it skips a generation and comes out in the grandchildren. Lombroso mentions the case of a pellagrous boy who showed an inclination to bite and to beat his head against the wall; he fell down at the slightest noise. His parents were healthy, but his grandfather had been a pellagrin with precisely these peculiarities.

In all this there is nothing contrary to the zeistic theory — nothing that will not bear out the idea of a neuro-toxin acting directly on the nervous system. But another fact comes to the fore and grows increasingly impressive in the study of pellagra — its periodicity with remissions, and the cumulative severity and complexity of the attacks. The first attack generally comes on in early spring, February or March, after a prodromal period of irritability and vague malaise. Often there is only a light erythema which passes off in the summer, leaving the skin darkened — sunburned — or with liver-colored spots in place of the inflamed areas. But, with the repetition of the attack in the following spring, eczema and desquamation occur, large patches of the skin scaling away. Sometimes it peels off the fingers like a glove and they look as if they had been boiled. With the healing of these places the skin now assumes the roughness from which the disease gets its name — *pell' agra* — rough skin. The inflamed areas are determined and defined by the clothing rather than by the nerve centers affected; for the erythema covers the portions of the body particularly exposed to the sun. In fact, the disease has been called "sunstroke of the skin." In Egypt it is common to see the erythema in the form of a breastplate; and in some parts of France, where the peasants wear shirts open at the back, a streak comes out along the spine. There may be patches on the face, neck, and breast. Nor is the increasing severity of attack due to the cumulative effect of continued poisoning, for Italian peasants from whose diet all corn has been eliminated continue to return to the pellagrosari year after year.

But — another mystery — no known poison is periodic in its action unless there is a living, parasitic organism back of it established in the body. One may be the victim of ptomaine poisoning, "painter's colic" (lead poison), arsenic, morphine, alcohol, what not — one either gets well or dies. That is the end of it. One does not at the same season next year experience a recrudescence of last year's symptoms and in a more severe form. Yet this precisely is what happens in pellagra.

The strong points of the zeistic theory lay in Lombroso's brilliant experiments with pellagrozina, supported by a mass of contributory statistical evidence connecting spoiled corn with pellagra; but on the failure of experimental proof and the periodicity of the disease the anti-zeists then built their case.* If, they ask, pellagra is a poisoning, why should it differ from all other poisonings? Why is not the poison transmitted through the mother's milk? Why do not all members of a family suffer? Why do not the children suffer more than the adults? Why does not pellagra appear in a community immediately upon the introduction of corn — why does it slumber for years before it breaks out? To answer these questions the anti-zeists undertook to bring pellagra into line with diseases of parasitic origin. Yet there never has been the smallest evidence that pellagra was a communicable disease — that

one individual may infect another. Lombroso and others had gone over this ground very thoroughly, inoculating animals with the skin scrapings and blood of pellagrins, but without result. Even injection of the blood of a pellagrin into a non-pellagrin did not produce pellagra; and statistical investigations showed very clearly that it was not a group disease. Whole families might have it — just as often only one or two members were affected. Families notoriously pellagrous for generations lived side by side in the same village with families that had never had a case. It is for these reasons that European countries have never quarantined against pellagra — it has been felt to be utterly useless.

But the anti-zeists passed these reasons over lightly. One bacterium after another played *vera causa* to pellagra and was cast aside. Even the old familiar potato bacillus that has acted the star rôle in so many diseases, cancer among them, took its little hour before the scientific footlights.

The trouble with all the bacterial theories was that no investigator has been able to repeat another man's work and get his results: the bacterium that produced pellagra in one laboratory simply could not be found in the next.

Then Ceni and his workers came forward with a series of experiments on chickens. Ceni had found two molds — *Aspergillus flavescens* and *Aspergillus fumigatus* — plentifully occurring on spoiled corn, and after feeding this corn to his chickens for four years, when they became pellagrous, he found the mold-spores in their intestinal tracts, pericardia, and lung tissues. He also claimed to have found the spores of the same molds in the lungs and brains of pellagrins — an observation that autopsies in other countries have never yet corroborated. Later, Ceni attributed the infection not only to *Aspergillus*, but to *Penicillium glaucum* — the common household pest, bread-mold — and to several other species, which he believed could produce some, at least, of the symptoms of pellagra if given the opportunity.

But Ceni's theory left too many outlying facts to be accounted for. If the spores created the poison from the patient, not from the corn, how did a pure chemical extracted from spoiled corn produce even some of the symptoms? And, again, how were we to explain the relapses, of which very many were recorded? Patients would be getting on well, eat a little corn bread or be tempted with a fresh "roastin' ear," and down they came with a severe attack. One woman in South Carolina said that she "just couldn't resist the smell of the johnny-cake in the oven — she *had* to have a taste." The doctor was hastily summoned next day — all her early symptoms had returned with violence.

With each failure of the pathologists and bacteriologists, the zei-toxic theory became more firmly intrenched. Still, the parasite hypothesis would not "down," for the reason that periodicity would not "down" either. Ceni had ingeniously accounted for periodicity by explaining that it was synchronous with the sporulating stage of the mold, which occurred in the spring, and again, but less vigorously, in the fall. The merely vegetative life of the mold in the body he held to be harmless. Such, then, was the status of the controversy when the trypanosome theory brilliantly entered the field. To meet all the difficulties of the situation, the new school of anti-zeists, headed by Sambon, of London, has assumed a protozoön analogous to those found in syphilis and in sleeping-sickness. This school regards corn as playing somewhat the same rôle in pellagra that swamp water plays in malaria — a reservoir or possibly a breeding-ground for the trypanosome, or for the insect through which the infection is supposed to take place. In other words, corn is, as it were, the intermediary host. In support of this, Sambon states that pellagra is a disease of field laborers, who would naturally come in freest contact with the supposed insect that inoculates with the supposed trypanosome — a statement which unfortunately ignores a great mass of Italian statistical evidence — the Bergamo mills and the effect of the fall of the Crispi ministry, to mention only two items.

But — the hypothetical trypanosome is little better off than experimental pellagra: it has never been produced. And there you are, after a hundred and fifty years of study by some of the finest minds in Europe. Such is pellagra.

And suddenly, almost without warning, pellagra in its virulent form has risen like a specter among us in America. How long it has been incubating, waiting to burst forth, no one knows. Barhuino in 1600 described what must have been pellagra among the Indians who ate spoiled corn, and Maffei noticed a peculiar weakness among them attributed to the same cause. Various writers spoke of a disease among horses in Mexico supposed to be due to damaged corn. But from that time on no more was heard of it till 1864, when Dr. John Gray, Superintendent of the State Asylum, Utica, reported a case there, during the discussion of which by the Asylum Superintendents at their Washington meeting,

Dr. Tyler of the McLean Asylum, Somerville, Massachusetts, rose and recalled a similar case under his own observation. Sherwell reported one in 1883 and another nineteen years later in Brooklyn; Harris found one in complication with hookworm disease in Georgia; Searcy, an epidemic of acute pellagra at the asylum for negro insane at Mount Vernon, Alabama. But none of these seem to have attracted any attention. Dr. Osler had said that pellagra had never been observed in this country, and Spitzka that pellagrous insanity did not occur in America.

And then the psychological moment arrived — Dr. J. W. Babcock, Superintendent of the State Hospital at Columbia, by his report to the Board of Health in 1908, raised the question as to whether or not pellagra existed in South Carolina. For eighteen years he had been worrying over insane cases, largely among negro women, that no diagnosis seemed to fit — they had symptoms of almost every disease, and died in spite of all treatment, while the house physicians stood by asking helplessly, "*What* is killing these people?"

One day in staff meeting, when a case was under discussion, the words "pellagrous insanity" occurred in a reference. When the account of the disease had been read out, Dr. Babcock jumped to his feet, exclaiming excitedly, "That man has *pellagra!*"

Then followed months of study. Dr. Babcock and Dr. Watson went to Italy — the latter direct to Lombroso's clinic. Doubt was ended: the United States had pellagra, in spite of the authorities. A pellagra conference was called in Columbia in October. Cases and cases were reported, white and colored, adults and children — mothers with families, a farmer, a business man, a stable-hand, an office worker; many physicians recalled cases, as far back as twenty years ago, which they had diagnosed as tuberculosis, malaria, eczema, acute indigestion, what not. Dr. Wood of Wilmington had published a series under the head of "Symmetrical Gangrene" due to malaria. He has since declared them to have been pellagra. In response to a later inquiry by the State Board of Health, 187 cases were reported — people in every walk of life. Then, almost between naps, one might say, pellagra seemed to break out all over the country. With the coming of the next spring the cases multiplied beyond the fears of even the alarmists. One could hardly pick up a Southern paper and not see, "Man Dies of Pellagra," "Nurse Dies of Pellagra," "Pellagra Discovered in —— Asylum." Patients were seen on the streets and in railroad trains.

In July, Dr. Lavinder, the Government expert, found it outside Chicago in the Cook County Asylum — three cases and six previous deaths. On the request of Dr. Babcock, through the State Board of Health, Surgeon-General Wyman had detailed Dr. Lavinder of the Public Health Service to study pellagra. Dr. Lavinder had already been interested in the Wilmington cases when the Surgeon-General recalled him to Washington to prepare himself for further study at the Columbia Hospital. He had been working there since April — it was impossible to gainsay his diagnosis in Chicago or to get away from its seriousness. On the 6th of August a second pellagra conference was held in South Carolina, this time at Abbeville. The papers that were read, the discussions, the seventy-five physicians who had come from all over the State to attend the meeting, left no doubt in the mind of the lay public that the pellagra question was assuming an important if not an alarming aspect. Hardly had he returned from the conference when Dr. Lavinder was rushed out to the Bartonville State Hospital in Peoria. There were forty or fifty cases there, more probably, not declared. The superintendent fears that the whole asylum has become infected, and has ordered all corn cut out of the diet.

An unfortunate and curious scandal was twice connected with this asylum, that caused a good deal of newspaper notoriety and excitement throughout the State. In 1904 and again in 1907 patients had been taken away for burial, and the relatives on seeing the condition of the bodies declared them to have been scalded to death. The nurse, though protesting her innocence, was discharged for what was assumed to be her negligence. Dr. Lavinder pronounces these cases to have been pellagra, and the nurse has been reinstated.

Sixteen States have now reported, Massachusetts and Arkansas naming their first known victims in August.

The most conservative estimate I have heard — Dr. Lavinder's — places the number of cases for the country at five thousand; but there are physicians of high standing in South Carolina who make this estimate for their State alone. The estimates are based largely on the asylum commitment figures, assuming that we have the same proportion of insane pellagrins as occur in Italy, where commitments represent from ten to eleven per cent. On this supposition, a hospital report of one hundred insane pellagrins would indicate a total number of one thousand for the State. At this writing, the opinion is unanimous that pellagra has very greatly increased in the past two years. It has appeared in its acute or fulminating

form, with a mortality of over sixty per cent, many patients dying in the first attack, and the physicians are unable to grapple with it.

Out of all this two significant facts have emerged regarding pellagra in America. In Italy, Rumania, Spain, and Egypt, pellagra is a disease of the rural population and the very poor; in Italy it is called *mal de la miseria* — disease of the poor. In the United States it is now largely an urban or suburban disease, attacking the well-to-do, and women in preference to men, in the ratio of three to one. One of Dr. Wood's cases was "a magnificent specimen of vigorous, robust manhood"; one of Dr. Taylor's, "a lady of the highest culture"; Dr. Thayer of Johns Hopkins writes, "I have heard within the last year of several acute fatal cases of the disease in individuals living under the best social and hygienic conditions"; and physicians in the South number among their private cases many prominent people.

The hope of the American situation lies in the Pure Food Law and — the horse. At the first pellagra conference, Dr. Powers pointed out that pellagra and "blind staggers" in horses are probably one and the same, and Dr. Wood suggests that we may actually have at hand all the ready-made serum we need. The South Carolina Board of Health has undertaken the investigation* and is trying to find a recovered horse. After wide correspondence, Dr. Williams finally got on the track of one. About a year ago a planter lost twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of valuable horses by the disease. He ordered all corn taken out of the diet of the remainder of his stock and had them put on oats. Three months later his foreman, thinking the danger past, stopped the oats and returned to corn. Twenty horses were taken sick almost at once, and all but one died. That one recovered and was traded off. If found, he may be the most important animal in the State. Serum treatment has already been tried, blood transfusions from recovered pellagrins having been used, and it appears to have been so far successful. Dr. Babcock and Dr. Lavinder have had two cases at the State Hospital, Dr. McCafferty another at the Alabama State Hospital, and Dr. Cole of Mobile used it with a negro woman in apparently the last stages of pellagra. Still, none of these physicians dares express any certainty as to the results of a wide application of serum, for, as Dr. Babcock feelingly says: "The more you study pellagra, the less you think you really know about it. Until you know the ultimate cause, you can only keep on trying everything — and keep on hoping. But, whatever theory you hold as to the ultimate cause of it, pellagra is a fact, and the United States is facing one of the great sanitary problems of modern times."

* It is hoped that the report will be ready for presentation at the National Pellagra Conference to be held under the auspices of the State Board of Health at Columbia, November 2–3, 1909.

# NOTES ON PELLAGRA

We print the following additional notes on pellagra by noted authorities in Europe and America; also letters from Surgeon-General Wyman, of the United States Army; from Doctor Sandwith, one of the most distinguished English authorities on pellagra; Dr. Babcock, who has done most of the important work in America on pellagra; and C. F. Williams, Secretary of the State Board of Health of South Carolina and Health Officer of South Carolina.

## Pellagra in the English Colonies

In view of its gravity I think it is urgent to draw the attention of Colonial medical officers to this disease. In Italy pellagra is one of the chief plagues of the country, and it is dreaded not so much on account of its deadliness, but because of the indescribable wretchedness and suffering to which it gives rise during its slow, cruel course of many years. . . .

An examination of the mortality tables shows very clearly that pellagra is not decreasing, but increasing. . . .

It has been pointed out again and again by numerous observers that the areas of pellagra endemicity and those of maize culture by no means overlap, and, indeed, there are vast regions in which maize is extensively cultivated and much eaten, but in which pellagra is absolutely unknown. A most convincing example is that of the United States of America. . . .†

When once established in a region, pellagra is very permanent, but its prevalence varies considerably from year to year, not always in direct ratio to the amount of rainfall or the hygrometric state of the air, as has been erroneously asserted, but in connection with other oecological conditions not yet determined.

*Louis W. Sambon, Brit. Med. Jour.*, 1905, ii. 1272, *Pellagra.*

† This article was written before the epidemic in the United States of America.

## Preventing the Use of Moldy Grain by Legislation

The Italian Government intervened energetically, but temporarily, in 1895, for the purpose of protecting the humble consumers of polenta, but trade interests succeeded in asserting their power, and obtained the repeal of enactments that inconvenienced them. It was represented that maize affected by mold was not used as a food, but served for industrial purposes. It should, however, be possible by means of legislation — if not prudent, at least honest — to prevent the consumption of damaged or immature maize, which ought to be destroyed or thrown away.

The State ought to supervise the importation of maize, its harvesting, conversion into meal, its mode of preservation, its sale, and its consumption, adopting measures prohibitive of the use of grain that has become moldy. It is easy to confiscate on their arrival at the great seaports, the number of which is very limited, the large cargoes of damaged maize that are sent from abroad.

*Eugenio Tanzi, Text-book of Mental Diseases, Chap. x. Pellagra.*

## The Mount Vernon Hospital Epidemic

There occurred at the Mount Vernon Hospital, during the late summer and early fall of 1906, eighty-eight cases of acute pellagra, with fifty-seven deaths — a mortality of about sixty-four per cent. . . . . A sample of the meal used at the Mount Vernon Hospital, which was supposed to be the best Western meal, was sent to the pathologist in charge of the laboratory of plant pathology at Washington, and he reported the meal wholly unfit for human use; that it was made of moldy grain and contained quantities of bacteria and fungi of various sorts, some of which were identified. . . .

*General Considerations.*—Some interesting points about the Mount Vernon epidemic were as follows:

1. Of the eighty-eight cases only eight were males.

2. The average age was thirty-four.

3. Two thirds of them had been in the hospital longer than one year. Eighty per cent had had fair or good health previously.

No nurses had the disease. They handled the patients, slept in the halls near them, and the chief difference in their way of living was in the diet. They ate little corn bread, mostly flour bread, biscuits, etc., and had a little more variety of diet.

As soon as the nature of the disease was determined and the true cause suspected, the patients were taken off corn bread and grits and wheat bread and potatoes substituted. The rest of their diet was continued as before. No new cases, except the one in the test case, appeared after about ten days. A set of eight patients was kept on the former diet with corn bread and grits as a test. One of these developed the disease, another began to show symptoms, and all became in such poor general health that their diet was changed also. . . .

Reports from Italy show that the disease often occurs in jails, poorhouses, asylums, etc., where corn products are used so largely as a diet, and also among the peasants, who use a great deal of corn; and it is shown that in southern Italy, where the grain ripens earlier and better, there is not so much pellagra as in the provinces north of Rome.

Since it is known that pellagra may occur in this country, it behooves the Government to see, under the pure food laws, that no damaged corn is used for food purposes.

*George H. Searcy, Jour. Amer. Med. Ass'n, 1907, xlix. 37. An Epidemic of Acute Pellagra.*

## Pellagra Increasing in America

It is needless to suggest here that the appearance of pellagra is of very grave significance. The prevailing idea is that the disease is due to the consumption of spoiled or moldy corn. The disease is really wide-spread in this country. It is apparently increasing. The products of corn are a most important element in the diet of all classes of society in this country. Is there not, then, perhaps reason to fear a serious increase in the prevalence of this malady? It is most important that every one should be on the lookout for fresh cases of pellagra and further investigations into its prevalence and cause should immediately be undertaken.

*W. S. Thayer, Bull. Johns Hopkins Hospital, 1909, xx. 193, Pellagra in Maryland.*

## Dr. Lavinder's Statement—Pellagra Due Largely to Poverty

A statement on the treatment of pellagra by Dr. C. H. Lavinder, passed assistant surgeon, United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, was issued by that department September 11, in which Dr. Lavinder said:

"In undertaking any discussion of the prognosis of pellagra as seen in the United States, there are at least two factors which must not be overlooked. The first is that our comparatively brief experience with the disease in this country should make us guarded in our statements, and the other is that a large part of our published experience is based on asylum cases of the disease, which are usually regarded as the most hopeless.

"In any discussion of treatment we must first, of course, recognize the paramount importance of prophylaxis. Whatever views one may entertain as to the cause of the disease, there seems to be an almost universal belief that there is some definite etiological relation between Indian corn and pellagra. In dealing with a disease of such gravity, a belief so universal as this cannot be discarded except in the face of conclusive proof to the contrary. There are also the best of reasons for thinking that poverty, especially abject poverty, and all that is implied in that term — poor and insufficient food, bad housing, unhygienic surroundings, mental depression, lowered physical resistance, and often alcoholism — have a greater effect than

usual in predisposing to pellagra; and predisposition in this disease is generally admitted to be a factor of the greatest importance."

*The Washington Post, Sept. 13, 1909.*

## The Efforts of the Public Health Service to Check Pellagra

The following letter from Surgeon-General Wyman shows how early the Government realized the gravity of the situation and took measures to discover the cause and check the spread of pellagra:

"When the first reports of the occurrence of pellagra in the United States were made, an officer of the Service, who had had extensive service in Naples, Italy, invited attention to the probably increasing importance of the subject in relation to the public health, and suggested that the large Italian immigration was of interest in this respect.

"In view of the fact that cases had but recently been reported in Alabama, an officer of the Service stationed at Mobile was directed on June 8, 1907, to prepare a report upon the disease with special reference to its prevalence in Alabama. In response to these directions, Surgeon G. M. Guiteras made such a report July 20, 1907, which contains reference to the outbreak of acute pellagra at the Mount Vernon Insane Asylum during the summer of 1906, and which was reported by Dr. George H. Searcy to the Alabama State Medical Association April 18, 1907. In this report reference is also made to subsequent cases reported by Dr. E. L. McCafferty, Physician in Charge of the Mount Vernon Hospital, and, with the view to stimulating further investigation, a brief description of the disease was given.

"On April 27, 1908, Passed Assistant Surgeon C. H. Lavinder, who was then on duty at the Marine Hospital, Wilmington, North Carolina, reported that several cases of pellagra had been observed in that city during the few months previous, and that there had been admitted to the Marine Hospital a case which subsequently developed symptoms of the disease. On April 30, 1908, the Surgeon-General addressed a letter to Dr. Lavinder in which it was stated that pellagra had also been reported in other places, and that these reports appeared to indicate that the disease was more prevalent than had been supposed, and that it might in future assume importance, both from public health and economic standpoints. Dr. Lavinder's attention was invited to the undue prevalence of pellagra in Italy, and he was requested to prepare a précis on the subject, using the cases in Wilmington as a basis. As a result, a manuscript was prepared and submitted for publication July 8, 1908, which was published as soon as practicable, and distributed.

"Dr. Lavinder was relieved from duty in the Marine Hospital at Wilmington June 23, 1908, and assigned to duty in the Marine Hospital at New York, where he subsequently discovered a case of pellagra in the person of a coastwise sailor.

"In the meantime, pellagra was being recognized in other places, and it was a question as to whether the disease was on the increase. It was apparent that it would assume greater prominence, and that it should be made the subject of special investigation in the interest of the public health. It was, therefore, decided to detail Dr. Lavinder for this purpose, and, with the view to securing as complete information as possible regarding the situation, he was directed to attend a conference on pellagra held at Columbia, South Carolina, under the auspices of the South Carolina State Board of Health, October 28–30, 1908. The object of the conference was to disseminate information regarding pellagra in South Carolina, to stimulate interest in its scientific study, to emphasize the gravity of the appearance of the disease, and to make inquiry regarding its prophylaxis.

"While Dr. Lavinder was in Columbia, the Board of Regents of the State Hospital for the Insane passed a resolution recognizing the gravity of the pellagra situation, and declaring that help would be asked from the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service or some similar scientific body in the study of the disease within the hospital with the object of finding some means to prevent its further spread. It is understood that the State Board of Health of South Carolina concurred in this resolution, and Dr. J. W. Babcock, Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, expressed the belief that if a Service officer were detailed for the study of the disease, the hospital authorities would place at his disposal all reasonable means with which to make a scientific study of the disease.

"In his report of this conference dated November 24, 1908, Dr. Lavinder expressed the belief that if pellagra continued to advance, it would in all likelihood finally prove itself a matter of national concern. He was therefore detailed to the Hygienic Laboratory December 15, 1908, with the view to immediately undertaking systematic studies of the disease.

"After the necessary preliminary studies, a plan of action was outlined, and on March 26, 1909, laid before the Advisory Board of the Hygienic Laboratory for the purpose of obtaining advice with respect to the investigations to be made. It was the consensus of opinion that the investigations should be continued, that they should include studies of cases in Columbia, South Carolina, and elsewhere, during the season of 1909, and that these should be followed by comparable studies of the disease in Italy. Dr. Lavinder was accordingly sent to Columbia April 30, 1909, all necessary laboratory equipment having been previously forwarded to that place for his use. During the past four months he has investigated cases of pellagra in Columbia, South Carolina, Nashville, Tennessee, and Chicago and Peoria, Illinois. There is evidence for believing that unrecognized cases of pellagra have been occurring for some time in the United States, but that recently they have become more frequent. The outlook is, therefore, one to give concern, and the problems involved will require the most earnest investigation with the view to their solution.

"W. WYMAN, Surgeon-General."

## Letters from Three Leading Authorities on Pellagra

LONDON, August 14, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR: I shall be much interested in reading Miss Carter's article when it appears, but I cannot understand why you call it a "medical mystery." Medicine is full of mysteries, but I do not know where you find one here. There are a few people who cannot see that pellagra is confined to certain people in certain countries who eat large quantities of spoiled maize. The interesting point about the United States pellagra will be to discover when the endemic disease began and why it did not occur before. The slowness of the doctors in recognizing the disease and in not accepting the diagnosis when first made is not peculiar to the Southern States, but has occurred in every other country from which the disease has been reported.

Wishing you all success,

Very truly yours,

F. M. SANDWITH.*

STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE,

Columbia, S. C., August 30, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR: Miss Carter has just read me her graphic article on pellagra. Her presentation of the subject is altogether the best I know of. To one who has not seen and does not know the disease, it may seem somewhat incredible, but to those of us who are grappling with the mysterious malady, it is just such a picture as the American people ought to have presented to them to-day. I am not an alarmist, but regarding pellagra I believe the people ought to know the truth. There is no exaggeration in Miss Carter's picture.

Very truly yours,

J. W. BABCOCK.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

Columbia, S. C., August 31, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just read Miss Carter's article on pellagra, and unhesitatingly say it is a fair representation of the subject, without exaggeration, as it appears in South Carolina, and its publication at this time would certainly seem most timely and helpful to the public, who should be deeply concerned.

Very respectfully,

C. F. WILLIAMS,
Secretary and State Health Officer.

* Dr. Sandwith is one of the foremost English authorities on pellagra.

## A New Book on Pellagra

When pellagra first broke out in the United States scarcely anything had been written upon it in English. The voluminous literature in Italian, French, and German, comprising thousands of books, articles, pamphlets, and monographs, was not available to the general public. Dr. Lavinder and Dr. Babcock therefore selected for translation the most comprehensive single treatise, Dr. Marie's book on pellagra, to which they have added numerous notes of interest to the American reader and a chapter on etiology discussing all the various theories as to causation. The work is to be fully illustrated with photographs and maps, and will be published by the State Publishing Company, Columbia, South Carolina, about the middle of October. These photographs, some of which are referred to in the article of this issue, were considered too horrible for reproduction in MCCLURE'S.

## The National Pellagra Conference in November

At the National Pellagra Conference, to be held on November 23, 1909, the whole subject as it relates to the disease in America will be thoroughly discussed, and attending physicians will be given opportunity to study cases in the State Hospital.

The exposition of pellagra in the present issue of MCCLURE'S is published early in the crusade by the urgent advice of those fully conversant with this terrible disease. When a distinguished English authority learned that pellagra had been discovered in the United States, he said: "I am sorry — and *glad*, for the Americans will certainly discover its cause."

The disease is now mildly epidemic. Unless preventive measures are applied intelligently and widely it may become epidemic and afterward endemic — such is its history in all countries where it has appeared.

The United States Government and various State and local authorities are using the utmost diligence and science. It is hoped the disease may be kept under control.

# GERMANY'S WAR PREPAREDNESS

BY

G. E. MABERLY-OPPLER

TO the foreigner residing in Germany there is perhaps no greater evidence of the genius for thoroughness and exactness in detail that forms so prominent a feature of the Teuton character than the painstaking care and minute attention given to attaining a perfect and omnipotent military system. Method and theory are effectively carried into practice, with the result that it is the proudest boast of every German that he is a member of the greatest and most powerful military nation in the world.

The preparations for the assumption of an offensive or defensive attitude at a moment's notice have been so carefully and precisely worked out by the host of officials, military and civil, attached to the General Staff, which comprises the most capable military men in the German army, that the Fatherland is able to hurl an army of four hundred thousand men and eight hundred guns within twelve hours' notice on either its eastern or western neighbor's frontier; further, if necessary, over a million seasoned and trained men, completely equipped and armed with artillery, airships, automobiles, cavalry, etc., and all the paraphernalia of warfare can be placed in the field within two or three days' time. This advance-guard can be followed up by additional fighting forces until within about two weeks' time Germany's entire cohorts, numbering over two million soldiers, are mobilized and in the field.

### *Germany Ready for Instant Mobilization of Her Armies*

This whole system of mobilization has been thoroughly prepared and perfected during the forty years of uninterrupted peace that Germany has enjoyed. Gradually, and step by step, plans for every emergency have been evolved, drawn up, and tested, and everything necessary for instant action is ready. Plans for the invasion of every European and transatlantic country, including the United States, lie ready for use in the drawers of special receptacles at the War Office, and immediately on the declaration of war every officer, man, and boy in the service would be informed by telegram of the outbreak of hostilities. Being in the possession of secret instructions, the purport of which he has sworn not to divulge, every man in the vast German fighting machine knows exactly the place assigned to him and what he has to do within a few hours after the country has taken the field. The writer by chance saw one of these confidential documents, and was astounded by its minuteness of detail. In the case in question, the soldier, who belonged to the Military Railway Department of the German army, was told the exact hour and spot at which he was to relieve the civilian guard of a train coming from the south. Every officer is in the possession of secret mobilization orders that would enable him to take up his place with his men in the gigantic military chess-board without further instructions. The entire railway would be handed over to the Military Railway Department, a branch of the service that assumes control over the transport of the army, its supplies, artillery, and equipment, and the eight thousand men of the three railway regiments would assume possession of the entire network of Germany's railroads.

In this connection it is interesting to note that all German railway stock is built with an ultimate idea of war. The traveler through Germany will notice that every truck, open or covered, has peculiar hieroglyphics painted on it in a front corner, which on closer examination read as follows: "Für 12 Mann, oder 6 Pferde. Gewicht, ——." These figures denote the number of horses, men, or the weight of the guns that the car can carry during wartime. Another interesting feature that can be noted on the Russian frontier is that the Russians have constructed their lines with a different gauge, in order to prevent German trucks from utilizing them, should the two countries be at war with each other. I am informed, however, that German resourcefulness and ingenuity have overcome this difficulty, and that the wheels on every German truck have been constructed in such a way that they can be adapted to the Russian or any other gauge.

Special armored trains, and trains for the conveyance of huge fortress cannon, are in readiness within sheds in the neighborhood of every fort of importance. Materials for bridge construction and pontoons for crossing rivers, as well as road-building material, are stapled up under cover along the entire length of Germany's three frontiers, ready for conveyance by rail to any spot desired. The transfer of this immense system of transport from civilian to military management would be easily accomplished, for it is under semi-military management in times of peace, and many of the officials of all grades have served in the army. In addition to this, the entire railway system in Germany is owned by the Government, so that the perfection of these preparations has met with no difficulties.

### *A Great War Treasure Kept Always on Hand*

As soon as war was declared, the men liable to military service would present themselves at their respective headquarters all over the country; the horses, wagons, carts, etc., which in time of peace have been noted down by special officers as serviceable, would be requisitioned; the quarters for the advancing army, also selected in time of peace, would be prepared for the reception of the various contingents along the line of invasion or defense; the supplies necessary for carrying on a prolonged war against a European nation, always kept in readiness, would be issued; and the country would be prepared within a few hours' time. This exactness of detail is carried out to such an extreme that even the necessary money required at the outset is kept on hand. In the so-called "Julius Turm," at the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin, hundreds of sacks of gold containing 120,000,000 marks, part of the Franco-German War indemnity, are jealously hoarded for this purpose. By law this "war fund" can be used only for requirements that arise at the outbreak of or during a war.

Directly war had been declared, the Reichsbank (State Bank) would take charge of this war treasure, and is authorized by law to issue banknotes to three times the amount, that is, 360,000,000 marks, or sufficient to meet all requirements until loans are raised.

Germany stands alone of all countries in the world in being financially mobilized for war and in possessing a "war fund." The amount may seem insignificant when compared to the entire cost that a Continental war might entail, yet it would enable the country to tide over the first few days and to administer the first blow without delay, before its foe had been able to make the necessary preparations for defense. Elaborate plans for the provision of the "sinews of war" have been compiled by Germany's most prominent bankers, and the danger of being compelled to cease operations in a prolonged war, for lack of means, has been reduced to a minimum.

### *The Soldiers' Rations Cooked Weeks Ahead*

All German forts and fortresses are armed and equipped to overflowing with ammunition, supplies, stores, and provisions, so that they are ready for the outbreak of hostilities and could undergo prolonged sieges. Such forethought is bestowed on these preparations that the very bread, a dark-brown kind called *Kommis Brot*, is especially prepared to keep fresh for weeks. Millions of the so-called *Eiserne Rationen*, or iron rations (the soldiers' food in war-time), are kept in stock, and countless field traveling kitchens attached to every brigade are kept in reserve. The barracks are crammed with accoutrements, rifles, bedding, tents, etc., and sufficient stores are in constant readiness to equip the two million men already referred to without fresh supplies being ordered. Everything, even down to the last button on the last soldier's coat, is ready. "We don't want to fight, but we are ready," is the German military man's common statement. It is this readiness that impresses all the military experts visiting Germany, and that, truthfully speaking, has prevented Germany from being attacked during the last few decades.

### *Germany's Anxiety Regarding Her Artillery*

Under such circumstances, it is natural that the greatest attention should have been bestowed on the weapons with which the German soldier is armed, and that the latest German magazine rifle should be one of the finest and most effective weapons that exists. The Germans have not forgotten the bitter lesson taught them during the Franco-German War, when the French, armed with superior Chassepot rifles and mitrailleuses, were able to pour a hail of shot and shell on their regiments, while the German soldiers, possessing a weapon of shorter range, were compelled to stand idle, watching in grim fury the gradual decimation of their ranks.

It is not surprising, therefore, that German military authorities have been evincing the greatest anxiety lately regarding the alleged inferiority of the German artillery compared to that of the French. Up to some months ago this

inferiority has been an open secret, and even now, when the rearmament of the German artillery with barrel recoil guns has been completed, there are those who assert that in war-time the French would possess a superiority, as far as artillery is concerned, that would amply compensate for their inferiority in numbers and other respects. Be this as it may, the German military authorities are ever watchful, and the matter has formed the subject of the gravest deliberations at the War Office, the upshot being that in the military estimates last year the Government voted a huge sum to artillery experiments, with the object of surpassing the French. Among other things, special attention is being paid to machine-guns, and it is most probable that before long the limited number of Maxim guns at present in use will be augmented by an enormous supply of a newly invented gun, the deadliness and effectiveness of which will prove decisive in a modern combat.

### *Human Bodies Used in Secret Target Practice*

Officers who have been present at the trials of the new machine-gun are strong in its praise and earnestly urge its adoption. At Jüterbog, the great artillery experimental camp near Berlin, these tests have been exhaustively carried out under conditions as nearly approaching the grim realities of war as can possibly be imagined. Long rows of dead human bodies, as well as of dead horses, transported to Jüterbog on the military railway in the secrecy of the night, are erected in positions as nearly lifelike as possible, and are used to ascertain the actual penetrative powers of the weapons. Skeleton houses and farms, intrenchments, old artillery and guns, even armored automobiles, trains, and bridges are brought into requisition, and add to the reality of the scene. The sight of an experimental shooting-ground after these trials, strewn as it is with human corpses, shattered limbs, the cadavers of animals, and nondescript wreckage, is ghastly, and vividly calls to memory the hideous details and the horrors that form part of actual warfare. The trials are conducted most secretly, and all approaches to the isolated governmental grounds are strictly guarded by a dense cordon of armed police, who have instructions to use their weapons in the event of non-compliance with orders.

The simplicity of construction, solidity, and efficiency of the new gun are astounding. According to reports from Jüterbog, 266,000 rounds were fired from a single gun, at an average speed of 450 shots per minute, for a couple of days, the gun showing no signs of wear or tear.

### *Germany's Aërial Fleet Superior to Any in the World*

In the construction of military airships, the most deadly weapons of future warfare, Germany is far in advance of all other nations. Possessing at the present moment an aërial fleet of four Zeppelin battleships, three Parseval cruisers, two Gross scouts, and countless captive observation balloons and spherical balloons, she possesses a vast superiority over all her future foes. Plans for her aërial fleet include the construction of enough vessels of the Zeppelin, Gross, or Parseval type to permit of the stationing of at least one in every fort of the country, including those on the land frontiers as well as on the coast.

In addition, ships will be built for service with each of the four field armies which would be organized in case of war. The recent achievements of the Zeppelin II. have convinced the German military authorities of the incalculable value of airships for tactical purposes. The Zeppelin has demonstrated that it could in a twelve-hour trip cover the entire length of the French frontier, from Mülhausen, in Alsace, via Belfort, to Treves, and could give, in time of war, a thorough insight into the whole French strategic deployment.

These magnificent engines of destruction can travel at a uniform speed of fifty kilometers hourly for a period of twelve hours, are manned with twenty-six men, and are fitted with the deadliest of aërial torpedoes. Regular airship forts for their housing have been erected at all the most important forts and strategic points of the Empire, as well as at the mouths of rivers.

Flitting silently under the cover of night from fort to fort, keeping guard over their own camps, and destroying hostile camps and troops with deadly and horror-inspiring swiftness, conveying messages, with photographic reproductions of the enemy's position, from commander to commander, bringing succor to besieged towns, and crossing hitherto invulnerable land and water defenses, these huge birds of prey will prove the most formidable aid to Germany during the next war.

As to the military aëroplanes, more than thirty-one different kinds of aëroplane are under construction in Germany. For the German army, however, a secret aëroplane has been constructed by Major Parseval, the celebrated airship inventor, which bids fair to surpass anything hitherto seen. Its handling is so simple that, as the inventor informed the author, observations and drawings can be made by its pilot while the aëroplane is in full flight. This shows an immense superiority over the Wright

aëroplane, the operation of which occupies the whole attention of the pilot. Nevertheless, at the initiative of the German Government, a "Wright Aëroplane Construction Company" has been formed in Germany, and the right to build aëroplanes according to the system of the two talented brothers acquired for the sum of $125,000. Arrangements are already being perfected for the construction of innumerable military aëroplanes as soon as the War Office has definitely made its decision as to type.

As for the explosives that are to be poured down like hail from aërial tubes upon the defenseless foe, there are three distinct types of shells. The first is an explosive shell for use against buildings, war materials, and dockyards. The second is a burning shell for setting fire to buildings, airships, balloons, or flying-machines. The third is a shell emitting intolerable odors, for use against troops in fortification and against the population of towns.

It is declared that the Zeppelin can without difficulty carry as many explosive shells or "aërial torpedoes" as a torpedo-boat. They vary in size from three to six inches, and are thus no larger than small-caliber land-artillery ammunition.

For operation against small bodies of troops or individuals hand-grenades will be employed. The burning shells weigh only from three to seven ounces.

Automobiles, ironclad and mounting quick-firing guns, as well as ordinary speed cars manned simply by an armed crew, will also play an important part in a future war undertaken by Germany. Owing to the establishment of a voluntary automobile corps throughout the Empire, the members of which take part with their cars in all the important army manoeuvers, the Fatherland can, in case of emergency, count on at least a thousand full-sized cars manned by trained men.

### *Germany's Omniscient Secret Service*

But perhaps one of the most characteristic features of this huge fighting machine is its organization. The amount of method that has been employed in building it up and in creating its precise clockwork mechanism is incredible. And the success achieved is the result of unwearying, incessant work. The leaders of the German army, its officers, rank among the most hard-worked men in the Empire. Studying from early in the morning till late at night, they have reduced fighting to an exact science in which the most scientific general wins the day. All chances and possibilities are taken into consideration and failure eliminated. And toward this success the "Secret Service Department" of Germany, for which a sum of over three million dollars was voted last year, has contributed in no small degree.

The German military authorities, in consequence of their judicious expenditure, are the best informed in the world. It is safe to say that there is not a military secret on which they are not posted, not a fort the plans of which they do not possess, and not a military invention of which they do not know every detail. As a simple example of this, it may be mentioned that in the British-Boer War and in the Russian-Japanese War, Britons, Boers, Russians, and Japanese alike used German ordnance maps of China and of South Africa, these being the best in the world.

The Government's secret agents are at work in all countries, and special officers are trained with a view to war with certain countries. For instance, at a recent dinner an Englishman was seated beside a German officer. During the course of conversation the officer asked his neighbor from what part of England he came. "Colchester," was the reply. "Oh," said the officer, "that is my district," and proceeded to describe it, showing an intimate knowledge of all details, down to footpaths, foot-bridges, and small farms. It transpired during the further course of the conversation that every German officer has to become acquainted with special districts of various countries and obtain information regarding every possible requirement, etc., in the event of such a district being occupied by German troops. German military spies are active in the armies and navies of the whole world, and not a single company of soldiers is moved from one foreign town to another, that the men at the helm in the General Staff building at the Königs Platz are not cognizant of the fact.

The splendid military science of the German officer is fully backed up by the magnificent physique of the rank and file. The conditions for serving in the German army are as stringent as they can possibly be, and of the two million men who present themselves for service annually only about a sixth are selected for active service. The care bestowed on these men to keep them fit for their duties is typical. Their teeth are well attended to, in order to insure good digestion and bodily condition, and the regimental chiropodist facilitates the marching abilities of the men.

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to do more than touch on some points that contribute to Germany's war preparedness. Enough, however, has been said to explain the average German's justifiable confidence in the impregnability of the German Empire, so vigorously expressed in "Die Wacht am Rhein."

# THE STOLEN SONG

BY

## MICHAEL WILLIAMS

"THEFT." This was the charge on which Florence McCarthy, aged nineteen, a chambermaid, was arraigned before the magistrate in the police court at Pineville, North Carolina, to be held a prisoner against the next sitting of the county court, or dismissed.

Police-court cases, save those involving negroes with an unlawful appetite for chicken, or negroes or whites with too much appetite for corn liquor, were rare in Pineville; and this fact, combined with the peculiar circumstances surrounding the present case, had filled the room with spectators.

Old "Squire" Shaw, justice of the peace, presided, and the court sat in the big front room of his rambling house on the slope of the hill opposite the eminence crowded with the garish hotels of the winter resort. The day was sunny and warm, although the month was February, and the wide windows were open, showing the piny valley and the vineyards, drenched in sunshine and flecked with the swiftly moving shadows of white, fleecy clouds marching before the bland south wind that seemed to be singing through the pines a song full of the hints of spring — shy, thrilling, warm-voiced whisperings.

The Squire was gray-bearded and portly, tall and broad-shouldered, and the dignity of his office was upon him like a garment that more than made up for the absence of his coat. The slowly moving jaws that munched his enormous wad of tobacco seemed intent on other matters than the extraction of nicotine — they seemed motioning in some act of deliberation, some important chewing of the cud of august reflections, not bovine, but Jupiter-like.

"Squire Shaw done look terrible strict this mawnin'; he shuah does look awful," whispered one colored woman to another. They were two of the witnesses in the case. Other negroes were excluded — and proud were these witnesses.

The prisoner sat in an arm-chair directly facing the magistrate. She was guarded by half of Pineville's police force — not because she was so formidable a criminal, but because the police force numbered two.

She was white as the paper on which these words are printed; and the black rings beneath her eyes, which were half closed and drooping, and the sharp lines produced around her mouth and on her cheeks by recent weeping, struck out as plainly as the ink on this page. She was slight of figure, and the bones in her hands, which lay tightly clasped on her lap, were very prominent. Her hair was black, curly, and abundant. Her features were delicate and well formed. Yesterday she might have been a very pretty girl. Now, whenever she raised her eyes, she regained beauty, for the eyes were lustrous violet — big, Irish eyes.

Near her, in chairs or standing against the wall, were the complainant, the lawyers, and the witnesses.

"As Ah understand matters at present," said Squire Shaw, "Mr. Jaspar Needle accuses the prisoner, Miss McCarthy, of stealing a music-box ——"

"Beg your Honor's pardon," said a sharp little voice, as a sharp-faced little man strode quickly to the front, "but you have things somewhat wrong. In the first place, my name is Neezle, not Needle; and it was a phonograph, not a music-box, which this girl stole ——"

"I object, your Honor, to that last statement," said a young man, also moving forward from the group before the desk at which the magistrate sat. "As the prisoner's counsel, I must object to Mr. Neezle branding Miss McCarthy as a thief unless he can prove the crime."

"Your Honor!" shrilled Neezle.

"Gentlemen," boomed the deep voice of Squire Shaw, interrupting the complainant, "Ah am aware that you are Northern folk, accustomed to practise the legal profession up yondah" — here the Squire's big red fist gestured sweepingly toward a window opening on the north; "and that perhaps Ah am not so well acquainted with the book rules of this business. But Ah feel that we will get along first rate together, and have justice done, if you-all will kindly allow me to go ahead in my

own way, unless, of course, Ah go right wrong. Is this satisfactory to you, Mr. Prentice?"

The young man who had announced himself as the prisoner's counsel smiled in a friendly fashion, and nodded.

The little nervous, bustling complainant piped up with: "Of course, your Honor, I put full confidence in you. That's all right. Sure. But I do like to see things right. My name, for instance. Little sensitive on that point. My phonograph, for another point. Even more sensitive on that. I don't like to have it called a music-box. No. After spending years — literally years — and hundreds of dollars ——"

"All right, Mr. Neezle, sir," said the magistrate; "Ah shall try to be more careful on those points. And now let us proceed. You accuse this young woman of stealing yo' phonograph. Tell the court your side of the story — unless you have counsel to do that foh you."

"No, your Honor; I am — or have been — a duly qualified lawyer, and feel competent to conduct my own case.

"I do accuse this young woman of stealing my phonograph, which I value at not less than five hundred dollars — and would not sell for five thousand ——"

"Pretty high valuation to put on one of those hyah things," said the magistrate smilingly; "from what Ah have heard of them, down in the bowling alley, foh instance,— where Ah go at times, sir,— Ah would not be inclined to pay so much foh one."

"Ah, your Honor!" cried the complainant; "but have you heard mine?"

"No, sir."

"You were not present at any of the lectures, or demonstrations, I gave in the local hotels?"

"No, sir."

The little man stared for a moment at the big old Squire, with what seemed to be pity — pity mingled with wonder.

"Well, your Honor," he went on, "I might explain a little. My phonograph is one of a very special kind, made for a special object, on a plan of my own ——"

"Pahdon me, Mr. Neezle," said the magistrate; "but Ah reckon we may waive the matter of the — ah, make-up or technical description of yo' phonograph ——"

"If your Honor will permit me to say a word," interjected the prisoner's counsel, "I might expedite matters. I admit the exceptionally high value of Mr. Neezle's phonograph. I may even say that I shall be glad, for my client's sake, to have the complainant tell your Honor something more regarding his machine."

Neezle stared suspiciously at Prentice. Squire Shaw, however, nodded to the complainant to continue.

"Well, your Honor," he went on, with much-dampened ardor, however, "I may say that it is fairly well known in most quarters that I am a collector of phonograph records of American life, in the sense that other men are collectors of pictures, photographs, historical records, or stories of American life. My phonograph, as I have said, has been made to suit my special requirements. I have collected records of court cases, of real dialogue as it goes on in street cars, legislative halls, on street corners, and so forth and so forth. I have records of various characteristic American sounds, if I may so express it, your Honor — like the noise made by trains, trolley cars, factories, machine-shops, and so forth and so forth. I do not work for money, but for the love of the thing. Now and then, however, I give what you may call entertainments, in order to assist some worthy cause or charity. I have been staying in Pineville for some weeks, and the ladies of the Episcopal Church enlisted me in an effort to raise some money, and I have been giving lectures, or demonstrations, in the parlors of several of the hotels and in the church.

"Well, that is all right. You understand now the value I put on my phonograph. At all the entertainments I have given, this young woman here" — he jerked a nervous finger toward the defendant — "has been present. Very much interested. Spoke to me how much she liked it. Naturally, I was pleased. All right. Yesterday I was to leave Pineville for Asheville. The young woman knew it. An hour or so before I was ready to leave the hotel, I missed the phonograph and a case of my records. Naturally, I created an uproar. Some other servants at the hotel came forward and said they had noticed this girl carrying some heavy bundle away into the woods back of the hotel. She was absent from the hotel. I notified the police. We searched the woods. We found the girl near a hut in which the phonograph and records were hidden away under leaves and pine needles. She confessed to the theft. She was arrested at once. Plenty of witnesses to all this. Personally, your Honor, I don't want the girl punished — so long as I have my phonograph; but the case was out of my hands then, and in the hands of the local representative of justice — I refer to your Honor." And Neezle made a funny little bow of deference before the big man in shirt sleeves. "And now, with your Honor's permission, I shall put the witnesses I have on the stand and ——"

The prisoner's counsel suddenly moved for-

ward, and all eyes as suddenly left the little complainant and fixed on Prentice. He was a darkly handsome, youthful-looking man, very thin and with sunken cheeks, and a little soft cough that ran through his speech continually. There was something about him that always attracted attention — some subtle emanation of an engaging and kindly soul.

"Squire Shaw," he said, smiling at the big man behind the desk, who returned the smile and nodded in a friendly fashion, "you will excuse me if I drop the formal 'your Honor' and all that business? I am not going to conduct a case — I am going to tell you a story. May I go on in my own way — and smoke a cigarette, too?"

"You shuah may, Mr. Prentice, sir," said Squire Shaw.

Prentice walked over to the prisoner. Everybody watched him as he bent slightly toward her.

"You are not to worry, Miss McCarthy," he said pleasantly; "all this fuss will soon blow away."

She lifted her lustrous Irish eyes, and her lips quivered. Then the eyes drooped again. But the lines about the melancholy lips relaxed; somehow they looked redder from that moment, as if her heart was beating stronger.

Prentice lighted a dainty Egyptian cigarette, and turned away from the girl. As he talked, he walked softly up and down.

"Well, Squire," he said, "first of all, I want to say that it will be unnecessary for Mr. Neezle to call his witnesses at this time. I admit all he says. Yes, all that goes. But I will tell you all the truth. My client did not steal the phonograph ——"

"Your Honor!" cried Neezle, bouncing out of the chair in which he had plopped himself. "But my learned friend has just admitted ——"

"Please let me go on, Mr. Neezle," said Prentice. "I think you will soon see that I am not combating your facts — as you see them. May I continue?"

"You sho'ly may, Mr. Prentice, sir," said Squire Shaw.

"Oh, go on — go on, by all means!" snapped Neezle.

Prentice puffed a slow, luxurious puff, and then walked to and fro a moment or more, silently brooding. Although he still smiled, there was no levity in his bearing; but, instead, there was an irresistible suggestion of deep feeling, that gave timbre to his voice, depth to his kindly smile, and the conviction of truth to his words.

"Squire," he said suddenly, stopping short, "do you know what it is to be lonely?"

There was something in the words that sent a thrill through all in the room. All shuffling of feet, furtive whisperings, restless changes of position, stopped at once. The magistrate looked profoundly puzzled. He stared at Prentice from under his shaggy white brows, and then said:

"Ah don't know that Ah do, Mr. Prentice; nor, sir, do Ah see what you mean by such a question."

"I think you will see after a little while. Squire. Well, loneliness is a terrible thing. And homesickness is another — it is a part of loneliness. Medical books have a big name for the thing; they call it nostalgia. I guess you have read in the newspapers of how it gets hold on our soldier boys in the Philippines and elsewhere; how they sicken of sheer longing for home, and sometimes die of it. They feel it not alone in their hearts, as we say, in their thoughts, continually fixed or reverting at any one of a thousand suggestions to the home place and the home folks, but they feel it in their bones. Their hands will stretch out vainly to touch something belonging to home. Their feet will ache to walk on the earth of home. . . ."

Prentice suddenly stopped and threw his cigarette out of the nearest window. He walked quickly across the room to the prisoner's chair again.

"Little girl," he said, bending toward her, "isn't that your trouble — haven't you been homesick?"

The girl's white face disappeared into her hands. "Oh, God, yes!" she sobbed. "Oh, you know, Mr. Prentice — you know! You found out all about it. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"Now, hush — be still," soothed Prentice, with pitying tenderness. "Hush, please, while I tell the people what they ought to know."

A tall, spare, elderly woman with thin, withering hair moved quickly from her place with the others, carrying her chair, which she planted by the side of the prisoner's chair — defiantly, like a grenadier mounting a breach; and defiantly she looked at the magistrate, at the complainant, at Prentice, at the spectators. Then her defiant bearing fled, and her long, scrawny arm went around the frail girl's waist, and the girl's head was drawn to the matron's shoulder. She was the wife of the proprietor of the hotel where the girl had been employed.

"Now, Squire, I'll try to get on more directly," said Prentice; "only I am not famous for my directness.

"Florence McCarthy comes from a mill town far up North, in Massachusetts. She has no father or mother living, but she has relatives there. More important, perhaps, she has a

sweetheart there, a young man who is employed in the office of the mill where she used to be employed — a mill where they make beautiful silks. I have been in that town. It is not a place where you or I would want to live — you who were born and raised in this sunny, pine-scented valley, I who now live here most of the year. That town, too, is in a valley; but it is chill and bare and gray; the air is dank; the smoke of chimneys poisons the air. In the many mills thousands of men and women, boys and girls, work all day at the looms. It is an ugly town, mean and sordid — but it is this girl's home. Florence was born there. Her father and mother are buried there. Her sweetheart lives there. She lives there, although she is sitting in this room.

"Let me tell you, now, how all this matters in this case. I became interested in it long before Mr. Neezle became interested through the loss of his phonograph. I, too, am an exile, like Florence. Through the same cause — something wrong in here." He touched his breast, and a recurrence of his soft cough gave emphasis to his gesture. "Not with my heart, you know ——"

"Ah reckon yo' heart is all right, sir," said the Squire.

"The hearts of most people are all right, Squire, as we find whenever we can look into them. Well! Florence has something wrong with her lungs. She fell sick, up there in that mill town. She and her sweetheart were saving money for their marriage. He is a man I'd like to know, I guess — full of sand, in a quiet way. He just simply *made* Florence pack her trunk and come down here. She just simply fought against coming — but he won out. It happens that Mr. Jennings, of the Pineknot Inn, is a native of that mill town up North; and Florence's sweetheart wrote to him, and he consented to give the girl light work in the hotel. He made things as easy as possible for the little girl from the mill. She got along fine at first. Began to bloom again. The roses began to open in the white cheeks. She wrote cheerful letters home to the sweetheart in the mill. He was saving his money again, to come down here as soon as he could and go into some business or other.

"And then ——

"And then the other sickness came upon the girl — the sick, unreasoning longing for home — just the sights and sounds and smells and faces and lights and dampness and mill whistles of that town up North. There is no explaining this sickness. It simply is. Her letters home got cheerless and desponding. Her sweetheart's encouraging letters did her no good. She wanted some tangible thing from home — some sight, some touch, some sound. Words scrawled on paper are poor substitutes for the words that lips can say.

"Her roses faded. She lost the health she had been gaining. I happen to know that guests of the hotel complained of having such a white, mournful, peaked and pining girl around them; and the good people of the hotel were forced to take her away from the table work and put her on chamber work. And day by day she grew worse. . . .

"Squire, I somehow feel that I can imagine just how she thought of her home town: how suddenly, while she was working or walking, some remembrance of home would flow in upon her mind like a sudden draught of air from a window touching her body, making her shiver. . . .

"And then, Squire, imagine this girl, listlessly entering the room at the hotel where Mr. Neezle was lecturing; listlessly sitting on the bench at the back of the room where the other servants were, miserably brooding, drawing apart from the gaiety, from the lights, the movement. Morbid? Indeed, yes. That is homesickness! Morbid; but something more than that — a dumb pulling at the strings of the heart; a stirring amid the very soil of the soul, nourished as it is by the memories of the birth-place, the home-place, the spot of earth where life created us, where we entered mysterious life. . . .

"Yes, imagine her there, and thus; and then, try to imagine the thing that suddenly happened — the wonder, the marvel, the miracle! Why, that girl left that room laughing, happy, almost gay! Ask her employers, ask the other servants, on this point. For the next week she was a happy girl; for, day by day, the miracle was renewed ——"

"Mistah Prentice, sir, you sho'ly puzzle me," said Squire Shaw, leaning heavily over his desk.

"Squire, I don't wish to do that. What happened to Florence was this: She was suddenly carried back to her mill town. She heard the voice of the mill she used to work in, where her friends work; where her sweetheart works and lives. And she heard his voice! His very voice! His living voice! Yes.

"Imagine it, Squire. I am puzzling you? I am sorry. But I speak the facts. One of the records used that night was taken in the mill in which Florence worked at home. The one that followed was also taken there — and it reproduced the voice of her sweetheart, and his voice was speaking of her.

"Every time thereafter that Mr. Neezle gave his lecture, Florence was present, drinking in those sounds, transported to her home — or,

rather, living in the part of her home that was thus almost magically brought across a thousand miles to her in her dark valley of exile.

"For those few days she was happy. Then she heard that Mr. Neezle was going away. She was heartbroken. I know that she asked Mr. Neezle what the phonograph would cost her, with some piteous idea that she might be able to buy it. That, of course, was out of the question. Then she tried to buy the two records. Mr. Neezle could not sell them. He is a man with a hobby; and, too, Florence did not tell him her reason. She thought it might be possible to use the records on any phonograph — and there is one, of a kind, in the hotel billiard-room. But Mr. Neezle's records cannot be used on any ordinary make of machine.

"Then came the theft.

"But Florence did not try to steal the phonograph, Squire Shaw; truly, she did not. She wanted to steal that song of home. I have found out. The idea floundering in her morbid, frightened mind was that she would keep the phonograph for some time, safely, in the disused hut in the woods — solacing herself from time to time with its wonderful song of home, with the real voice of her sweetheart; and so she would live until he came in person; for she truly felt and believed that she would die, were she to be left in the loneliness that had been her lot.

"Of the pitiful inadequacy of her methods you know. But I see that Mr. Neezle has his machine in court, and the box of records, just as they were found in the hut. Will you ask him to be good enough to play the two records I have referred to, and to repeat at the beginning of the second the explanatory words he used in his lectures?"

"Will Mr. Neezle do so?" Squire Shaw began. But the enthusiast in audible records of American life was already busy with his phonograph.

And suddenly, in that sunlit room, in the ears of the silent, thrilled people, there sounded, mute and as though far off, yet ear-filling and diapasonic, the throbbing, grinding, whirring clatter of the looms of the invisible mill — of the far-away mill in the North, that even then, across the valleys and hills, the rivers, cities, forests, and plains, was quivering to the same though louder tumult. Caught in the pregnant wax, etched there by the magic of man's science, and released now a thousand miles away, the voice of the mill resounded in the Carolina hillside house.

The girl's head was lifted; her face reappeared from the shelter of the matron's arms; her deep eyes widened and shone; her lips parted and her breath came faster while the sound of her home town beat on the air.

Neezle's voice was heard, in the professional accents of his platform: "You will notice, I think, a musical effect, accidentally produced by the manner in which those looms resound; a peculiar yet really musical rhythm, which drew my attention on my visit to the mill, and which, after many attempts, I caught with my phonograph. The next record —" his hand moved; there was a click; the sound ceased; the cylinder began to revolve again — "the next record was one of my first, unsuccessful attempts. I had placed the machine too near one end of the room, where there was a confusion of sounds, lacking the singular harmony recorded in the one you have heard. It was too far away. It was near the office on that floor. But I did catch the dialogue you will hear; and it seemed to me valuable — a little passage, you might say, from some love story of the mills, with its beginning as unknown as its end. Now, hear."

The buzzing and throbbing of the looms began again, only still more faintly, more distantly, more broken. And then there came the sound of a man's voice; and a deep, deep flush came into the girl prisoner's face, and her eyes shone in a splendor of emotion.

The voice said: "— You see, that I don't know. Billy, I am sick sometimes. She loves me, all right, I guess; and you know how I feel ——"

Another, deeper voice broke in: "Sure I do, Tim. Why don't she get onto herself, and not be kickin' an' complainin' all the time? You're doin' your best for her."

The first voice said: "Yes, and I'll keep right on. She's sick for home. She can't come home. I guess I'll have to take home to her pretty soon. . . ."

A swirling jumble of throbbing sounds drowned the voices; the machine clicked and spluttered, and ceased its drone.

Florence McCarthy had thrown her arms around the matron by her side and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

The sunshine was now streaming in broadly through one of the windows. In that spreading flood of light there was to be seen in many eyes a sparkle, a shimmer that could only be caused by the presence of tears.

Squire Shaw brought his big hand down on his desk.

"Mr. Neezle ——" he boomed.

"Your Honor!" shrilled the enthusiast, hopping on one leg in his excitement, "I withdraw my charge, for my part! But I do wish I could have secured a record of this case!"

# THE TAMMANYIZING OF A CIVILIZATION

BY

S. S. McCLURE

FOR a thousand years the Germanic races have built up, slowly and laboriously, the present civilization of the West, the great and complicated structure that now lifts the whole race above barbarism and bestiality, and gives the individual the guaranties of security and justice and decency that make civilized life more worth living than savagery. The three leading nations in which this development has come about have been England, Germany, and the United States. The United States had every prospect, from the traditions and motives and stock of its founders, of carrying this development to its highest point.

But for at least half a century strong reactionary forces have been continuously at work in this country to drag its inheritance of civilization down again to barbarism. The lowest point that they have yet attained is their nation-wide organization for the sale of the bodies of women, described in the article, "The Daughters of the Poor," by George Kibbe Turner, in this number of McClure's. The deep-seated and instinctive disgust of every normal person for this transaction proves beyond any demonstration its essential nature. It is not a mere attack on individual morals. It aims at the disintegration and degradation of a civilization, and the social training of centuries — set in the bones and marrow of the race — revolts against it.

## *How America's Civilization has been Degraded*

This fifty years of struggle to degrade the standards and guaranties of civilization in America has come about largely through the populations of cities. This is perfectly natural. For forty years large American cities have contained great masses of primitive peoples from the farms of Europe, transported to this country as laborers, together with a considerable proportion of negro slaves liberated by the Civil War. To this body of people — absolutely ignorant in tradition or practice of the development and operation of civilization by self-government — was suddenly given the domination of American city life by manhood suffrage. From the beginning of the shifting of power into these unaccustomed hands, the development inevitable to this class of population since and before the time of Rome has been in progress. They have been exploited on every hand, and, through them, the entire population of American cities; in the meanwhile they have been kept in control by their exploiters through systematic largesses of public wages, charity, or entertainment. In this ample field for their enterprise have sprung up organizations for the profitable debauching of populations, such as have rarely, if ever, been equaled in the history of the world.

The obvious way to exploit and degrade populations of this kind has been along two lines of strong primitive appeal — their saturation with alcoholic liquor, and the development of sexual license. The whole system has been a perfectly natural social growth — the exploiters as well as the exploited. And the incentive necessarily behind the process has been the profit that could be made by abrogating the laws so as to develop and exploit to the limit the appetites and passions of the great body of the least trained and most undefended population.

## *Seventy Years of Tammany Hall*

The oldest and most infamous organization in America for exploiting this population is Tammany Hall of New York, which the great classic historian, Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, recently compared to the very similar organizations that were formed for exploiting the city of Rome during its decadence. For fifty years and more this body has perverted civilization in New York, using the great politically untrained population for this purpose. Its

political saloonkeepers have killed unnumbered multitudes of these people through excessive drinking; its political procurers have sold the bodies of their daughters; its contractors and street-railway magnates have crowded them into the deadly tenement districts by defrauding them of their rights of cheap and decent transportation; and its sanitary officials have continuously murdered a high percentage of the poor by their sale of the right to continue fatal and filthy conditions in these tenement districts, contrary to law. Meantime they have kept control of the population they have exploited by their cunning distribution of wages and charity.

The story of the development of this organization for the promoting of barbarism is illuminating enough to justify giving the following outline of its progress during the past seventy years, taken from Gustavus Myers' history of the society:

In 1842 Tammany organized immigrants into voting gangs.

In 1851 the Common Council first became generally known as "The Forty Thieves." The city government was thoroughly organized for "graft," from the receipt of large bribes by the aldermen for franchises, to the payment by the police of a regular schedule of prices for promotions.

By 1856 the saloon power had grown until it controlled the politics of the city. The saloonkeepers furnished cheaply gangs of illegal voters, ballot-box stuffers, and "shoulder hitters" to intimidate citizens and smash ballot-boxes.

Between 1865 and 1871 — including both city appropriations and bond issues — New York City was robbed of about $200,000,000 by Tammany Hall under the rule of "Boss" Tweed.

In 1869 the impossibility of obtaining justice under the corrupt Tammany judiciary brought about the serious suggestion — published in a standard magazine — that a vigilance committee be formed in New York along the lines of that organized to clear up San Francisco in the days of its first lawlessness.

In 1871 the exposures of Tammany Hall rule, together with the arrest of Tweed, made its name a by-word across the earth for political corruption. It was believed to be crushed.

In 1872 Samuel J. Tilden, August Belmont, Charles O'Conor, and other leading citizens were elected Tammany sachems.

In 1874 Tammany Hall again secured control of New York City government [by the familiar plan of advancing respectable and notable men to the prominent places in their organization]. Fully three quarters of its office-seekers in the election were connected with the liquor trade, many of them being keepers of low groggeries. Nine out of fifteen Tammany candidates for alderman were former creatures of the Tweed ring — one of them being under two indictments for fraud.

In 1884 came the Broadway street-railway scandal, which gave the word "boodle" to the language, and resulted in sending many aldermen to the penitentiary.

In 1892 revenue from vice assumed great proportions. The estimated annual blackmail by the Tammany police alone was $7,000,000.

In 1894 the Lexow Committee's investigations showed official encouragement and cultivation of vice by the Tammany Hall administration, which astonished and horrified the civilized world.

### *Mr. Moss on the Beginning of the Political Procurer*

Myers' history closed before the development of the procurer and merchant of vice as a power in Tammany Hall was fully comprehended. However, the new development of vice in the Tammany districts of the East Side tenement section of New York was being watched and understood by competent observers.

In 1897 Frank Moss, ex-president of the New York Police Board, trustee of the City Vigilance League, and counsel of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, described conditions of life in the red-light district of the East Side in his book, "The American Metropolis," * as follows:

"Women of all nationalities have drifted into the district, and are unable to live out of it. There has grown up, as an adjunct of this herd of female wretchedness, a fraternity of fetid male vermin (nearly all of them being Russian or Polish Jews), who are unmatchable for impudence and bestiality, and who reek with all unmanly and vicious humors. They are called 'pimps.' A number of them are on the roll of the Max Hochstim Association. They have a regular federation, and manage several clubs, which are influential in local politics, and which afford them the power to watch their poor women victims, to secure their hard- and ill-earned money, and to punish them when they are refractory. . . . They stand by each other, and by the aid of the powerful politicians of the ward, and of pro-

* Published by the late P. F. Collier, founder of *Collier's Weekly*.

fessional witnesses, they send refractory women to the 'Island' (prison)."*

### *Bishop Potter's Protest Against Tammany's Exploitation of Vice*

In 1900 the moral forces of New York awoke to an understanding of the great political power of the purveyor of vice under the Tammany administration of Mayor Van Wyck. The late Bishop Henry C. Potter, who was particularly active among the Protestants of the time, summarized the existing conditions as follows:

"A corrupt system, whose infamous details have been steadily uncovered, to our increasing horror and humiliation, was brazenly ignored by those who were fattening on its spoils, and the world was presented with the astounding spectacle of a great municipality whose civic mechanism was largely employed in trading in the bodies and souls of the defenseless."

The situation was treated in great detail by Bishop Potter in his open letter to Mayor Van Wyck on November 15, 1900:

"But the thing that is of consequence, Sir, is that when a minister of religion goes to the headquarters of the police of his district to appeal to them for the protection of the young, the innocent and defenseless, against the leprous harpies who are hired as runners and touters for the lowest and most infamous dens of vice, he is met not only with contempt and derision [of police officials] but with the coarsest insult and obloquy.

"I affirm that the virtual safeguarding of vice in the city of New York is a burning shame to any decent and civilized community and an intolerable outrage upon those whom it especially and preëminently concerns.

"But I approach you, Sir, to protest with all my power against a condition of things in which vice is not only tolerated but shielded and encouraged by those whose sworn duty it is to repress and discourage it, and in the name of unsullied youth and innocence, of young girls and their mothers who, living under conditions often of privation and the hard struggle for a livelihood, have in them every instinct of virtue and purity that are the ornaments of any so-called gentlewoman in the land.

"I know those of whom I speak — their homes, their lives, their toil, and their aspirations. Their sensibility to outrage or insult is as keen as that of those who are in your own household or mine; and, before God and in the face of the citizens of New York, I protest, as my people have charged me to do, against the habitual insult, the persistent menace, the unutterably defiling contacts, to which, day by day, because of the base complicity of the police of New York with the lowest forms of vice and crime, they are subjected.

"And in the name of these little ones, these weak and defenseless ones, Christian and Hebrew alike, of many races and tongues, but of homes in which God is feared, and His law reverenced, and virtue and decency honored and exemplified, I call upon you, Sir, to save these people from a living hell, defiling, deadly, damning, to which the criminal supineness of the constituted authorities, set for the defense of decency and good order, threatens to doom them.

"The situation which confronts us in this metropolis of America is of such a nature as may well make us a by-word and hissing among the nations of the world.

### *"Such a Condition Nowhere Else on Earth"*

"For nowhere else on earth, I verily believe, does there exist such a situation as defiles and dishonors New York to-day. Vice exists in many cities, but there is at least some persistent repression of its external manifestations, and the agents of the law are not, as here, widely believed to be fattening upon the fruits of its most loathsome and unnamable forms.

"I come to you, Sir, with this protest, in accordance with the instructions lately laid upon me by the Convention of the Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York.

"In all these months [of protest] the condition of things in whole neighborhoods has not improved, but rather grown worse. Vice not only flaunts itself in the most open, ribald forms, but hard-working fathers and mothers find it harder than ever to-day to defend their households from a rapacious licentiousness which stops at no outrage and spares no tenderest victim. Such a state of things cries to God for vengeance, and calls no less loudly to you and me for redress.

"HENRY C. POTTER,
*Bishop of New York.*"

### *The Committee of Fifteen*

The horrible revelations of conditions under the Van Wyck administration aroused public interest to such an extent that a body of citizens was chosen to investigate the conditions of the white slave trade. This was the Committee of Fifteen; rarely, if ever, has an organization of such able and prominent men

* That is, those who would not pay their earnings to their manager.

taken part in the public affairs of New York, as will be seen from the following list of its members:

The late William Henry Baldwin, Jr. (chairman), Harvard 1885; president of the Long Island Railroad Company.

Felix Adler, Columbia 1870, Ph.D. Berlin; professor of Hebrew at Cornell 1874 to 1876; founder of Society for Ethical Culture.

The late Joel Benedict Erhardt; prominent business man and soldier; from 1883 to 1884 Police Commissioner of New York City; president of the Lawyers' Surety Company and a trustee of the Bowery Savings Bank.

Austen G. Fox, Harvard 1869; Special Assistant District Attorney in the prosecution of police officials after the Lexow investigation; chairman of the Committee of Nine on the Police Problem in 1905.

John S. Kennedy, prominent banker.

William J. O'Brien, master granite-cutter and a prominent labor-union leader.

The late Alexander E. Orr, several times president of the Produce Exchange and of the New York Chamber of Commerce; President of the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners.

George Foster Peabody, prominent banker; trustee of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institution.

George Haven Putnam, publisher.

The late John Harsen Rhoades, president of the Greenwich Savings Bank and director of many banks and financial institutions.

Jacob H. Schiff, member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, bankers; director of the National City Bank and various other institutions.

A. J. Smith, professor in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania and various other medical institutions; author.

Charles Sprague Smith, educator, lecturer, and writer.

Charles Stewart Smith, ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce; director in a large number of financial institutions.

Edwin R. A. Seligman, professor of political economy; prominent in various movements for municipal reform in New York City.

### *The Committee of Fifteen on the Political Power of Vice*

This body of men published, in 1902, a book covering their investigation of the social evil in New York City. Their statements showed conditions so inconceivable that they would scarcely be credited on lesser authority. Concerning the power which the purveyors of vice had now secured in the political machine they said:

"The employees [of these disorderly houses] openly cried their wares upon the streets, and children of the neighborhood were given pennies and candy to distribute the cards of the prostitutes. A system of 'watch-boys' or 'lighthouses' was also adopted, by which the news of any impending danger could be carried throughout a precinct in a very few minutes.

"Honest police officers who attempted to perform their duties were defied by the 'cadets' and 'lighthouses.'

"For a police officer to incur the enmity of a powerful 'madame' meant the transfer of that officer 'for the good of the service,' if not to another precinct, at least to an undesirable post in the same precinct. A virtual reign of terror existed among the honest patrolmen and the ignorant citizens of these districts."

### *Committee of Fifteen Describes the "Cadet"*

The Committee of Fifteen describes the "cadet," the new political power of whom Mr. Moss had written in 1897, as follows:

"His occupation is professional seduction. By occasional visits he succeeds in securing the friendship of some attractive shop-girl. By apparently kind and generous treatment, and by giving the young girl glimpses of a standard of living which she has never dared hope to attain, this friendship rapidly ripens into infatuation. The Raines-law hotel or the 'furnished room house,' with its café on the ground floor, is soon visited for refreshments. After a drugged drink, the girl wakens and finds herself at the mercy of her supposed friend. Through fear and promises of marriage she casts her fortunes with her companion and goes to live with him. The companion disappears; and the shop-girl finds herself an inmate of a house of prostitution."

### *Committee of Fifteen on Dangers of Children in Tenements*

The committee's investigation of the condition of the tenement house showed how almost impossible it was for the children of the poor to grow up honest and virtuous under this thorough organization of vice and procuring by Tammany politicians. Concerning this it says:

"The revenue-producing power of the sale of immunity by the police seemed to make the appetite of the police insatiable. The infamy of the private house, with all the horrors arising from the 'cadet' system, did not satisfy official greed. The tenement houses were levied upon, and the prostitutes began to ply

their trade therein openly. In many of these tenement houses as many as fifty children resided. An acquaintance by the children with adult vices was inevitable. The children of the tenements eagerly watch the new sights in their midst. The statistics of venereal diseases among children and the many revolting stories from the red-light district tell how completely they learned the lessons taught them."

### *United Hebrew Charities on Jewish Conditions*

The condition of life among the Jewish people, who were subjected to the influences of this district, was described by a statement published in the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the United Hebrew Charities of New York in October, 1901. This said:

"The horrible congestion in which so many of our co-religionists live, the squalor and filth, the lack of air and sunlight, the absence frequently of even the most common decencies, are too well known to require repetition at this writing. Even more pronounced are the results accruing from these conditions: the vice and crime, the irreligiousness, lack of self-restraint, indifference to social conventions, indulgence of the most degraded and perverted appetites, which are daily growing more pronounced and more offensive."

When it is realized that the Jewish people in New York number over 800,000, and that a great percentage of these are very poor,— so poor that from 75,000 to 100,000 persons, according to reliable authorities, are more or less dependent upon alms,— the danger arising from the tempting and exploiting of members of such a population by political procurers can easily be seen.

### *Government Reports on Present White Slave Trade*

It was the hope of the Committee of Fifteen that the system of political procuring in New York City was on the wane. But two United States Government investigations and a State investigation dealing with the problem indicate that this is far from true. The findings of the Federal investigators are not given out for publication at the time this is written, but they will soon appear. They will show a shocking condition throughout the United States, and a general drift of the merchandising of women into the hands of procurers. Students of the problem believe that at least two thirds of the prostitutes of the country are controlled by individual cadets, and that in New York City the proportion is much higher.

### *New York State Report on White Slave Trade's Organization*

The report of the Commission of Immigration of the State of New York, published last summer, treats the present conditions of the white slave trade in New York as follows:

"In the State of New York, as in other States and countries of the world, there are organized, ramified, and well-equipped associations to secure girls for the purpose of prostitution. The recruiting of such girls in this country is largely among those who are poor, ignorant, or friendless. The attention of the Commission has been called to one organization, incorporated under the laws of New York State as a mutual benefit society, with the alleged purpose 'to promote the sentiment of regard and friendship among the members and to render assistance in case of necessity.' This society is, in reality, an association of gamblers, procurers, and keepers of disorderly houses, organized for the purpose of mutual protection in their business. Some of the cafés, restaurants, and other places conducted by the members are meeting-places for those engaged in the business of importation. The organization includes a membership of about one hundred residents of New York City, and has representatives and correspondents in various cities of the country, notably in Pittsburg, Chicago, and San Francisco."

### *The Trade in Pittsburg*

The conditions existing in the three large centers of the "white slave trade" alluded to by the State Commission have been previously described in this magazine. In May, 1903, Lincoln Steffens wrote of the situation in Pittsburg as follows:

"Disorderly houses are managed by ward syndicates. Permission is had from the syndicate real-estate agent, who alone can rent them. The syndicate hires the houses from the owners at, say, $35 a month, and he lets it to a woman at from $35 to $50 a week. For furniture the tenant must go to the 'official furniture man,' who delivers $1,000's worth of 'fixings' for a note for $3,000, on which high interest must be paid. For beer the tenant must go to the 'official bottler,' and pay $2 for a one-dollar case of beer; for wines and liquors to the 'official liquor commissioner,' who charges $10 for five dollars' worth; for clothes to the 'official wrapper-maker.' These women may not buy shoes, hats, jewelry, or any other luxury or necessity except from the official concessionaries, and then only at the official, monopoly prices. If the victims have

anything left, a police or some other city official is said to call and get it (there are rich ex-police officials in Pittsburg)."

### *The Large Business in Chicago*

In April, 1907, George Kibbe Turner, after an investigation of several months, described the situation of this political industry in Chicago as follows:

"The largest regular business in furnishing women, however, is done by a company of men, largely composed of Russian Jews, who supply women of that nationality to the trade. These men have a sort of loosely organized association extending through the large cities of the country, among their chief centers being New York, Boston, Chicago, and New Orleans. In Chicago they now furnish the great majority of the prostitutes in the cheaper district of the West Side Levee, their women having driven out the English-speaking women in the last ten years. From the best returns available, there are some ten or a dozen women offered for sale at the houses of prostitution in the Eighteenth Ward every week. The price paid is about fifty dollars a head. In some exceptional cases seventy-five dollars has been given. This money, paid over to the agent, is charged up to the debt of the woman to the house. She pays, that is, for her own sale. In addition, she gives over a large share of her earnings to the man who places her."

What this means to the victims is thus described further on by Mr. Turner:

"To the average individual woman concerned, it means the expectation of death under ten years; to practically all the longer survivors, a villainous and hideous after-life. There is a great profit in this business, however. Chicago has it organized — from the supplying of young girls, to the drugging of the older and less salable women out of existence — with all the nicety of modern industry. As in the stock-yards, not one shred of flesh is wasted."

### *A Chicago Newspaper Describes the Local Market*

The Chicago papers carry articles dealing with this business almost continuously; indeed, that city is now in the midst of the discussion of its perennial municipal scandal, concerning the protection of the traffic in women by city officials. On October 22, 1906, during one of the periodical outbreaks of feeling against the trade in Chicago, the *Daily News* said:

"Vice and depravity are openly traded in as a commodity in Chicago, and the streets of a district traversed daily by at least one third of the city's population are its marketplace. The district is bounded by Sangamon, Halsted, Lake, and Monroe streets, and is known as the West Side Levee. This public emporium of immorality and degradation exists by virtue of a regularly organized 'protective association,' whose members laugh at law, successfully defy those who have tried to cope with them, and, through some mysterious influence, are enabled to continue their traffic with a license and abandon that makes of the West Side Levee an open brothel."

### *Chicago Organizes to Fight Traffic*

In Chicago, as throughout the country, the moral and constructive forces among the Jews have been greatly exercised by the appearance of the Jewish cadet and girl in the white slave trade. During the past summer a police inspector, Edward McCann, was tried for receiving money for the protection of the traffic in women on the West Side of the city. In this trial it appeared that Julius Frank, who, with his brother Louis, has been for years notorious as a leader in the business in women there, was the president of a Jewish church congregation. This revelation caused great excitement among the Jews of Chicago, and has resulted in bringing to a head a general movement to organize against the white slave trade of that city. The Chicago *News* of September 25, 1909, tells the story of this movement, which is led by Jews, and whose counsel is to be Clifford G. Roe, the young Chicago attorney who has been the most prominent figure in the local campaign against the white slave trade in Chicago during the past two years. The *News* says:

"Traffic in white slaves and pandering are to be stamped out in a wide and far-reaching crusade in Chicago, plans for which were made known to-day by Adolf Kraus, one of the guiding spirits in the movement. This vice is to be attacked in a systematic way, according to Mr. Kraus, who talked of the aims of the movement, following disclosures in the recent trial of Police Inspector Edward McCann. Big church and civic organizations, regardless of creed, are to back the move in a financial way. The B'nai B'rith, of which Mr. Kraus is president, and the Commercial Club, are two of the big associations behind the crusade.

"Clifford G. Roe, former Assistant State's Attorney, who, under the administration of John J. Healy as State prosecutor, handled the white slave traffic cases, has been engaged and will direct the obtaining of evidence to be laid before the State's Attorney in the campaign against pandering.

### *Result of Article in "McClure's"*

"Mr. Kraus said he and others had been investigating this traffic for almost three years, and that the law on the statute-books now was a result of exposures that came three years ago in an article printed in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.* This dealt with the Jewish phase of conditions, and was the first information that Jews in Chicago had that members of their race were engaged in this illegal traffic.

"Mr. Kraus and others questioned the article and asked the author to submit proof or apologize. Proof was forthcoming, said Mr. Kraus, and the fight has been on ever since, and is to be broadened now so as to take in all denominations.

"'The article appearing in McCLURE'S,' said Mr. Kraus, 'came as a shock to us. Two years ago a bill was drafted and sent to the legislature as the first move to remedy conditions. This measure was finally passed upon by Judge Mack, Samuel Alschuler, and myself. I went down to Springfield, and, with the assistance of Speaker Shurtleff, it was pushed through the legislature.

"'There was no law on the books then whereby it was possible to punish those who engaged in so-called white slavery. The law as it has been amended is more severe now than it was as originally enacted. As there was no law at the time, we were afraid to make it too severe for fear the legislature might reject it.

"'In two years the people became educated to the gravity of the situation, and it was made more severe by the last legislature by amendments.

"'There is a movement now on foot by different organizations, regardless of creed, to stamp out this traffic in Chicago. The Jews have prided themselves upon the chastity of their women and their moral family life; and when the article in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE came out, many felt that it ought not to be talked about and thereby made to give more publicity and possibly create prejudice. Better judgment prevailed afterward, and it is the universal opinion that those who profit by such practices must be punished.'"

### *"Name of God and Jew Profaned as Never Before"*

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, preaching at the Sinai Temple in Chicago on September 25, 1909, on the Jewish connection with the traffic in women, said:

"We have learned in a recent infamous trial that rich men in our race are profiting through leasing their property for purposes of evil.

"You who are here to-day have, many of you, given largely of your money for charities, but now a crisis has arisen that makes it needful that you give more than money. You must give of your souls to regenerate those of our race who have allowed their ideals to be lowered.

"Over on the West Side, the worst thing has occurred that has ever happened to our race. The name of God and Jew has been profaned as never before."

### *The "Forward" on Jewish White Slave Traders*

The *Forward* made a special investigation of them atter, and devoted a large amount of its space to the situation. In an editorial it said:

"The facts that were uncovered at the trial of Inspector McCann are horrifying. Seventy-five per cent of the white slave trade in Chicago is in Jewish hands. The owners of most of the immoral resorts on the West Side are Jews. Even in Gentile neighborhoods Jews stand out prominently in this nefarious business.

"The shame would not be so overwhelming if the thing stopped there. For, after all, we could say: 'What can we do if such creatures persist in calling themselves Jews?' But we could say this only if these outcasts had remained where they belong, and had no standing in the Jewish community of this city. When these men, however, fill public offices in the Jewish community, when they parade and are designated as model citizens in certain quarters of the Jewish population, we no longer can remain on the defensive.

"One of these 'prominent' Jews is Julius Frank. Julius Frank confessed openly that he is the owner of a number of disorderly houses. He confessed that he paid protection money to the police so that his houses might not be raided.

"This creature, this Julius Frank, is president of the Congregation Anshe Calvaria, Twelfth and Union streets.

"Julius Frank, self-confessed owner of disorderly houses, is the head of a Jewish congregation!

"Can you, Jews of Chicago, conceive it fully? A Jewish synagogue, a holy temple, which should be the cleanest, the loftiest, the most beautiful place and institution in our lives—such an institution gives away its most honorable rank and post to a man who lives on the money earned by running disorderly houses!"

* "The City of Chicago," by George Kibbe Turner, published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April, 1907.

### *San Francisco's Riot of Vice and Crime*

The situation in San Francisco was shown by George Kennan's description of the municipal scandals there, published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in November, 1907:

"The entire government of the city, therefore, fell into the hands of blackmailers, extortioners, and thieves; and the corruption affected the whole body of citizens simply because the whole body of citizens was brought directly into contact with it.

"Under the rule of Schmitz and Ruef, men were forced to pay for protection and privileges which they ought to have had without payment; the work of the city was badly done or wholly neglected; and professional law-breakers could buy the right to commit almost any crime short of burglary, highway robbery, and murder.

"In consequence of this exercise of unlimited power for selfish purposes by an unscrupulous municipal bureaucracy, the credit of the city was impaired; vice and crime, in their most dangerous forms, were encouraged or protected; thousands of boys and girls were tempted into evil courses; life and property became insecure; and the moral standards of the whole community were gradually lowered and debased.

"Ruef, Schmitz, and their confederates not only robbed San Francisco: they debauched it as well, because they made graft, bribery, and vice so common and so familiar that they seemed almost to be normal features of business and social life. . . .

"At that time, according to Police Captain Mooney, the area of the Tenderloin had greatly increased.

"The saloons, generally, had thrown off all restraints of law; brothels, gambling dens, and assignation houses multiplied and flourished under administrative protection; women lured men to 'dives' and 'deadfalls' and assisted in the work of drugging and robbing them; charges brought against law-breakers were dismissed, or indefinitely postponed, by the Police Commission and the police courts; honest officers who tried to enforce the laws were transferred to quiet and unimportant resident districts; nickelodeons, disreputable theaters, and penny arcades corrupted the young; street-walking prostitutes intercepted even men who were on their way to church and gave them cards; drunkenness, immorality, and dissipation in every form became common; all-night drug-stores sold opium, morphine, and chloral without regulation or restraint; and the number of 'drug fiends' in the city increased to about eight thousand."

### *Cities—Americans' Danger Point*

It is not necessary to go beyond the examples of these three well-known cities. The same political forces engaged in degrading civilization into barbarism are at work with general success in all the larger cities of the country. The fight against them is the greatest single governmental problem of to-day. As Bishop Potter well said, there is absolutely nothing on earth similar to the degraded rule in American cities. Many nations and cities have races of inferior breed or training among their population, but nowhere else is the control of the government taken over by criminals, organized to break the law, for the purpose of exploiting the appetite and criminal weaknesses of such populations for their own profit. In the meanwhile the stock of the immigrants entering the United States, and especially its cities, is growing constantly worse. Drawn first from the higher and more intelligent types of northwestern Europe, our immigration has degenerated constantly to the poorest breeds of the eastern and southern sections of the continent. We have made the United States an asylum for the oppressed and incompetent of all nations, and have put the government into the hands of the inmates of the asylum. We are now permitting the country to become the Botany Bay of the world. The most incompetent and vicious settle down in our great cities; and there an army of political criminals, like Tammany, trained by half a century of political crime, exploit, and degrade, and corrupt them, and with them our whole civilization.

### *The Insecurity of Human Life*

The results of this degradation of society cannot be traced in all things, but where they are observable they show startling results. One point that can be clearly seen is the comparative insecurity of human life against murder.

Twenty-five years ago D. Appleton & Company published a Cyclopedia of Biography which contained 14,243 names of the most eminent Americans, the names of the men who had laid the foundations of the United States and had fought through the Civil War. Of these 14,243 names northwestern Europe contributed 14,219; the English-speaking sections of it contributed 12,519—that is, all but 1,724. At this time—in 1884—the annual murder rate of the United States was 26.7 per million inhabitants; that is, there were 1,465 murders for nearly 55,000,000 inhabitants. As years went by the murder rate increased with frightful rapidity, reaching its maximum in 1895, when 152 people per million per annum were

murdered. Since that time the average has run considerably over 100 per million per annum. The extraordinary prevalence of murder in the United States now as compared with twenty-eight years ago is shown by the following table of homicides compiled annually for that period by the Chicago *Tribune*.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1881 | 1,266 | 1895 | 10,500 |
| 1882 | 1,467 | 1896 | 10,652 |
| 1883 | 1,697 | 1897 | 9,520 |
| 1884 | 1,465 | 1898 | 7,840 |
| 1885 | 1,808 | 1899 | 6,225 |
| 1886 | 1,499 | 1900 | 8,275 |
| 1887 | 2,335 | 1901 | 7,852 |
| 1888 | 2,184 | 1902 | 8,834 |
| 1889 | 3,567 | 1903 | 8,976 |
| 1890 | 4,290 | 1904 | 8,482 |
| 1891 | 5,906 | 1905 | 9,212 |
| 1892 | 6,791 | 1906 | 9,360 |
| 1893 | 6,615 | 1907 | 8,712 |
| 1894 | 9,800 | 1908 | 8,952 |

### *Our Huge Murder Rate*

The immigration of people from sections of southern and eastern Europe, noted for their high murder rate, had much to do with this condition. But still more potent is the fact that, once in this country, the criminal element among these immigrants is protected by, and strongly allied with, the political criminals who manage our cities. Among the Italians of New York, for example, murder is less dangerous to the murderer, on the average, than the stealing of a five-dollar bill by a clerk from his employer. If the murderer is arrested, he is rarely convicted. The operation of the coroner's court in New York in dealing with the average murder is one of the ghastliest travesties of justice in human government.

As a result of all this, the murder rate in the United States is from ten to twenty times greater than the murder rate of the British Empire and other northwestern European countries. The northwestern countries of Europe, which are the only nations worthy of comparison with the United States in their civilization, would require nearly a billion inhabitants—that is, more than half of the population of the world—in order to bring the number of their murders up to that of the United States, with its eighty to ninety millions of population. Canada would require a billion and a quarter to have as many murders as the United States has at the present time. Murder has increased many times as rapidly as population for the last twenty-five years. During the past fifteen years the number of murders in the United States has been, according to the annual records of the Chicago *Tribune*, 133,192. The entire number of men in the Union army who were killed in battle or died of wounds was 110,070; in both the Union and Confederate forces it was 183,348.

### *Fourteen Times as Many Judges as in England*

This insecurity of life in the United States is but one indication of the lapse from civilization that the whole population is suffering, as a result of its government by criminals. The huge size of our machinery of justice is certainly due in large part to the amount of crime it has to deal with. New York and Illinois have together a population under 14,000,000; these two States require 572 judges in their courts. England and Wales have a population of about 32,000,000; over this population there are 92 judges of the same general rank as that of the 572 who serve in New York and Illinois — that is, the two American States have about fourteen times as many judges in proportion to their population as England and Wales.

### *Taft and Eliot on American Lawlessness*

The great excess of crime in this country over that in other civilized lands is recognized by all students of American life. President Taft, speaking in Chicago on September 16 of this year, said:

"It is not too much to say that the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization, and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice."

Ex-President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University said in New York on December 16, 1908:

"We are to consider how American freedom has made possible lawlessness in many forms. The defenses of society against criminals have broken down. The impunity with which crimes of violence are committed is a disgrace to the country."

These conditions have arisen chiefly for one reason: our large cities and many of our States are governed by organized criminals. But back of this more obvious lapse toward barbarism is a second still greater though less obvious disintegration of society, due to the same forces that were responsible for the first. Speaking broadly, the excessive use of alcohol and the prevalence of venereal disease are the two greatest dangers of the country to-day. The slum politicians, who, through their delivery of great numbers of votes, have a controlling grip in the administration of law in cities, have for years drawn their chief revenue

from the saturation of the population with liquor and the promotion of the public prostitution of women. To-day they are, as Mr. Turner's article clearly shows, almost exclusively responsible for the "white slave" trade in the United States. If they did not arrange to break down the laws of civilization to allow a market for the bodies of young girls, these girls would never be sold.

### *Two Chief Dangers of Civilization*

Alcohol, as is well known, has filled our poorhouses, insane asylums, and prisons for fifty and a hundred years. But the proportions of the other great danger to our population are little appreciated. An excellent and authoritative statement of this danger may be secured from the carefully edited book, "A Report on Our National Vitality," compiled by Professor Irving Fisher, and published by the United States Government in 1909. In this Dr. Prince A. Morrow, the famous specialist, is quoted as follows:

"The extermination of social diseases would probably mean the elimination of at least one half our institutions for defectives."

Dr. Morrow further says that the number of syphilitics alone in the United States has been estimated at 2,000,000, and, finally, makes this terrible assertion: "Possibly ten per cent of men who marry infect their wives with venereal disease."

The worst punishment of a mutinous regiment in the time of Rome was decimation — a word that has passed into our language as a term for fearful punishment. By this, one soldier in ten was chosen by lot to be killed. According to Dr. Morrow's estimate, decimation by venereal disease is now taking place among the wives of America; that is, one out of every ten innocent women who are married is destined to be affected with diseases as frightful in their consequences as leprosy.

Across the entire United States a standing army of tens of thousands of cadets and prostitutes, practically all of them diseased, is maintained by the politicians of its large cities for the perennial infection of the population. An army of lepers of equal size would be far less dangerous. The very existence of the present force demonstrates that it is daily infecting thousands of people with one of the most terrible diseases known to medicine.

### *The Waste of Human Lives*

It is the fashion of the time to place the chief emphasis in the fight for better city government upon financial considerations. The real consideration is far deeper than this. The cities of the United States are not concerned merely with the stealing of a few millions of dollars by political thieves: they are fighting for their civilization. The *Evening Post* of New York on September 27, 1909, stated this excellently in response to the announcement of Otto T. Bannard, the Republican candidate for Mayor, that the fight against Tammany Hall was to be conducted on a business issue. It said:

"Mr. Bannard defines the anti-Tammany issue as 'waste.' Waste there is, but the waste of money, grave as it may be, is the least part. It is the waste of human lives that appalls — the consumptives in the 'lung blocks,' dying in dark, inside rooms, the waste of children in partly inspected rattle-trap tenements, the waste of womanhood and manhood that comes with a 'wide-open' town. No, Mr. Bannard. The chief issue is Tammany Hall in all its unspeakable vileness; with all its smattering of respectables to lend the cloak of virtue, chock-a-block with the Sullivans, with panderers to vice and vileness of every description; with its rich treasury lined by contributions of corrupt or cowed corporations, of brothels and saloons, of all the powers that prey, and also from the educated rich who pay for office or for immunity. The issue is Tammany itself, because it is still, as for one hundred years past, a league of men banded together by the 'cohesive power of public plunder,' without conscience, without a spark of civic pride or patriotism, like Richard Croker, working for their pockets all the time. The issue is Tammany, because it is a veritable Juggernaut, crushing beneath its wheels the prostrate poor it pretends to succor and befriend. A monster of hypocrisy and greed, it is a disgrace to the city, a double disgrace to the nation under whose flag it flourishes. There is but one issue, and that is whether the Imperial City shall be in chains to Tammany."

### *American Cities Made Partners With Criminals*

Besides the convincing statements of the late Bishop Potter, Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, the President of the United States, the Committee of Fifteen, and of other authorities, we invite the readers of this article to weigh carefully the few points in which statistics enable us to understand the present conditions of the United States, and to compare ourselves with other nations: The fact that murders are ten times as frequent in the United States as in other civilized countries; the fact that in the last thirteen years the deaths by murder in the United States have

equaled the entire losses by death or wounds of the Northern armies in the entire four years of the War of the Rebellion; that more than ten times as many judges are required in the United States as in England to administer justice; and that the white slave trade, pressing the sale of women to its ultimate point, has incidentally and enormously spread the most terrible diseases.

But, above all, it must be remembered that these conditions exist primarily because dominating factors in the government of most of the large cities of the United States are men engaged in the propagation of crime and in pandering to vice. This is true in no other civilized country in the world. There is crime in all countries, and the white slave traffic exists everywhere, but this is the only country in which this traffic is supported by the political forces that govern cities. It is the only country in which honest policemen have everything to fear in enforcing the law, and in which the police in general are engaged in degrading the communities that they are supposed to serve. It is principally the result of this fact that the white slave trade, with all its unnamable cruelties and atrocities, has become so fastened upon the United States. Under normal conditions, with such government as the cities of the United States have a right to expect, the number of prostitutes in the country would decrease by two thirds. It is a crowning shame to American democracy that, while the white slave trade is being driven by the authorities of the entire world, including the pioneer countries of South Africa and South America, it is growing and fattening in the United States, with the connivance of the authorities of our cities themselves.

### *What are the Churches Going to do About It?*

The *Christian World* of September 25 makes this pertinent comment upon the situation in New York:

"It is a sad thing to hear such words as those of a Japanese recenty spoken to a friend of the writer. He said: 'Christianity is greatly discounted in Japan because of its seeming impotency in your own country.' He then referred to the corrupt and pagan condition of our own cities, remarking that the missionary was completely handicapped in Japan by these revelations of the impotency of Christianity to redeem the so-called Christian countries from paganism. We presume he had been reading the *Survey*, with the disclosure of the inhuman social practices of Pittsburg, and the recent numbers of McCLURE's MAGAZINE and *Hampton's Magazine*, with their articles by General Bingham on the misgovernment of New York. General Bingham has stirred the whole country by revealing the secrets of his office. His contention that New York is governed by a band of professional criminals he substantiates from incontrovertible proofs of his own experience as Police Commissioner. There is no doubt in many people's minds that he was deposed from office because he would not fall in with the corrupt political schemes of some party boss. We cannot quote from him here, but would advise everybody, especially every citizen of New York, to read these articles. As the Mayoralty campaign approaches, the question becomes vital to the churches of New York, as well as the people. What are the churches going to do about New York? Are there not enough members of church and synagogue to lift the city out of this slough of iniquity? The New York State Conference of Religion is striving to unite the leaders of all denominations in such a campaign as has never before been seen in the city. We wish that every minister might, after the Hudson-Fulton celebration, use every moment in pulpit and out in arousing people to the pagan condition of the city. If he is not already on fire with indignation, let him read General Bingham's articles."

There is one thing that will change this, and one only. The local government of cities must be taken from the hands of criminals and purveyors of vice. This is perfectly obvious. The reason it has not yet been done is that the American people have never concentrated their attention on this one main issue. The best forces in our life have, in fact, scattered their energies disastrously. The cities of the United States are filled to overflowing with organizations of all kinds to oppose crime and to dispense aid to the masses of criminals and unfortunates who are created by present conditions: law and order societies, temperance organizations, college settlements, committees to put down the traffic of women. All these work well and earnestly, but their efforts are either the work of salvage, after the great damage is done, or, at most, attempts at a very partial cure. They assist the population in very much the same way that a servant might who was hired to drive away the flies from the table of a dinner-party set upon the edge of a cesspool. What our country needs is, not more societies to remove flies, but the removal of the cesspool.

### *The Remedy — City Government by Commission*

For this, it is only necessary to concentrate the attention and interest of the whole

public upon the one main issue — local government. This will take place just as soon as the general public is given a clean-cut understanding of present conditions, and the power to see that these are changed. There is a great deal of silly talk about city populations not wanting decent city government. This is exactly equivalent to saying that the aggregate of individuals in a community desire to be robbed, murdered, and have their daughters sold as prostitutes. The real trouble is that under present forms of city government the general public can never know the truth, and, if it does, it can almost invariably be defrauded of its power to express its will. The necessity of the time is not an incentive for a change, but a system of local government for cities that will do two things: first, give an intelligent idea of the management of city affairs; and, second, allow the public to express its will accurately and subject to no change.

Exactly such a system has been developed and well tested in America during the past ten years. It is called the Galveston or Des Moines plan of commission government.* In reality it is merely New England town government by selectmen — the most famous and successful single development of democracy in America — adapted to the use of the city. This system elects a board of five or six members from a city at large, and gives them the entire power of government; each member is given charge of one of several general divisions of the government. In this way the best specialists in the population are chosen to manage the big departments of the city, such as finance, streets, and police. There is no shirking or shifting of responsibility; one well-known man is always responsible for one department. And careful and concise reports show the public periodically just what is being done.

This movement, starting with Galveston, Texas, is sweeping across the West and Southwest, and a large group of cities have already adopted the new governmental plan, including such large cities as Kansas City, Kansas, which has already put it into operation, and Memphis, Tennessee, which is about to do so.

New York City, under such a system, could command the services of the ablest men in the United States; a position in its government would offer not only one of the greatest honors in the United States, but a salary as large as those paid by the greatest corporations in America. The entire government of the city, excepting only the judiciary, would be given over to five men. The second greatest city in the world would not be governed, as now, by an association of criminals: it could and naturally would expect to secure the direction of a board of men of the caliber of the following ticket.

Mayor, Theodore Roosevelt.

Commissioner of Finance, J. Pierpont Morgan.

Commissioner of Police, General Leonard Wood.

Commissioner of Public Works, William G. McAdoo, the builder of the Hudson Tunnels.

Commissioner of Law, Senator Elihu Root.

A board of men of this ability, according to the experience of other cities, could be elected by an overwhelming vote to take charge of New York City. Once elected, they would not only save it millions of dollars, but would entirely change the quality of its civilization.

It is clear that some change must take place soon in the government of American cities, if we are to retain the quality of our civilization. Many careless and indifferent persons may choose to doubt this. Any one who wishes a clear understanding of the barbarism of the forces that dominate the present management of our cities need only read such articles as the autobiography of Judge Ben Lindsey, now running in *Everybody's Magazine*, showing typical municipal conditions in Denver; or those of Mr. Turner on Chicago, published by us in April, 1907, and on New York in June, 1909; and, finally, that on "The Daughters of the Poor" in the present magazine. The valuable reform that Mr. Turner's first article started in Chicago has already been shown. The present article is printed in the hope that it may lead to a movement of national scope against the vilest and most dangerous growth of present conditions in America which it describes. Only by the most thorough and revolutionary reforms along this line is there hope for the future of American democracy.

*A complete description of government by commission was published by Mr. Turner in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for October, 1906. This article has been frequently republished in pamphlets and newspapers, by permission of the magazine.

"This lovely land, this glorious liberty, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for the sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eye—all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain."—WEBSTER.